

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

THE THIRD EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DODSLEY, at Tully's Head, in Pall-Mall.

M.DCC.LXX.



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ART of DANCING
P O E M S.

P O F
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S M

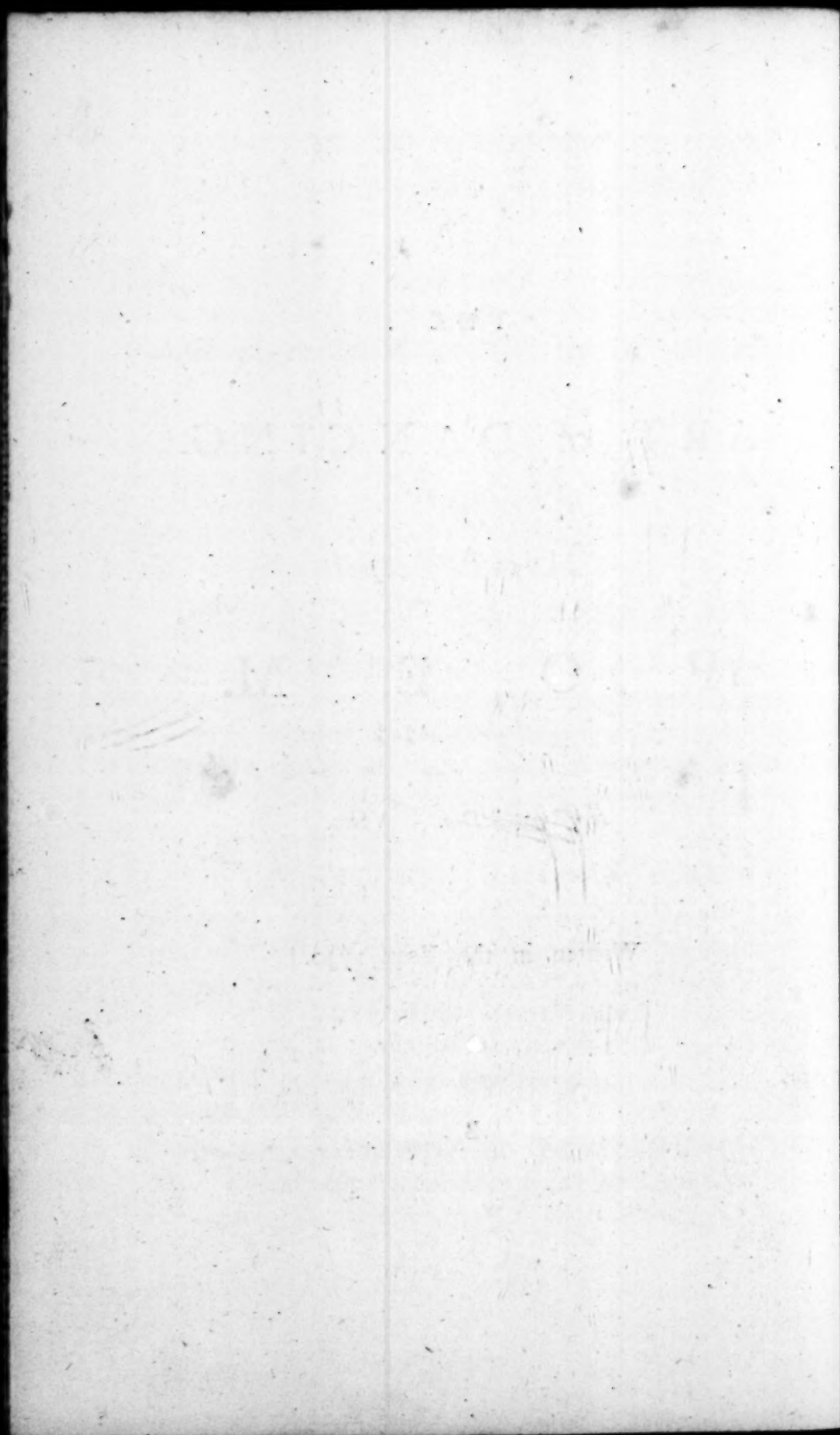
THE
ART of DANCING.

A
P O E M.

Incessu patuit Dea. VIRG.

Written in the Year 1730.

B





THE
ART of DANCING.
A
P O E M.

INSCRIBED TO
The Rt. Hon. the Lady FANNY FIELDING.

C A N T O I.

IN the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene,
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be present, all ye sacred Choir,
Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre:
When FIELDING bids, your kind assistance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;
Oh may her eyes (to her this verse is due)
What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view!

Hail loveliest art! that can't all hearts insnare,
And make the fairest still appear more fair.

Beauty can little execution do,
 Unless she borrows half her arms from you;
 Few, like PYGMALION, doat on lifeless charms,
 Or care to clasp a statue in their arms;
 But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,
 When art and motion wake the sleeping fire:
 A VENUS drawn by great Apelles' hand,
 May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
 But still, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
 The lifeless piece can never warm the heart;
 So a fair nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,
 Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,
 But when her charms are in the dance display'd,
 Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid:
 This sets her beauty in the fairest light,
 And shews each grace in full perfection bright;
 Then, as she turns around, from ev'ry part,
 Like porcupines, she sends a piercing dart;
 In vain, alas! the fond spectator tries
 To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,
 For, PARTHIAN like, she wounds as sure behind,
 With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:
 Whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,
 Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace,
 Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
 Or sprightly Jigg displays the nimble fair,
 At every step new beauties we explore,
 And worship now, what we admir'd before:
 So when ÆNEAS in the TYRIAN grove,
 Fair VENUS met, the charming queen of Love,

The

The beauteous Goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,
Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood,
But when she mov'd, at once her heav'nly mien,
And graceful step confess bright Beauty's queen,
New glories o'er her form each moment rise,
And all the Goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste, my Muse, pursue thy destin'd way,
What dresses best become the dancer, say,
The rules of dress forget not to impart,
A lesson previous to the dancing art.

The soldier's scarlet glowing from afar,
Shews that his bloody occupation's war;
Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
As plainly speaks divinity within;
The milk-maid safe thro' driving rains and snows,
Wrapp'd in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;
While the soft Belle immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare:
The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,
Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat;
Rather let him his active limbs display
In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy,
Let no unweildy pride his shoulders press,
But airy, light, and easy be his dress;
Thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,
So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,
 Precepts which use will better teach than song;
 For why should I the gallant spark command,
 With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
 Or in his fobb enlivening spirits wear,
 And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?
 Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side,
 Should from its filken bondage be unt'y'd?
 Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,
 Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise:
 So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,
 And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd?
 Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,
 Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare,
 The pointed steel shall oft their stockings rend,
 And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair, I sing to you,
 With pleasing smiles my useful labours view;
 For you the silk-worm's fine-wrought webs display,
 And lab'ring spin their little lives away,
 For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
 Fair as the dies that paint the heav'nly bow,
 For you the sea resigns it's pearly store,
 And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore;
 In vain yet nature thus her gifts bestows,
 Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, Nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
 One form of dress preferib'd can suit with all;

One

D A N C I N G

7

One brightest shines when wealth and art combine;
To make the finish'd piece compleatly fine;
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts;
In some are such resistless graces found,
That in all dresses they are sure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph in whose plump cheeks is seen
A constant blush, be clad in chearful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go;
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow:
The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own;
While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable's mournful dye should chuse to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;
Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,
Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies:
Tho' for a while we may with wonder view
The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,
Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow:
So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;

B 4

Thro'

Thro' the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
 With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;
 O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
 And a new bright creation charms our eyes;
 Till ZEPHYR breathes, then all at once decay
 The splendid scenes, their glories fade away,
 The fields resign the beauties not their own,
 And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,
 I should condemn the hoop's enormous size:
 Of ills I speak by long experience found,
 Oft' have I trod th' immeasurable round,
 And mourn'd my shins bruised black with many a
 wound.

Nor should the tighten'd stays, too straitly lac'd,
 In whale-bone bondage gall the slender waist;
 Nor waving lappets shou'd the dancing fair,
 Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
 Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
 On the approaching button rough with gold,
 Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide,
 When once th' intangled Gordian knot is ty'd.
 So the unhappy pair, by HYMEN's power,
 Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
 The more they strive their freedom to regain,
 The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,
 Ever be sure to tye her garters fast,

Left

D A N C I N G.

9

Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,
A wish'd for prize to some proud fop should fall,
Who the rich treasure shall triumphant shew;
And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as Fortune by the self-same ways
She humbles many, some delights to raise)
It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame
By such neglect acquired immortal fame.
And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue
BRITANNIA's nobles grace, if fame says true:
Hence still, PLANTAGENET, thy beauties bloom,
Tho' long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,
Still thy lost Garter is thy sovereign's care,
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind;
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
A toy at once display'd, for use and pride,
A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms,
Cools your own breasts, and ev'ry other's warms.
What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
Its num'rous uses, motions, charms and arts?
Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill:

Its

Its flicks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
 And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
 When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
 Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;
 Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
 Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?

Forbear, my muse, th' extensive theme to sing;
 Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing;
 Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
 From whence this engine took its form and name,
 Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,
 How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to earth.

Once in ARCADIA, that fam'd seat of love,
 There liv'd a nymph the pride of all the grove,
 A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 An easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face;
 FANNY, the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
 Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;
 To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
 Blow the soft flute, and wake the warbling string,
 For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
 Whilst FANNY's name resounds thro' ev'ry grove,
 And spreads on ev'ry tree, in clos'd inknots of love,
 As FIELDING'S now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
 Like her in beauty, as alike in name.

'Twas when the summer sun now mounted high,
 With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
 5 Beneath

D A N C I N G.

11

Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
 To shun the heat, this lovely nymph was laid;
 The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
 A blush, that added to their native red,
 And her fair breast as polish'd marble white,
 Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight:
 Æolus the mighty God, whom winds obey,
 Observ'd the beauteous maid, as thus she lay;
 O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
 And suck'd in poison at the dangerous sight;
 He sighs, he burns; at last declares his pain,
 But still he fights, and still he woos in vain;
 The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
 Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own;
 But still complains, that he who rul'd the air
 Would not command one ZEPHYR to repair
 Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
 Thro' the dark glade, to cool the sultry day;
 By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
 Th' ingenious God contriv'd this pretty toy,
 With gales incessant to relieve her flame;
 And call'd it FAN, from lovely FANNY's name.

C A N T O

C A N T O II.

NOW see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs, and well-dress'd youths
advance;

The spacious room receives its jovial guest,
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress:
Thick rang'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes
The fair in glossy silks our sight surprize;
So, in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,
A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquills, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,
Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,
Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair,
With breathing ZEPHYRS move the circling air;
The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre,
Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;
Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,
Whilst music melts the ear, and beauty charms the
eye.

Now let the youth, to whose superior place
It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,

With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
 Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair;
 The fair shall not his kind request deny,
 But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance,
 First hear the muse, ere you attempt to dance:
 * By art directed o'er the foaming tide,
 Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;
 By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
 Springs at the whip, and † hears the strait'ning rein;
 To art our bodies must obedient prove,
 If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.

Long was the dancing art unfixt, and free,
 Hence lost in error, and uncertainty;
 No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
 But ev'ry master taught a different way;
 Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
 The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd;
 Thro' various hands in wild confusion tost,
 Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost;
 Till ‡ FUILLET, the pride of GALLIA, rose,
 And did the dance in characters compose;
 Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
 And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote:

* *Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,
 Arte leves currus.*

— OVID.

† — *Nec audit currus habenas.*

VIRG.

‡ FUILLET wrote the *Art of Dancing by Characters*, in French,
 since translated by Weaver.

Hence

Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
 And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
 By distant masters shall each step be seen,
 Tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between;
 Hence with her sister arts, shall dancing claim
 An equal right to universal fame;
 And ISAAC's rigadoon shall live as long,
 As RAPHAEL's painting, or as VIROIL's song.

Wise Nature ever, with a prudent hand,
 Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land;
 To ev'ry nation frugally imparts,
 A genius fit for some peculiar arts;
 To trade the DUTCH incline, the SWISS to arms,
 Music and verse are soft ITALIA's charms;
 BRITANNIA justly glories to have found
 Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around,
 But none will sure presume to rival FRANCE,
 Whether she forms, or executes the dance;
 To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
 The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre slow,
 The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,
 Th' immortal Minuet, and smooth Bretagne,
 With all those dances of illustrious fame,
 * Which from their native country take their name;
 With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,
 Nor country dance intrude till these are done.

* French Dances,

Each

Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to sing,
 First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;
 And if he finds that with uncommon fire
 The Muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,
 At once to heav'n he soars in lofty odes,
 And sings alone of heroes and of gods;
 But if he trembling fears a flight so high,
 He then descends to softer elegy;
 And if in elegy he can't succeed,
 In pastoral he still may tune the oaten reed:
 So should the dancer, ere he tries to move,
 With care his strength, his weight and genius prove;
 Then, if he finds kind Nature's gifts impart
 Endowments proper for the dancing art,
 If in himself he feels together join'd,
 An active body and ambitious mind,
 In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
 Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance;
 If these he fears to reach, with easy pace
 Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:
 Is this too hard? this too let him forbear,
 And to the country dance confine his care.

Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
 To keep true time be first your thoughts employ'd;
 All other errors they in vain shall mend,
 Who in this one important point offend;
 For this, when now united hand in hand
 Eager to start the youthful couple stand,

Let

Let them a while their nimble feet restrain,
 And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain:
 So for the race prepar'd two coursers stand,
 And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.

In vain a master shall employ his care,
 Where nature has once fix'd a clumsy air;
 Rather let such to country sports confin'd,
 Pursue the flying hare or tim'rous hind:
 Nor yet, while I the rural 'squire despise,
 A mien effeminate would I advise:
 With equal scorn I would the fop deride,
 Nor let him dance,——but on the woman's side.

And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care,
 A stupid dullness, and a coquet air;
 Neither with eyes, that ever lov'd the ground,
 Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round,
 Nor yet with giddy looks and wanton pride,
 Stare all around, and skip from side to side.

True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd
 By nature only to advantage dress'd;
 'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
 That can pretend to please a curious eye,
 Good judges no such tumblers tricks regard,
 Or think them beautiful, because they're hard.

'Tis not enough that ev'ry stander-by
 No glaring errors in your steps can spy,

The

The dance and music must so nicely meet,
 Each note should seem an echo to her feet;
 A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
 Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,
 Not to be taught, but ever to be seen
 In FLAVIA's air, and CHLOE's easy mien;
 'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,
 When FIELDING dances at a birthnight ball;
 Smooth as CAMILLA she skims o'er the plain,
 And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes slain.

Now when the Minuet oft repeated o'er,
 (Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,
 And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand
 Her charms, declines the circulating hand;
 Then let the jovial Country-dance begin,
 And the loud fiddles call each straggler in:
 But ere they come, permit me to disclose,
 How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.

In ancient times (such times are now no more)
 When ALBION's crown illustrious ARTHUR wore,
 In some fair op'ning glade, each summer's night,
 Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,
 On the soft carpet of a grassy field,
 The sporting Fairies their assemblies held:
 Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
 In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
 Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,
 And music warble thro' the groves around;

Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,
 Belated peasants oft their revels spy'd,
 And home returning o'er their nut-brown ale,
 Their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.
 Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,
 And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,
 Round where the trembling may-pole fix'd on high,
 Uplifts its flow'ry honours to the sky,
 The ruddy maids, and sun-burnt swains resort,
 And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport;
 On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,
 Whose active elbows swelling winds command,
 The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,
 And blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught, at first the Country-dance began,
 And hence to cities and to courts it ran;
 Succeeding ages did in time impart
 Various improvements to the lovely art;
 From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
 Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd:
 Hence the loud fiddle, and shrill trumpet's sounds,
 Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
 Hence gems, and silks, brocades, and ribbons join,
 To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.

So rude at first the Tragic muse appear'd,
 Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard,
 Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,
 The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade;

The

The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,
And in a cart the strolling actors rode:
Till time at length improv'd the great design,
And bade the scenes with painted landskips shine;
Then art did all the bright machines dispose,
And theatres of Parian marble rose,
Then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,
And Gods descended from their tow'rs on high.

With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
To chuse a partner from the mingled fair;
Vain wou'd be here th' instructing Muse's voice,
If she pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is exprest,
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breast;
A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires,
Small waists, and slender limbs some hearts insnare,
Whilst others love the more substantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgment sway,
Your reason rather than your eyes obey,
And in the dance as in the marriage noose,
Rather for merit, than for beauty, choose:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill
When she should move, and when she should be still,
Who uninstructed can perform her share,
And kindly half the pleasing burthen bear.
Unhappy is that hopeleß wretch's fate,
Who fetter'd in the matrimonial state

With a poor, simple, unexperienc'd wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
And such is his, with such a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind:
Still must his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray;
Beneath her follies he must ever groan,
And ever blush for errors not his own.

But now behold united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples stand!
Each youthful bosom beating with delight,
Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing sight;
While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,
And snowy bubbles pull'd above the stays,
Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare
The fond impatience of the starting fair.
And see, the sprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there the giddy maze they run,
Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring:
So, in a wheel with rapid fury tost,
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.

The dancer here no more requires a Guide,
To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd,
The Muse's precepts here would useless be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free;
Let him but to the music's voice attend,
By this instructed he can ne'er offend;

If

If to his share it falls the dance to lead,
 In well-known paths he may be sure to tread;
 If others lead let him their motions view,
 And in their steps the winding maze pursue.

In every Country-dance a serious mind,
 Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find,
 In Hunt-the-Squirrel thus the nymph we view,
 Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue:
 Thus in round-dances where our partners change,
 And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
 As soon as one from his own consort flies,
 Another seizes on the lovely prize;
 A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
 Till the next comer steals her from his arms,
 New ones succeed, the last is still her care;
 How true an emblem of th' inconsistent fair!

Where can philosophers, and sages wise,
 Who read the curious volumes of the skies,
 A model more exact than dancing name
 Of the creation's universal frame?
 Where world's unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,
 In a bright regular confusion stray;
 Now here, now there they whirl along the sky,
 Now near approach, and now far distant fly,
 Now meet in the same order they begun,
 And then the great celestial dance is done.

Where can the Mor'lift find a juster plan
 Of the vain labours, and the life of man;

A while thro' jostling crowds we toil, and sweat,
 And eagerly pursue we know not what,
 Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,
 Quite tir'd sit down, just where we first begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
 Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,
 Let not her charms so much engage your heart,
 That you neglect the skilful dancer's part;
 Be not, when you the tuneful notes would hear,
 Still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear;
 When you should be employ'd, be not at play,
 Nor for your joys all other steps delay;
 But when the finish'd dance you once have done,
 And with applause thro' ev'ry couple run,
 There rest a while; there snatch the fleeting bliss,
 The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss;
 Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,
 And her moist palm with eager fingers press;
 With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,
 When music melts her soul, and dancing fires.

Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,
 Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
 Then, when approaching day its beams displays,
 And the dull candles shine with fainter rays,
 Then, when the sun just rises o'er the deep;
 And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,
 With ready hand obsequious youths prepare
 Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,
 And guard her from the morn's inclement air:

}
 Let

Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread,
Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,
Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist;
With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps or wintry snow,
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer,
Ah, thoughtless fair! the tempting draught refuse,
When thus fore-warn'd by my experienc'd muse:
Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains, for present joy;
Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.

Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art
The muse has play'd the kind instructor's part,
Thro' ev'ry maze her pupils she has led,
And pointed out the surest paths to tread;
No more remains; no more the goddess sings,
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings;
On downy beds the weary'd dancers lie,
And sleep's silk cords tye down each drowsy eye,
Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.

And now the work compleatly finish'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies;

Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd ;
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear :
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
These useful lines of my instructive muse ;
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau shall read them—if he can,

A N

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

Lord L O V E L A C E.

W P I S T I E

TO

OLD FATHER A C E



A N
E P I S T L E,

Written in the COUNTRY,

To the Right Hon. the Lord LOVELACE
then in TOWN.

SEPTEMBER, 1735.

IN days, my Lord, when mother Time,
Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,
When SATURN first began to rule,
And JOVE was hardly come from school,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedness and strife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On mossy banks fair virgins slept;
As harmless as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.

But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis sure the case is alter'd quite,

Virtue

Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unsound;
Fierce party rage each village fires,
With wars of justices and 'squires;
Attorneys, for a barley straw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law,
And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame
About their rates, or tythes, or game:
Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
And some for difference in religions:
Some hold their parson the best preacher,
The tinker some a better teacher;
These to the church they fight for strangers,
Have faith in nothing but her dangers;
While those a more believing people,
Can swallow all things — but a steeple.

But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
Care little how these matters go,
And equally detest the strife
And usual joys of country life,
Have by good fortune little share
Of its diversions, or its care;
For seldom I with 'squires unite,
Who hunt all day and drink all night;
Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
A quarter sessions, or cock-fighting;

But then no farm I occupy,
With sheep to rot, and cows to die :
Nor rage I much or much despair,
Tho' in my hedge I find a snare ;
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honours here in fashion ;
The great commissions of the quorum,
Terrors to all who come before 'em ;
Militia scarlet edg'd with gold,
Or the white staff high sheriffs hold ;
The representative's caressing,
The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing ;
Nor can I for my soul delight
In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you send three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,
With superfluity of breeding
First makes you sick, and then with feeding :
Or if with ceremony cloy'd,
You wou'd next time such plagues avoid,
And visit without previous notice,
JOHN, JOHN, a coach !—I can't think who 'tis,
My lady cries, who spies your coach,
Ere you the avenue approach ;
Lord, how unlucky !—washing day !
And all the men are in the hay !
Entrance to gain is something hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd ;
The yard's with lines of linen cross'd,
The hall door's lock'd, the key is lost ;

These

These difficulties all o'ercome,
 We reach at length the drawing room;
 Then there's such trampling over-head,
 Madam you'd swear was brought to bed;
 Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,
 To get clean sleeves to hide her smock;
 The servants run, the pewter clatters,
 My lady dresses, calls and chatters;
 The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
 Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.
 Now after three hours tedious waiting,
 On all our neighbours faults debating,
 And having nine times view'd the garden,
 In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
 In comes my lady, and the pudden:
 You will excuse, sir,—on a sudden—
 Then, that we may have four and four,
 The bacon, fowls, and collyflow'r
 Their ancient unity divide,
 The top one graces, one each side;
 And by and by, the second course
 Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse;
 A salver then to church and king,
 The butler sweats, the glasses ring;
 The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
 Bawdy and politics abound;
 And as the knight more tipsy waxes,
 We damn all ministers and taxes.
 At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,
 The coachman tolerably drunk,

Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,
Enough to dislocate one's bones,
We home return, a wond'rous token
Of Heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye Gods, tho' sinners,
With many days like this, or dinners!

But if civilities thus tease me,
Nor business, nor diversions please me:
You'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend?
I answer, with a book or friend:
The circulating hours dividing,
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding:
But books are still my highest joy,
These earliest please, and latest cloy.
Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen LAPLAND to PERU;
Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.
Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
Recalls past ages back agen,
Where all I see, thro' ev'ry page,
Is but how men, with senseless rage,
Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
To serve a priest's, or statesman's turn;
Tho' loaded with a different aim,
Yet always asses much the same.

Sometimes

Sometimes I view with much delight,
 Divines their holy game-cocks fight;
 Here faith and works at variance set,
 Strive hard who shall the vict'ry get;
 Presbytery and episcopacy
 They fight so long, it would amaze ye:
 Here free-will holds a fierce dispute
 With reprobation absolute;
 There sense kicks transubstantiation,
 And reason pecks at revelation.
 With learned NEWTON now I fly
 O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
 Visit new worlds, and for a minute
 This old one scorn, and all that's in it:
 And now with lab'ring BOYLE I trace
 Nature through ev'ry winding maze,
 The latent qualities admire
 Of vapours, water, air, and fire:
 With pleasing admiration see
 Matter's surprising subtilty;
 As how the smallest lamp displays,
 For miles around, it's scatter'd rays;
 Or how (the case still more t' explain)
 * A fart, that weighs not half a grain,
 The atmosphere will oft perfume
 Of a whole spacious drawing room.

Sometimes I pass a whole long day
 In happy indolence away,

* See Boyle's Experiments.

In fondly meditating o'er
Past pleasures, and in hoping more :
Or wander thro' the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods,
There blooming flowers with rapture view,
And sparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas rise
Of CÆLIA's cheeks, and CHLOË's eyes.

'Tis thus, my Lord, I free from strife
Spend an inglorious country life ;
These are the joys I still pursue,
When absent from the town and you ;
Thus pass long summer suns away,
Busily idle, calmly gay :
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, nor wishing more ;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And seeing, in all public places,
The same vain fops and painted faces,
Wou'd sometimes kindly condescend
To visit a dull country friend :
Here you'll be ever sure to meet
A hearty welcome tho' no treat,
One who has nothing else to do,
But to divert himself and you :
A house, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits smoak, drink, and roar,
Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

D

A N

THE D. LOVELL ACT

In lonely mountain tops
 The pines and aspens stand
 Of winter time the hills are bare
 And scarce a bird in flight
 Their gleaming towers reach
 And speak from mountain tops
 Whence in my mind there
 Of earth's peaks and
 The wind and clouds
 In the high country
 That are the hills
 When absent from the
 Thus passing clouds
 Butly who
 Not pass
 Not having much
 I hope
 Of the
 And being
 The time
 Words
 To visit
 Here
 A heart
 One who
 Not to
 A soul
 No soul
 Chosen
 Then

A N
E S S A Y
O N
V I R T U E.

Atque ipsa utilitas justæ prope mater & æqui.

HOR.

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When the 8th of July 1863 was the day
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V I R T U E.

To the Hon. PHILIP YORKE, Esq;

THOU, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth
can spoil

With the least vice of each luxuriant soil,
Say, YORKE, (for sure, if any, thou canst tell)
What Virtue is, who practise it so well;
Say, where inhabits this Sultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen:
By what sure mark her essence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place
Sets up some fancy'd idol of its own,
A vain pretender to her sacred throne?
In man too oft a well dissembled part,
A self-denying pride in woman's heart;
In synods faith, and in the fields of fame
Valour usurps her honours, and her name,

Whoe'er their sense of virtue wou'd exprefs,
'Tis still by something they themselves poffefs.
Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old-age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage,
True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;
To conftancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unask'd to chaftity confine it.

But have we then no law befides our will?
No juft criterion fix'd to good and ill?
As well at noon we may obftruft our fight,
Then doubt if fuch a thing exifts as light;
For no lefs plain wou'd nature's law appear
As the meridian fun unchang'd, and clear,
Wou'd we but fearch for what we were design'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind;
A rule of life we then fhould plainly fee,
For to purfue that end muft virtue be.

Then what is that? not want of power, or fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
But a defire his blessings to diffufe,
And fear leaft millions fhould exiftence lofe;
His goodnefs only cou'd his power employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.

Hence foul and fenfe diffus'd thro' ev'ry place,
Make happinefs as infinite as fpace;
Thousands

Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays ;
Each is a world, where form'd with wond'rous art,
Unnumber'd species live thro' ev'ry part :
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and skies,
Myriads of creatures still successive rise :
Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed ;
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,
But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,
All form'd with proper faculties to share
The daily bounties of their Maker's care :
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne,
Pleas'd on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That all contribute to the general bliss.

Nature so plain this primal law displays,
Each living creature sees it, and obeys ;
Each, form'd for all, promotes thro' private care
The public good, and justly tastes its share.
All understand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfill ;
Mankind excepted, lord of all beside ;
But only slave to folly, vice, and pride ;
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in others woe, and courts his own ;
Racks and destroys with tort'ring steel and flame,
For lux'ry brutes, and man himself for fame ;

Sets Superstition high on Virtue's throne,
 Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own ;
 Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,
 As if he cou'd atone for crimes by more :
 Hence whilst offended heav'n he strives in vain
 T'appease by fasts and voluntary pain,
 Ev'n in repenting he provokes again. }

How easy is our yoke ! how light our load !
 Did we not strive to mend the laws of God :
 For his own sake no duty he can ask,
 The common welfare is our only task :
 For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,
 Forbid intemperance, murder, theft, and lust,
 With ev'ry act injurious to our own
 Or others good, for such are crimes alone :
 For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,
 With all that can secure and bless mankind.
 Thus is the public safety Virtue's cause,
 And happiness the end of all her laws ;
 For such by nature is the human frame,
 Our duty and our int'rest are the same.

But hold, cries out some Puritan divine,
 Whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty shine,
 Is this to fast, to mortify, refrain ?
 And work salvation out with fear and pain ?
 We own the rigid lessons of their schools
 Are widely diff'rent from these easy rules ;

Virtue, with them, is only to abstain
From all that nature asks, and covet pain,
Pleasure and vice are ever near a-kin,
And, if we thirst, cold water is a sin:
Heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they say,
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miss their way;
God is a Being cruel and severe,
And man a wretch, by his command plac'd here,
In sun-shine for a while to take a turn,
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.

Mistaken men, too piously severe!
Thro' craft misleading, or misled by fear;
How little they God's counsels comprehend,
Our universal parent, guardian, friend!
Who, forming by degrees to bliss mankind,
This globe our sportive nursery assign'd,
Where for a while his fond paternal care
Feasts us with ev'ry joy our state can bear:
Each sense, touch, taste, and smell dispense delight,
Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight;
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their spoils resign,
Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine;
Beasts, fowl, and fish their daily tribute give
Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live:
Seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,
And elements contend to serve our use:
Love's gentle shafts, ambition's towering wings,
The pomps of senates, churches, courts, and kings,
All

All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
 Are the gay play-things of this infant state.
 Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
 But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs ;
 Or if some stripes from providence we feel,
 He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal ;
 Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,
 To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,
 In more exalted joys to fix our taste,
 And wean us from delights that cannot last.
 Our present good the easy task is made,
 To earn superior bliss, when this shall fade ;
 For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
 His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy :
 Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
 Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childish tear ;
 Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
 Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase ;
 From strength to strength our souls for ever guide,
 Thro' wondrous scenes of Being yet untry'd,
 Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,
 And new perfections, new delights bestow.

Oh ! would mankind but make these truths their
 guide,

And force the helm from prejudice and pride,
 Were once these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
 Virtue our good, and happiness our end,
 How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
 And error, fraud, and superstition fail !

None wou'd hereafter then with groundless fear,
 Describe th' Almighty cruel and severe,
 Predestinating some without pretence
 To Heav'n, and some to Hell for no offence;
 Inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,
 And favouring sects or nations, men or times.
 To please him none would foolishly forbear
 Or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,
 Or deem it merit to believe or teach
 What reason contradicts, or cannot reach *;
 None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,
 Or malice for whatever tenets sake,
 Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,
 And Heav'n too narrow to contain mankind.

No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown
 nice,
 Wou'd in one female frailty sum up vice,
 And censure those, who nearer to the right,
 Think virtue is but to dispense delight †.

No servile tenets would admittance find,
 Destructive of the rights of human kind;
 Of power divine, hereditary right,
 And non-resistance to a tyrant's might:

* It is apprehended, that genuine Christianity requires not the belief of any such propositions.

† These lines mean only, that Censoriousness is a vice more odious than Unchastity; this always proceeding from malevolence, that sometimes from too much good-nature and compliance.

For sure that all shou'd thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict just revers'd.

No moralists then righteous to excess,
Wou'd shew fair Virtue in so black a dress,
That they, like boys, who some feign'd spright array,
First from the spectre fly themselves away :
No preachers in the terrible delight,
But chuse to win by reason, not affright ;
Not, conjurers like, in fire and brimstone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.

No more our sage interpreters of laws,
Wou'd fatten on obscurities, and flaws,
But rather nobly careful of their trust,
Strive to wipe off the long contracted dust,
And be, like HARDWICKE, guardians of the just. }

No more applause would on ambition wait,
And laying waste the world be counted great,
But one good-natur'd act more praises gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain ;
No more would brutal rage disturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and discord cease ;
Our own and other's good each hour employ,
And all things smile with universal joy ;
Virtue with Happiness her comfort join'd,
Wou'd regulate and bless each human mind,
And man be what his Maker first design'd. }

T H E

THE
MODERN
FINE GENTLEMAN.

Written in the Year 1746.

*Quale Portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.*

THE
MODERN
FINE GENTLEMAN

Written in the Year 1746

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To



THE
MODERN
FINE GENTLEMAN.

JUST broke from School, pert, impudent, and raw,
 Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
 His honour posts o'er ITALY and FRANCE,
 Measures St. PETER's dome, and learns to dance.
 Thence, having quick thro' various countries flown,
 Glean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,
 He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
 As never ages past produc'd before :
 A monster of such complicated worth,
 As no one single clime cou'd e'er bring forth :
 Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
 Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.

Next, because bus'ness is now all the vogue,
 And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
 In parliament he purchases a seat,
 To make th' accomplish'd Gentleman compleat.

There

There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
 Without experience, honesty, or sense,
 Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
 He vainly undertakes his country's cause :
 Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
 Torrents of nonsense burst, like bottled ale,
 • Tho' shallow, muddy ; brisk tho' mighty dull ;
 Fierce without strength ; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
 His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
 The liberties of BRITAIN he supports,
 And storms at place-men, ministers, and courts ;
 Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,
 He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches ;
 King, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
 Yet dares to shew those ears, he ought to lose.
 From hence to WHITE'S our virtuous CATO flies,
 There sits with countenance erect and wise,
 And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies. }
 Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
 Himself unknowingly has help'd to make ;
 Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
 Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought.
 Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
 Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

• Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham.

Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Devoted

Devoted thus to politics, and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women, he regards,
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
To Figg and Broughton he commits his breast,
To steel it to the fashionable test.

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Insensible to all that's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave;
By little actions striving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

And yet in this so bad is his success,
That as his fame improves, his rents grow less;
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his estate his int'rest too is done,
His honest borough seeks a warmer sun;
For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters cease to roar:
And BRITAIN soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty, and eloquence,

E

But

But that the gen'rous youth more anxious grown
 For public liberty, than for his own,
 Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone :
 And boldly, when his country is at stake,
 Braves the deep yawning gulph, like CURTIUS, for
 its sake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
 He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
 But seeks preferment, as the last resort,
 Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,
 And, from the hand he hates, implores support :
 The minister, well pleas'd at small expence
 To silence so much rude impertinence,
 With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
 And on the venal list enroll'd he stands ;
 A ribband and a pension buy the slave,
 This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
 And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
 He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory ;
 Of independence now he talks no more,
 Nor shakes the Senate with his patriot roar,
 But silent votes, and with court-trappings hung,
 Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.
 In craft political a Bankrupt made,
 He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade ;
 Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
 And grows, in short, the very thing he wou'd :
 Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes spent,
 And lends them ready cash at cent per cent,

FINE GENTLEMAN. 51

Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,
Till death at length indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.

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THE
MODERN
FINE LADY.

——— *Miseri quibus*
Intentata nites.

HOR.

Written in the Year 1750.

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T H E
M O D E R N
F I N E L A D Y.

SKILL'D in each art, that can adorn the fair,
 The sprightly dance, the soft *Italian* air,
 The Toss of quality and high-bred floor,
 Now Lady HARRIOT reach'd her fifteenth Year :
 Wing'd with diversions all her moments flew,
 Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new ;
 Breakfasts and auctions wear the morn away,
 Each ev'ning gives an opera, or a play ;
 Then *Brag's* eternal joys all night remain,
 And kindly usher in the morn again.

For love no time has she, or inclination,
 Yet must coquet it for the sake of fashion ;
 For this she listens to each fop that's near,
 Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a sneer,
 And the cropt ensign nuzzles in her ear.

E 4

} But

But with most warmth her dress and airs inspire
 Th' ambitious bosom of the landed 'squire,
 Who fain wou'd quit plump DOLLY's softer charms,
 For wither'd lean *Right Honourable* arms ;
 He bows with reverence at her sacred shrine,
 And treats her as if sprung from race divine,
 Which she returns with insolence and scorn,
 Nor deigns to smile on a Plebeian born.

Ere long by friends, by cards, and lovers cross'd,
 Her fortune, health, and reputation lost ;
 Her money gone, yet not a tradesman paid,
 Her fame, yet she still damn'd to be a maid,
 Her spirits sink, her nerves are so unstrung,
 * She weeps, if but a handsome thief is hung :
 By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers prest,
 But most for ready cash for play distrest,
 Where can she turn !—The 'Squire must all repair,
 She condescends to listen to his pray'r,
 And marries him at length in mere despair. }

But soon th' endearments of a husband cloy,
 Her soul, her frame incapable of joy :
 She feels no transports in the bridal-bed,
 Of which so oft sh'has heard, so much has read ;
 Then vex'd, that she should be condemn'd alone
 To seek in vain this philosophic stone,

* Some of the brightest eyes were at this time in tears for one
 Maclean, condemned for a robbery on the high-way.

To abler tutors she resolves t' apply,
 A prostitute from curiosity :
 Hence men of ev'ry sort, and ev'ry size,
 * Impatient for heav'n's cordial drop, she tries ;
 The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clown,
 The ruddy templar newly on the town,
 The Hibernian captain of gigantic make,
 The brimful parson, and th' exhausted rake.

But still malignant fate her wish denies,
 Cards yield superior joys, to cards she flies ;
 All night from *rout* to *rout* her chairmen run,
 Again she plays, and is again undone.

Behold her now in ruin's frightful jaws !
 Bonds, judgments, executions ope their paws ;
 Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor spare
 The gilded chariot, or the tossel'd chair ;
 For lonely seat she's forc'd to quit the town,
 And † TUBBS conveys the wretched exile down.

Now rumbling o'er the stones of *Tyburn-Road*,
 Ne'er prest with a more griev'd or guilty load,
 She bids adieu to all the well-known streets,
 And envy's ev'ry cinder-wench she meets :

* The cordial drop heav'n in our cup has thrown,
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down. ROCH.

† A person well known for supplying people of quality with
 hired equipages.

And

And now the dreaded country first appears,
 With sighs unfeign'd the dying noise she hears
 Of distant coaches fainter by degrees,
 Then starts, and trembles at the sight of trees.
 Silent and fullen, like some captive queen,
 She's drawn along unwilling to be seen,
 Until at length appears the ruin'd *Hall*
 Within the grass-green moat and ivy'd wall,
 The doleful prison where for ever she,
 But not, alas! her griefs, must bury'd be.

Her coach the curate and the tradesmen meet,
 Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
 And boys with stubble bonfires light the street,
 While bells her ears with tongues discordant grate,
 Types of the nuptial ties they celebrate :
 But no rejoicings can unbend her brow,
 Nor deigns she to return one aukward bow,
 But bounces in, disdainingly once to speak,
 And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.

Now see her in the sad decline of life,
 A peevish mistress, and a sulky wife;
 Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale
 With many a real, and many a fancy'd ail;
 Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
 Her insolence, and title only left;
 Severely humbled to her one-horse chair,
 And the low pastimes of a country fair :

Too

Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
Too proud one friendly visit to repay,
Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray,
At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
Shunning, and shun'd by all of human kind,
Ev'n rob'd of the last comfort of her life,
Insulting the poor curate's callous wife,
Pride, disappointed pride, now stops her breath,
And with true scorpion rage she stings herself to death.

H

F

S

P

Horatii Ep. I. Lib. II. ad Augustum.

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
Second Book of HORACE,
IMITATED.

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE
PHILIP, Lord HARDWICKE,
Lord High Chancellor of GREAT-BRITAIN.

Written in the Year 1748.

London: Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand.

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE

Second Book of HORACE
LIMITED.

To the Most Honourable
PHILIP, LORD HARDWICK
Lord High Chancellor of Great-Britain.

Written in the Year 1742.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following piece is a burlesque imitation : a species of poetry, whose chief excellence consists in a lucky and humourous application of the words and sentiments of any author to a new subject totally different from the original. This is what is usually forgot both by the writers and readers of these kind of compositions ; the first of whom are apt to strike out new and independent thoughts of their own, and the latter to admire such injudicious excrescencies : these immediately lose sight of their original, and those scarce ever cast an eye towards him at all. It is thought proper therefore to advertise the reader, that in the following epistle he is to expect nothing more than an apposite conversion of the serious sentiments of Horace on the Roman poetry, into more ludicrous ones on the subject of English politicks ; and if he thinks it not worth while to compare it line for line with the original, he will find in it neither wit, humour, nor even common sense ; all the little merit it can pretend to consisting solely in the closeness of so long, and uninterrupted an imitation.

HORATII



H O R A T I I

Ep. I. Lib. II.

Ad A U G U S T U M.

CUM tot sustineas, & tanta negotia solus,
 Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
 Legibus emendes, in publica commoda peccem,
 Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.
 Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Castore Pollux,
 Post ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti,
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt,
Ploravere



THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
Second Book of HORACE,
IMITATED.

WHILST you, my lord, such various toils
 sustain,
 Preside o'er Britain's Peers, her laws explain;
 With ev'ry virtue ev'ry heart engage;
 And live the bright example of the age,
 With tedious verse to trespass on your time, 5
 Is sure impertinence, if not a crime.

All the fam'd heroes, statesmen, admirals,
 Who after death within the sacred walls
 Of WESTMINSTER with kings have been receiv'd,
 Met with but sorry treatment, while they liv'd; 10
 And tho' they labour'd in their country's cause,
 With arms defended her, and form'd with laws,
 F Yet

Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis : ^c diram qui contudit hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari :

^a Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes,
 Infra se positas ; extinctus amabitur idem.

^e Presenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
 Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,
^f Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.

^g Sed tuus hic populus sapiens & justus in uno,
 Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis ante ferendo,
 Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
 Æstimat, & nisi quæ terris semota, suisque
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit, & odit.

^h Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
 Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum
 Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
 Pontificum libros, amosa volumina Vatum,
 Dictitet Albano Musis in monte locutas.

ⁱ Si quia Græcorum sunt antiquissima quæque
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem

Scriptores

Yet ever mourn'd they till'd a barren soil,
 And left the world ungrateful to their toil.
 ' Ev'n * He, who long the house of Com--ns led, 15
 That Hydra dire, with many a gaping head,
 Found by experience to his latest breath,
 Envy could only be subdu'd by death:
 ' Great men whilst living must expect disgraces,
 Dead they're ador'd——when none desire their
 places: 20

* This common fate, my lord, attends not you
 Above all equal, and all envy too;
 With such unrivall'd eminence you shine,
 That in this truth alone all parties join,
 The seat of justice in no former reign 25
 ' Was e'er so greatly fill'd, nor ever can again.

* But tho' the people are so just to you,
 To none besides will they allow their due,
 No minister approve; who is not dead,
 Nor till h' has lost it, own he had a head; 30
 ' Yet such respect they bear to ancient things,
 They've some for former ministers and kings;
 And, with a kind of superstitious awe,
 Deem Magna Charta still a sacred law.

* But, if because the government was best 35
 Of old in FRANCE, when freedom she possess'd,

* Sir R——W——.

Scriptores trutina non est quod multa loquamur
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri :

^h Venimus ad summam fortunæ pingimus atque

ⁱ Pfallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctior ipfis.

^m Si meliora dies, ut vina poemata reddit

Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus ?

Scriptor abhinc annos centum, qui decidit, inter

Perfectos, veteresne referri debet ? an inter

Viles, atque novos ? excludat jurgia finis.

ⁿ Est vetus, atque probus, centum qui perficit annos ?

Quid qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno,

Inter quos referendus erit ? veteresne poetas,

An quos & præsens, & postera respuet ætas ?

Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur honeste

Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno

Utor permissio, caudæque pilos ut equinæ

^o Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo etiam unum,

Dum cadat elusus ratione ruenis acervi

Qui redit ad fastos, & virtutem estimat annis,

Miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacravit.

^p Ennius & sapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,

Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur,

Quo promissa cadant, & somnia Pythagorea :

^q Nævius in manibus non est, & mentibus hæret

Pene recens, adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.

^r Ambigitur quoties uter utro sit prior ; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti :

Dicitur

In the same scale resolv'd to weigh our own,
 ENGLAND's we judge was so, who then had none;
 Into most strange absurdities we fall, 40
 Unworthy to be reason'd with at all.

* Brought to perfection in these days we see
 All arts, and their great parent liberty,
 ' With skill profound we sing, eat, dress, and dance,
 And in each goût polite, excel ev'n FRANCE.

" If age of ministers is then the test, 45
 And, as of wines, the oldest are the best,
 Let's try and fix some æra, if we can,
 When good ones were extinct, and bad began:
 " Are they all wicked since ELIZA's days?
 Did none in CHARLES', or JAMES's merit praise? 50
 Or are they knaves but since the revolution?
 If none of these are facts then all's confusion;
 And by the self-same rule one cannot fail,
 ° To pluck each hair out singly from the tail.

° Wise CECIL, lov'd by people and by prince, 55
 As often broke his word as any since:
 ° Of ARTHUR's days we almost nothing know,
 Yet sing their praise, because they're long ago,

' Oft as 'tis doubted in their several ways
 Which of past orators best merit praise, 60
 We find it to decide extremely hard,
 If HARLEY's head deserv'd the most regard,

Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro ;
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi ;
 * Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
 † Hos ediscit, & hos arcto stipata theatro
 Spectat Roma potens ; habet hos numeratque poetas
 Ad nostrum tempus Livii scriptoris ab ævo.
 † Interdum vulgus rectum videt ; est ubi peccat :
 * Si veteres ita miratur, laudatque poetas,
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet ; errat :
 * Si quædam nimis antiquè, si pleraque durè
 Dicere credit eos, ignavè multa fatetur ;
 Et sapit, & mecum facit & Jove judicat æquo.

† Non equidem infector, delendaque carmina Livii
 Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo
 * Orbilium dictitare ; sed emendata videri
 Pulchraque, & exactis minimum distantia, miror.
 * Inter quæ verbum emicuit si forte decorum, &
 Si versus paulos concinnior unus, & alter
 Injuste totum ducit, venditque poema.
 † Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non qui crasse
 Compositum illepidève putetur sed quia nuper :
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.

Rectè

Or WINDHAM's tongue, or JEKYL's patriot heart,
 ' Old SHIPPEN's gravity, or WALPOLE's art.
 ' These were ador'd by all with whom they voted, 65
 And in the fullest houses still are quoted;
 These have been fam'd from ANNA's days till ours,
 When PELHAM has improv'd, with unknown pow'rs,
 The art of ministerial eloquence,
 By adding honest truth to nervous sense. 70
 " Oft are the vulgar wrong, yet sometimes right;
 The late rebellion in the truest light
 By chance they saw; but were not once so wise,
 Unknown, unheard, in damning the excise:
 " If former reigns they fancy had no fault, 75
 I think their judgment is not worth a groat:
 * But if they frankly own their politicks
 Like ours, might have some blunders, and some tricks,
 With such impartial sentiments I join,
 And their opinions tally just with mine. 80

' I wou'd by no means church or king destroy,
 And yet the doctrines, taught me when a boy
 ' By CRAB the curate, now seem wond'rous odd,
 That either came immediately from God:
 ' In all the writings of those high-flown ages 85
 You meet with now and then some scatter'd pages
 Wrote with some spirit and with sense enough;
 These sell the book, the rest is wretched stuff:
 ' I'm quite provok'd, when principles, tho' true,
 Must stand impeach'd by fools, because they're new,

* Rectè necne crocum floresque perambulat Attæ
 Fabula si dubitem, clamant periisse pudorem
 Cuncti pene patres, ea cum reprehendere coner
 Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.
 Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,
 * Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
 Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

* Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
 Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividis odit.
 † Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset
 Quam nobis, quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet
 Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus usus?

* Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis
 Cœpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æqua,
 † Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum,
 † Marmoris, ut eboris fabros, ut æris amavit:
 Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella:
 * Nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragædis:
 † Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
 Quod cupidè petiit, mature plena reliquit:
 Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
 * Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.

* Shou'd I but question, only for a joke,
 If all was flow'rs, when pompous HANMER spoke,
 If things went right, when St. JOHN trod the stage,
 How the old Tories all would storm and rage !

^d They shun conviction, or because a truth 95
 Confess'd in age implies they err'd in youth ;
 Or that they scorn to learn of junior wits :
 What !—to be taught by LYTTELTONS and PITTS.

* When angry patriots or in prose or rhymes,
 Extoll the virtuous deeds of former times, 100
 They only mean the present to disgrace,
 And look with envious hate on all in place :

^f But had the patriots of those ancient days,
 Play'd the same game for profit, or for praise,
 The trade, tho' now so flourishing and new, 105
 Had long been ruin'd and the nation too.

* ENGLAND, when once of peace and wealth possess'd,
 Began to think frugality a jest,

So grew polite ; hence all her well-bred heirs,

^h Gamesters, and jockeys turn'd, and cricket play'rs ;

ⁱ Pictures and busts in ev'ry house were seen ; 111

What shou'd have paid the butcher, bought POUSSIN ;

^k Now operas, now plays were all the fashion,

Then whist became the bus'ness of the nation,

^l That, like a froward child, in wanton play 115

Now cries for toys, then tosses them away ;

Each hour we chang'd our pleasures, drefs, and diet ;

^m These were the blest effects of being quiet.

ⁿ Not

° Romæ dulce diu fuit, & solenne reclusa
 Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,
 Cautos nominibus certis expendere nummos;

° Majores audire, minores dicere per quæ
 Crescere res posset minui damnoſa libido.

° Mutavit mentem populus levis; & calet uno
 Scribendi studio; pueri, patresque ſeveri

° Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina dictant.

° Ipſe ego, qui nullus me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
 Invenior Parthis mendacior; & prius orto
 Sole, vigil calamum, & chartas, & ſcrinia poſco.

° Navem agere ignarus navis timet; abrotonum
 ægro

Non audet, niſi qui didicit, dare; quod medicorum eſt
 Promittunt medici: tractant fabrilia fabri;
 Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata paſſim.

° Hic error tamen, & levis hæc infania quantas
 Virtutes habeat, ſic collige: Vatis avarus

° Non

* Not thus behav'd the true old English 'squire,
 He smoak'd his pipe each morn by his own fire, 120
 There justice to dispense was ever willing,
 And for his warrants pick'd up many a shilling :
 * To teach his younger neighbours always glad,
 Where for their corn best markets might be had,
 And from experienc'd age as glad to learn, 125
 How to defraud unseen the parson's barn.

* But now the world's quite alter'd, all are bent
 To leave their feats, and fly to parliament :
 Old men and boys in this alone agree,
 And vainly courting popularity, 130
 Ply their obstrep'rous voters all night long
 * With bumpers, toasts, and now and then a song :
 * Ev'n I, who swear these follies I despise,
 Than statesmen, or their porters, tell more lies ;
 And, for the fashion-sake, in spite of nature, 135
 Commence sometimes a most important creature,
 Busy as CAR——w rave for ink and quills,
 And stuff my head and pockets full of bills.

* Few land-men go to sea unless they're prest,
 And quacks in all professions are a jest ; 140
 None dare to kill, except most learn'd physicians,
 Learn'd, or unlearn'd, we all are politicians :
 There's not a soul but thinks, cou'd he be sent,
 H' has parts enough to shine in parliament.

* Tho' many ills this modern taste produces, 145
 Yet still, my lord, 'tis not without its uses ;

* Non temere est animus : versus amat, hoc studet
unum :

* Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet ;

* Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullum

Pupillo : * vivit filiquis, & pane secundo ;

* Militiæ quanquam piger, & malus, utilis urbi.

* Si das hoc parvis quoque rebus magna juvari,

* Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat,

* Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem,

* Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,

Asperitatis, & invidiæ corrector, & iræ :

* Recte facta refert ; orientia tempora notis

Instruit exemplis ; * inopem solatur & ægrum.

* Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti

Disceret unde preces, vatem ni musa dedisset ?

Poscit opem chorus, & præsentia numine sentit,

* Cœlestes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus ;

* Avertit

* These minor politicians are a kind
 Not much to selfish avarice inclin'd ;
 Do but allow them with applause to speak,
 * They little care, tho' all their tenants break ; 150
 * They form intrigues with no man's wife, or
 daughter,
 * And live on pudden, chicken-broth, and water ;
 * Fierce Jacobites, as far as blust'ring words,
 But loth in any cause to draw their swords.

* Were smaller matters worthy of attention, 155
 A thousand other uses I cou'd mention ;
 For instance, in each monthly magazine
 Their essays and orations still are seen,
 * And magazines teach boys and girls to read,
 And are the canons of each tradesman's creed ; 160
 Apprentices they serve to entertain,
 * Instead of smutty tales, and plays profane ;
 * Instruct them how their passions to command,
 And to hate none—but those who rule the land :
 * Facts they record, births, marriages, and deaths, 165
 * Sometimes receipts for claps, and stinking breaths.

* When with her brothers miss comes up to town,
 How for each play can she afford a crown ?
 Where find diversions gratis, and yet pretty,
 Unless she goes to church, or a committee ; 170
 And sure committees better entertain,
 * Than hearing a dull parson pray for rain,

1 Or

- ¹ Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit.
- ² Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum:
- ³ Carmine Dii superi placantur, carmine Manes.

^m Agricolaë prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
ⁿ Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus, & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem
 Cum focis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fidâ
 Tellurem porco, Sylvanum lacte piabant,
 Floribus, & vino, Genium memorem brevis ævi:
^o Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
 Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
^p Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Lufit amabiliter; donec jam sævus apertam
^q In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, & per honestas
 Ire domos impunè minax; doluere cruento
^r Dente laceffiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
 Conditione super communi; quin etiam lex
^s Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nolle carmine quenquam
 Describi; vertere modum formidine fustis
 Ad bene dicendum, delectandumque reducti.
^t Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes
 Intulit agresti Latio, sic horridus ille
^u Defluxit numerus Saturnius, & grave vitis
 Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum
^v Manserunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.

^x Serus

¹ Or whining beg deliverance from battle,
Dangers, and sins, and sickness amongst cattle ;
At church she hears with unattentive ear 175

² The pray'rs for peace, and for a plenteous year,
But here quite charm'd with so much wit and sense,
She falls a victim soon to eloquence ;
Well may she fall ; since eloquence has power
¹ To govern both the upper house and lower. 180

^m Our ancient gentry, frugal, bold, and rough,
Were farmers, yet liv'd happily enough ;
ⁿ They, when in barns their corn was safely lay'd,
For harvest-homes great entertainments made,
The well-rubb'd tables crack'd with beef and pork,
And all the supper shar'd who shar'd the work ; 186

^o This gave freeholders first a taste for eating,
And was the source of all election-treating ;
^p A while their jests, tho' merry, yet were wise,
And they took none but decent liberties. 190

Brandy and punch at length such riots bred,
^q No sober family cou'd sleep in bed :
^r All were alarm'd, ev'n those who had no hurt
^s Call'd in the law, to stop such dang'rous sport.
^t Rich citizens at length new arts brought down 195

With ready cash, to win each country town ;
^u This less disorders caus'd than downright drink,
Freemen grew civil, and began to think ;
^v But still all canvassing produc'd confusion,
The reliëfs of its rustic institution. 200

^x 'Tis

^x Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis,
Et post Punica bella quietus, quærere cœpit,
Quid Sophoclis, & Theſpis, & Æſchylus utile
ferrent;

Tentavit quoque rem ſi dignè vertere poſſet,

^y Et placuit ſibi naturâ ſublimis, & acer,

Nam ſpirat tragicum fatiſ, & feliciter audet:

^z Sed turpem putat in ſcriptis, metuitque lituram.

^a Creditur ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere

^b Sudoris minimum; ſed habet Comœdia tanto

Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus: ^c Aspice Plautus

^d Quo pacto partes tutetur amantiſ ephēbi!

^e Ut patris attenti, ^f lenoniſ ut inſidioſi;

Quantuſ ſit Dorſennuſ ^g edacibuſ in paraſitiſ!

^h Quàm non adſtriçto percurrat pulpita focco:

ⁱ Geſtit enim nummoſ in loculoſ demittere, poſt hoc
Securuſ cadat, an recto ſtet fabula talo.

^k Quem tulit ad ſcenam ventuſo gloria curru,

Exanimat lentuſ ſpectator, ſeduluſ inſtat;

^l Sic

^a 'Tis but of late, since thirty years of peace
 To useful sciences have giv'n increase,
 That w'h've inquir'd how ROME's lost sons of old
 Barter'd their liberties for feasts and gold;
 What treats proud SYLLA, CÆSAR, CRASSUS gave,
 And try'd, like them, to buy each hungry knave; 206
 Nor try'd in vain; ' too fortunately bold
 Many have purchas'd votes; and many sold;
 No laws can now amend this venal land,
^a That dreads the touch of a reforming hand. 210

Some think an int'rest may be form'd with ease,
^a Because the vulgar we must chiefly please;
^b But for that reason 'tis the harder task.
 For such will neither pardon grant, nor ask.
^c See how Sir W—— master of this art, 215
 By different methods wins each C——n heart.
^d He tells raw youths, that whoring is no harm,
^e And teaches their attentive fires to farm;
 To his own table lovingly invites,
^f Infidious pimps, and ^g hungry parasites: 220
^h Sometimes in slippers, and a morning gown,
 He pays his early visits round a Town,
 At every house relates his stories over,
 Of place-bills, taxes, turnips, and HANOVER;
ⁱ If tales will money save, and business do, 225
 It matters little, are they false or true.

^k Whoe'er prefers a clam'rous mob's applause
 To his own conscience, or his country's cause,

¹ Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit : ^m Valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

ⁿ Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc, terretque poetam
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti, stolidique, & depugnare parati,
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
^o Aut ursum, aut pugiles; nam his plebecula gaudet.
^p Verum equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana :
Quatuor aut plures Aulæa premuntur in horas,
^q Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ;
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis,
Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves,
^r Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
Si foret in terris rideret Democritus, seu
Diversum confusa genus panthera, camelo
Sive elephas albus vulgi converterer ora
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis;
Ut sibi prebentem mimo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello
^s Fabellam furdo; nam quæ pervincere voces
Evaluer sonum, referent quem nostra theatra?
Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum;
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes
Divitiæque peregrinæ : ^t quibus oblitus actor
Quum stetit in scena, concurrat dexterat lævæ.
^u Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane: quid placet ergo?

Lana

Is soon elated, and as soon cast down
 By every drunken cobbler's smile, or frown; 230
 ' So small a matter can depress or raise
 A mind, that's meanly covetous of praise:
 But if my quiet must dependent be
 On the vain breath of popularity,
 A wind each hour to different quarters veering, 235
 " Adieu, say I, to all Electioneering:

" The boldest orator it disconcerts,
 To find the many, tho' of meanest parts,
 Illiterate, squabbling, discontented prigs,
 Fitter t' attend a boxing match at Figg's; 240
 To all good sense, and reason shut their ears,
 Yet take delight in S—D—M's ° bulls and bears.

" Young knights now sent from many a distant shire
 Are better pleas'd with what they see than hear;
 Their joy's to view his majesty approach; 245
 Drawn by eight milk-white steeds in gilded coach,
 The pageant show and bustle to behold,
 " The guards both horse and foot lac'd o'er with gold,
 The rich insignia from the Tower brought down,
 ' The iv'ry scepter and the radiant crown. 250
 The mob huzza, the thund'ring cannons roar,
 And business is delay'd at least an hour;
 The Speaker calls indeed to mind what passes,
 ' But might as well read orders to deaf asses.

" But now see honest V—— rise to joke! 255
 The house all laugh; " what says he? has he spoke?

Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

^a Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusẽm,

Quum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;

^a Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur

Ire poetam, meum qui pectus inaniter angit.

^a Irritat, mulcet, ^a falsis terroribus implet,

^a Ut magus, & ^b modo me Thebis, modo ponit
Athenis.

^c Verum age, & his qui se lectori credere malunt,

Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,

Curam redde brevem; ^d si munus Apolline dignum

Vis complere libris, ^e & vatibus addere calcar,

Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem:

^f Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,

^g (Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) quum tibi librum

^h Sollicito damus, aut fesso! quum lædimur, unum

ⁱ Siquis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum:

^k Quum loca, jam recitata revolvimus inrevocati;

^l Quum lamentamur, non apparere labores

Nostros, & tenui deducta poemata filo:

^m Quum

No not a word; then whence this sudden mirth?
His phyzz foretells some jest's approaching birth.

* But lest I seem these orators to wrong,
Envious because I share no gift of tongue, 260
* Is there a MAN whose eloquence has pow'r
To clear the fullest house in half an hour,
Who now appears to rave and now to weep,
* Who sometimes makes us swear, and sometimes sleep,
Now fills our heads with false alarms from FRANCE,
* Then conjurer like ^b to INDIA bids us dance, 267
All eulogies on him we own are true,
For surely he does all that man can do.

* But whilst, my lord, these makers of our laws,
Thus speak themselves into the world's applause, 270
* Let bards for such attempts too modest share
What more they prize, your patronage and care,
* If you would spur them up the muse's hill,
Or ask their aid your library to fill.
* We poets are in ev'ry age, and nation, 275
A most absurd, wrong-headed generation;
This in a thousand instances is shewn,
* (Myself as guilty as the rest I own)
As when on you our nonsense we impose,
* Tir'd with the nonsense you have heard in prose;
* When w' are offended, if some honest friend
Presumes one unharmonious verse to mend;
* When undesir'd our labours we repeat,
* Grieve they're no more regarded by the Great,

^m Quam speramus eo rem venturam, ut simul atque
Carmina rescieris nos fingere commodus ultro
Arcessas, & egere vetes, & scribere cogas.

^p Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere quales
Ædituos habeat belli, spectata domique
Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.

^o Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui versibus & male patis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt; idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, nequis se præter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra

^p Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia; quod si
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,

^q Bæôtum in crasso jurares aere natum.

^r At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Delecti tibi Virgilius, Variusque poetæ:

^r Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. ^t Nec sermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, quam res componere gestas
Terrarumque fitus, & flumina dicere, & arces
Montibus impositas, & barbara regna, tuisque

^x Auspiciis

^m And fancy, shou'd You once but see our faces, 285
You'd bid us write, and pay us all with places.

ⁿ 'Tis your's, my lord, to form the soul to verse,
Who have such num'rous virtues to rehearse;
^o Great ALEXANDER once, in ancient days,
Pay'd CHOERILUS for daubing him with praise; 290
And yet the same fam'd heroe made a law,
None but APELLES shou'd his picture draw;
^p None but LYSIPPUS cast his royal head
In brass: it had been treason if in lead;
A prince he was in valour ne'er surpass'd, 295
And had in painting too perhaps some taste;
But as to verse, undoubted is the matter,
^q He must be dull, as a Dutch commentator.

^r But you, my lord, a fav'rite of the muse,
Wou'd chuse good poets, were there good to chuse;
^s You know they paint the great man's soul as like,
As can his features KNELLER, or VANDYKE. 302
^t Had I such pow'r, I never wou'd compose
Such creeping lines as these, nor verse, nor prose;
But rather try to celebrate your praise, 305
^u And with your just encomiums swell my lays:
Had I a genius equal to my will,
Gladly would I exert my utmost skill
To consecrate to fame BRITANNIA's land
Receiving law from your impartial hand; 310
By your wise councils once more pow'rful made,
Her fleets rever'd, and flourishing her trade;

* Auspiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
w Et formidatam Parthis te principe Romam :
u Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque : v sed neque
parvum

Carmen majestas recipit tua, nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor quam vires ferre recusent.
z Sedulitas autem, stulte quem diligit, urguet
Præcipuè cum se numeris commendat & arte :
Discit enim citius meminitque libentius, illud
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur,
Nil moror officium quod me gravat : ac neque ficto
In pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto :
Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, & una
Cum scriptore meo, capsa porrectus aperta,
a Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

* Exhausted nations trembling at her sword,
* And * PEACE long wish'd-for to the world restor'd,

* But your true greatness suffers no such praise, 315
* My verse would sink the theme it meant to raise;
Unequal to the task wou'd surely meet
Deserv'd contempt, and each presumptuous sheet
Could serve for nothing, scrawl'd with lines so simple,
* Unless to wrap up sugar-loaves for Wimple. 320

* A general peace was at this time just concluded at Aix la
Chapelle.



*To the Right Honourable the EARL of
CHESTERFIELD, on his being in-
stalled KNIGHT of the GARTER.*

THESE trophies, STANHOPE, of a lovely dame,
Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
Who with such just propriety can wear,
As thou the darling of the gay and fair?
See ev'ry friend to wit, politeness, love,
With one consent thy Sovereign's choice approve!
And liv'd PLANTAGENET her voice to join,
Herself, and GARTER, both were surely thine.

To



*To a Lady in Town, soon after her
leaving the Country.*

WHILST you, dear maid, o'er thousands born
to reign,

For the gay town exchange the rural plain,
The cooling breeze, and ev'ning walk forsake
For stifling crowds, which your own beauties make;
Thro' circling joys while you incessant stray,
Charm in the Mall, and sparkle at the play;
Think (if successive vanities can spare
One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,
Left in these plains all wretched, and alone,
To weep with fountains, and with echos groan,
And mourn incessantly that fatal day,
That all my bliss with CHLOE snatch'd away,

Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,
Music, verse, all I try, but try in vain;
In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,
Late the companion of my CHLOE's voice,

Nor

Nor HANDEL's nor CORELLI's tuneful airs
 Can harmonize my soul, or sooth my cares ;
 Those once-lov'd med'cines unsuccessful prove,
 Musick, alas, is but the voice of love !
 In vain I oft harmonious lines peruse,
 And seek for aid from POPE's, and PRIOR's muse ;
 Their treach'rous numbers but assist the foe,
 And call forth scenes of sympathising woe :
 Here HELOISE mourns her absent lover's charms,
 There parting EMMA sighs in HENRY's arms ;
 Their loves like mine ill-fated I bemoan,
 And in their tender sorrows read my own.

Restless sometimes, as oft the mournful dove
 Forsakes her nest forsaken by her love,
 I fly from home, and seek the sacred fields
 Where CAM's old urn its silver current yields,
 Where solemn tow'rs o'erlook each mossy grove,
 As if to guard it from th' assaults of love ;
 Yet guard in vain, for there my CHLOE's eyes
 But lately made whole colleges her prize ;
 Her sons, tho' few, not PALLAS cou'd defend,
 Nor DULLNESS succour to her thousands lend ;
 Love like a fever with infectious rage
 Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the frost of age ?
 To gaze at her, ev'n DONNS were seen to run,
 And leave unfinish'd pipes, and authors — scarce
 begun.

* So HELEN look'd, and mov'd with such a grace,
 When the grave seniors of the Trojan race
 Were forc'd those fatal beauties to admire,
 That all their youth consum'd, and set their town on
 fire.

At fam'd NEWMARKET oft I spend the day
 An unconcern'd spectator of the play;
 There pitiless observe the ruin'd heir
 With anger fir'd, or melting with despair;
 For how shou'd I his trivial loss bemoan,
 Who feel one, so much greater, of my own?
 There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,
 Wait the decision of two rival dice,
 Whilst long disputes 'twixt *seven* and *five* remain,
 And each, like parties, have their friends for gain,
 Without one wish I see the guineas shine,
 Fate, keep your gold, I cry, make CHLOE mine.
 Now see, prepar'd their utmost speed to try,
 O'er the smooth turf the bounding racers fly!
 Now more and more their slender limbs they strain,
 And foaming stretch along the velvet plain!
 Ah stay! swift steeds, your rapid flight delay,
 No more the jockey's smarting lash obey:
 But rather let my hand direct the rein,
 And guide your steps a nobler prize to gain;
 Then swift as eagles cut the yielding air,
 Bear me, oh bear me to the absent fair.

* Vid. Hom. IL. Lib. III. Ver. 150.

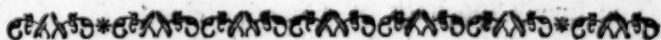
Now

Now when the winds are hush'd, the air serene,
 And chearful sun-beams gild the beateous scene,
 Pensive o'er all the neighb'ring fields I stray,
 Where-e'er or choice, or chance directs the way :
 Or view the op'ning lawns, or private woods,
 Or distant bluish hills, or silver floods :
 Now harmless birds in silken nets insnare,
 Now with swift dogs pursue the flying hare :
 Dull sports ! for oh my CHLOE is not there !

Fatigu'd at length I willingly retire
 To a small study, and a chearful fire,
 There o'er some folio pore, I pore 'tis true,
 But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you !
 I hear you, see you, feast upon your eyes,
 And clasp with eager arms the lovely prize ;
 Here for a while I cou'd forget my pain,
 Whilst I by dear reflection live again :
 But ev'n these joys are too sublime to last,
 And quickly fade, like all the real ones past ;
 For just when now beneath some silent grove
 I hear you talk—and talk perhaps of love,
 Or charm with thrilling notes the list'ning ear,
 Sweeter than angels sing, or angels hear,
 My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,
 The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,
 The pleasing vision in a moment's gone,
 And I once more am wretched, and alone.

So

So when glad ORPHEUS from th' infernal shade
 Had just recall'd his long-lamented maid,
 Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,
 Lost in eternal night—again she dies.



To a L A D Y.

*Sent with a Present of Shells and Stones design'd
 for a GROTTO.*

WITH gifts like these, the spoils of neighb'ring
 shores,

The Indian swain his fable love adores.
 Off'rings well suited to the dusky shrine
 Of his rude goddess, but unworthy mine:
 And yet they seem not such a worthless prize,
 If nicely view'd by philosophic eyes;
 And such are yours, that nature's works admire
 With warmth like that, which they themselves inspire.

To such how fair appears each grain of sand,
 Or humblest weed as wrought by nature's hand!
 How far superior to all human pow'r
 Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r!
 In all her births, tho' of the meanest kinds,
 A just observer entertainment finds,

With

With fond delight her low productions sees,
 And how she gently rises by degrees;
 A shell, or stone he can with pleasure view,
 Hence trace her noblest works, the heav'ns—and you.

Behold, how bright these gaudy trifles shine,
 The lovely sportings of a hand divine!
 See with what art each curious shell is made,
 Here carv'd in fretwork, there with pearl inlaid;
 What vivid streaks th' enamell'd stones adorn,
 Fair as the paintings of the purple morn!
 Yet still not half their charms can reach our eyes,
 While thus confus'd the sparkling chaos lies;
 Doubly they'll please, when in your grotto plac'd,
 They plainly speak their fair disposer's taste;
 Then glories yet unseen shall o'er them rise,
 New order from your hand, new lustre from your eyes.

How sweet, how charming will appear this Grot,
 When by your art to full perfection brought;
 Here verdant plants, and blooming flow'rs will grow,
 There bubbling currents thro' the shell-work flow;
 Here coral mixt with shells of various dyes,
 There polish'd stones will charm our wand'ring eyes;
 Delightful bow'r of bliss! secure retreat!
 Fit for the Muses, and STATIRA's seat.

But still how good must be that fair one's mind,
 Who thus in solitude can pleasure find!
 The muse her company, good-sense her guide,
 Resistless charms her pow'r, but not her pride:

Who thus forsakes the town, the park, and play,
 In silent shades to pass her hours away;
 Who better likes to breathe fresh country air;
 Than ride imprison'd in a velvet chair,
 And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
 Before the thrills of FARINELLI'S voice;
 Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,
 To comforts, balls, assemblies, and quadrille:
 Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd than gilded chariots sees,
 For groves the playhouse quits, and beaus for trees.

Blest is the man, whom heav'n shall grant one hour
 With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bow'r!

~~~~~

### To a L A D Y,

*In Answer to a Letter wrote in a very fine  
 Hand.*

**W**HILST well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes  
 command,

The beauteous work of CHLOE'S artful hand,  
 Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd  
 Th' exactest image of the lovely maid;  
 Such is her wit, and such her form divine,  
 This pure, as flows the style thro' ev'ry line,  
 That like each letter, exquisitely fine.

H

See

See with what art the sable currents stain  
 In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain !  
 Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in silver snow  
 Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow ;  
 Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck  
 The ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck :  
 See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms  
 Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,  
 The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast,  
 By her fair hand and flowing pen impress'd,  
 At ev'ry touch more animated grows,  
 And with new life and new ideas glows,  
 Fresh beauties from the kind defiler gains,  
 And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty Love no longer boast his darts,  
 That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts ;  
 CHLOE, your quill can equal wonders do,  
 Wound full as sure, and at a distance too :  
 Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,  
 From pole to pole you send your great commands,  
 To distant climes in vain the lover flies,  
 Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes ;  
 So those, who from the sword in battle run  
 But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,  
 But these are charms no ages can devour ;  
 These far superior to the brightest face,  
 Triumph alike o'er time as well as space.

When

When that fair form, which thousands now adore,  
By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,  
These lovely lines shall future ages view,  
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How oft do I admire with fond delight  
The curious piece, and wish like you to write!  
Alas, vain hope! that might as well aspire  
To copy PAULO's stroke, or TITIAN's fire:  
Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,  
And I in vain to imitate them try;  
Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,  
To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.

.....

*To the Right Honourable the Lady*  
MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY,  
*presented with a Collection of POEMS.*

THE tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,  
And verse a tribute sacred to the fair;  
Hence in each age the loveliest nymph has been,  
By undisputed right, the muses queen;  
Her smiles have all poetic bosoms fir'd,  
And patronis'd the verse themselves inspir'd:  
LESBIA presided thus in Roman times,  
Thus SACHARISSA reign'd o'er British rhymes,  
And present bards to MARGARETTA bow,  
For, what they were of old, is HARLEY now.

H 2

From

From OXFORD's house, in these dull busy days,  
Alone we hope for patronage, or praise;  
He to our slighted labours still is kind,  
Beneath his roof w' are ever sure to find  
(Reward sufficient for the world's neglect)  
Charms to inspire, and goodness to protect;  
Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,  
Your fire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays;  
Form'd for our glory and support, ye seem,  
Our constant patron he, and you our theme.  
Where shou'd poetic homage then be pay'd?  
Where ev'ry verse, but at your feet, be lay'd?  
A double right you to this empire bear,  
As first in beauty, and as OXFORD's heir.

Illustrious maid! in whose sole person join'd  
Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find,  
Charms that might warrant all her sex's pride,  
Without one foible of her sex to hide;  
Good nature artless as the bloom that dyes  
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.  
Oh HARLEY! cou'd but you these lines approve,  
These children sprung from idleness and love,  
Cou'd they, (but ah how vain is the design!)  
Hope to amuse your hours, as once they've mine,  
Th' ill judging world's applause, and critics blame,  
Alike I'd scorn: Your approbation's fame.

HORACE.



H O R A C E,  
BOOK II. ODE XVI.  
I M I T A T E D.





# H O R A T I I,

## L I B. II. O D. XVI.

1. **O**TIUM divos rogat in patenti  
 Prensus Ægeo, simul atra nubes  
 Condedit Lunam, neque certa fulgent  
 Sidera nautis.
2. Otium bello furiosa Thrace,  
 Otium Medi pharetra decori  
 Grosphæ, non gemmis, neque purpurâ ve-  
 nale, nec auro.
3. Non enim gazæ, neque consularis  
 Summovet lictor miseros tumultus  
 Mentis, & curas laqueata circum  
 Tecta volantes.
4. Vivitur parvo bene cui paternum  
 Splendit in mensâ tenui salinum,  
 Nec leves somnos timor, aut cupido  
 Sordidus aufert.



H O R A C E,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

IMITATED.

TO the Hon. PHILIP YORKE, Esq;

Soon after the General Election in 1747.

1. **F**OR quiet, YORKE, the sailor cries,  
When gathering storms obscure the skies,  
The stars no more appearing;
  2. The candidate for quiet prays,  
Sick of the bumpers and huzza's,  
Of blest electioneering.
  3. Who thinks, that from the Speaker's chair  
The Serjeant's mace can keep off care,  
Is wond'rously mistaken:
  4. Alas! he is not half so blest  
As those, wh' have liberty, and rest,  
And dine on beans and bacon.
- H 4
5. Why

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo

Multa? quid terras alio calente

5. Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exul

Se quoque fugit?

6. Scandit æratas vitiosa naves

Cura: nec turmas equitum relinquit,

Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos

Ocyor Euro,

7. Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est

Oderit curare, & amara lento

Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni

8. Parte beatum.

9. Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,

10. Longa Tithonum minuit senectus;

Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,

Porriget hora.

11. Te

5. Why should we then to London run,  
And quit our chearful country fun  
For business, dirt, and smoke?  
Can we, by changing place, and air,  
Ourselves get rid of, or our care;  
In troth 'tis all a joke.
6. Care climbs proud ships of mightiest force,  
And mounts behind the general's horse,  
Outstrips hussars, and pandours;  
Far swifter than the bounding hind,  
Swifter than clouds before the wind,  
Or ——— before th'Highlanders.
7. A man, when once he's safely chose,  
Shou'd laugh at all his threatning foes,  
Nor think of future evil:  
Each good has its attendant ill;
8. A seat is no bad thing, but still  
Elections are the devil.
9. Its gifts with hand impartial heav'n  
Divides: to ORFORD it was giv'n  
To die in full-blown glory;
10. To ——— indeed a longer date,  
But then with unrelenting hate  
Pursu'd by Whig and Tory.

11. Te greges centum, Siculaeque circum  
Mugiant vaccae : tibi tollit hinnitum

12. Aptæ quadrigis equa : te bis Afro  
Murice tinctæ

Vestiunt lanæ : 13. mihi parva rura

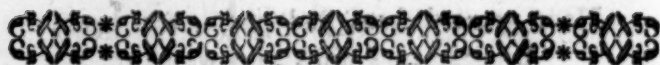
14. Spiritum Graia, tenuem Camœnæ  
Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum  
Spernere vulgus.

HORATII,

11. The gods to you with bounteous hand  
Have granted seats, and parks, and land;  
Brocades and silks you wear;  
With claret, and ragouts you treat,
12. Six neighing steeds with nimble feet  
Whirl on your gilded car :
13. To me they've giv'n a small retreat,  
Good port and mutton, best of meat,  
With broad-cloth on my shoulders,  
A soul that scorns a dirty job,
14. Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,  
I mean who an't freholders.

HORACE,





# H O R A T I I,

## LIB. IV. OD. VIII.

1. **D**ONAREM pateras grataque commodus,  
Censorine, meis æra sodalibus :  
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium  
Grajorum ; 2. neque tu pessima munerum  
Ferres, me divite scilicet artium,  
Quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut scopas
3. Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus  
Solers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.
4. Sed



# H O R A C E,

## BOOK IV. ODE VIII.

### I M I T A T E D.

[ To the Same. ]

1. **D**ID but kind fate to me impart  
Wealth equal to my gen'rous heart,  
Some curious gift to ev'ry friend,  
A token of my love, I'd send ;
2. But still the choicest and the best  
Shou'd be consign'd to friends at WREST.

- An organ, which, if right I guess,  
Wou'd best please lady MARCHIONESS,  
Shou'd first be sent by my command,  
Worthy of her inspiring hand :  
To lady BELL of nicest mould  
A coral set in burnish'd gold :  
To you, well knowing what you like,
3. Portraits by LELY or VANDYKE,  
A curious bronze, or buist antique.

4. But

4. Sed non hæc mihi vis, nec tibi talium  
 Res est, aut animus deliciarum egens  
 Gaudes carminibus, carmina possumus  
 Donare, 5. & pretium dicere muneri.
6. Non incisa notis marmora publicis  
 Per quæ spiritus & vita redit bonis  
 Post mortem duçibus: non ceteres fugæ  
 Rejectæque retrorsum Annibalis minæ  
 Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ  
 Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ  
 Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant  
 Laudes, quam Calabræ Pierides, neque
7. Si chartæ fileant quod bene feceris  
 Mercedem tuleres. 8. Quid foret Iliæ  
 Mavortisque puer si taciturnitas  
 Obstarer meritis invida Romuli?  
 Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum  
 Virtus & favor & lingua potentium  
 Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
9. Dignum

4. But since these gifts exceed my power,  
And you, who need not wish for more,  
Already blest with all that's fine,  
Are pleas'd with verse, tho' such as mine;  
As poets us'd in ancient times,  
I'll make my presents all in rhymes;
5. And lest you shou'd forget their worth,  
Like them I'll set their value forth.
6. Not monumental brass or stones,  
The guardians of heroic bones,  
Not victories won by MARLBRO'S sword,  
Nor titles which these feats record,  
Such glories o'er the dead diffuse,  
As can the labours of the muse.
7. But if she shou'd her aid deny,  
With you your virtues all must die,  
Nor tongues unborn shall ever say  
How wise, how good, was lady GREY.
8. What now had been th' ignoble doom  
Of him who built imperial ROME?  
Or him deserving ten times more,  
Who fed the hungry, cloth'd the poor,  
Clear'd streams, and bridges laid across,  
And built the little church of ROSS?  
Did not th' eternal powers of verse  
From age to age their deeds rehearse.

9. The

9. Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,  
 Cœlo musa beat: 10. Sic Jovis interest  
 Optatis epulis impiger Hercules  
 Clarum Tyndaridæ fidus ab infimis  
 Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rares.  
 Ornatus viridi tempora pampino  
 Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

9. The muse forbids the brave to die,  
Bestowing immortality;
10. Still by her aid in blest abodes  
ALCIDES feasts among the Gods;  
And royal ARTHUR still is able  
To fill his hospitable table  
With English beef, and English knights,  
And looks with pity down on WHITE's.





*To the Hon. Miss YORKE, on her  
Marriage to Lord ANSON.*

**V**ICTORIOUS ANSON see returns  
From the subjected main !  
With joy each British bosom burns,  
Fearless of FRANCE and SPAIN.

Honours his grateful Sovereign's hand,  
Conquest his own bestows,  
Applause unfeign'd his native land,  
Unenvy'd wealth her foes.

But still, my son, BRITANNIA cries,  
Still more thy merits claim ;  
Thy deeds deserve a richer prize,  
Than titles, wealth, or fame :

Twice wafted safe from pole to pole  
Th' hast sail'd the globe around ;  
Contains it ought can charm thy soul ?  
Thy fondest wishes bound ?

Is there a treasure worth thy care  
 Within th' incircling line?  
 Say, and I'll weary heav'n with pray'r,  
 To make that treasure thine.

Heav'n listen'd to BRITANNIA'S voice,  
 Agreed that more was due:  
 He chose —— the gods approv'd his choice;  
 And pay'd him all in You.

\*\*\*\*\*

## CHLOE *to* STREPHON.

### A S O N G.

**T**OO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes  
 My heart your own declare;  
 But for heav'n's sake let it suffice,  
 You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,  
 Nor farther urge your sway;  
 Press not for what I must deny,  
 For fear I shou'd obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,  
 Wou'd you a maid undo?  
 Whose greatest failing is her love,  
 And that her love for you.

Say, would you use that very pow'r  
 You from her fondness claim,  
 To ruin, in one fatal hour,  
 A life of spotless fame ?

Ah ! cease, my dear, to do an ill,  
 Because perhaps you may ;  
 But rather try your utmost skill  
 To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,  
 Defend, and not pursue ;  
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard,  
 To fight with love and you.



# A S O N G.

**C**EASE, SALLY, thy charms to expand,  
 All thy arts and thy witchcraft forbear,  
 Hide those eyes, hide that neck and that hand,  
 And those sweet flowing tresses of hair.

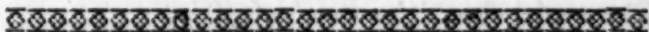
Oh ! torture me not for Love's sake,  
 With the smirk of those delicate lips,  
 With that head's dear significant shake,  
 And the tofs of the hoop and the hips.

Oh !

Oh! fight still more fatal! look there  
 O'er her tucker what murderers peep!  
 So — now there's an end of my care,  
 I shall never more eat, drink, or sleep.

D'you sing too? ah mischievous thought!  
 Touch me, touch me not there any more;  
 Who the devil can 'scape being caught  
 In a trap that's thus baited all o'er?

But why to advise shou'd I try?  
 What nature ordains we must prove;  
 You no more can help charming, than I  
 Can help being charm'd, and in love.



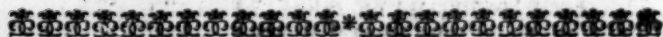
## A S O N G.

WHEN first I fought fair CÆLIA's love,  
 And ev'ry charm was new,  
 I swore by all the gods above  
 To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,  
 Long wept and sigh'd in vain,  
 She still protested, vow'd, and swore,  
 She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last o'ercome she made me blest,  
 And yielded all her charms,  
 And I forsook her when posselt,  
 And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear CÆLIA, now  
 To rage thy breast incline;  
 For why, since you forget your vow,  
 Shou'd I remember mine?



### The CHOICE.

**H**AD I, PYGMALION like, the pow'r  
 To make the nymph I wou'd adore;  
 The model shou'd be thus design'd,  
 Like this her form, like this her mind.

Her skin shou'd be as lilies fair,  
 With rosy cheeks and jetty hair,  
 Her lips with pure vermilion spread,  
 And soft and moist, as well as red;  
 Her eyes shou'd shine with vivid light  
 At once both languishing, and bright;  
 Her shape shou'd be exact and small,  
 Her stature rather low than tall;  
 Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien  
 At once both sprightly and serene;  
 Besides all this, a nameless grace  
 Shou'd be diffus'd all o'er her face;

To

To make the lovely piece complete,  
Not only beautiful, but sweet.

This for her form ; now for her mind ;  
I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,  
Void of all coquettish arts,  
And vain designs of conquering hearts,  
Not sway'd by any views of gain,  
Nor fond of giving others pain ;  
But soft, tho' bright, like her own eyes,  
Discreetly witty, gayly wise.

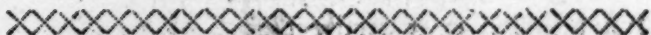
I'd have her skill'd in ev'ry art  
That can engage a wand'ring heart ;  
Know all the sciences of love,  
Yet ever willing to improve ;  
To press the hand, and roll the eye,  
And drop sometimes an amorous sigh,  
To lengthen out the balmy kiss,  
And heighten ev'ry tender bliss ;  
And yet I'd have the charmer be  
By nature only taught,—or me.

I'd have her to strict honour ty'd,  
And yet without one spark of pride ;  
In company well drest and fine,  
Yet not ambitious to outshine ;  
In private always neat and clean,  
And quite a stranger to the spleen ;



Well-pleas'd to grace the park, and play,  
 And dance sometimes the night away,  
 But oftner fond to spend her hours  
 In solitude, and shady bow'rs,  
 And there beneath some silent grove,  
 Delight in poetry, and love.

Some sparks of the poetick fire  
 I fain would have her soul inspire,  
 Enough, at least, to let her know  
 What joys from love and virtue flow;  
 Enough, at least, to make her wise,  
 And fops, and fopperies despise;  
 Prefer her books, and her own muse  
 To visits, scandal, chat, and news;  
 Above her sex exalt her mind,  
 And make her more than woman-kind.



*To a young LADY, going to the*  
 WEST-INDIES.

**F**OR universal sway design'd  
 To distant realms CLORINDDA flies,  
 And scorns, in one small isle confin'd,  
 To bound the conquests of her eyes.

From

From our cold climes to INDIA's shore  
With cruel haste she wings her way,  
To scorch their sultry plains still more,  
And rob us of our only day.

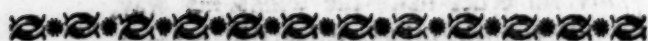
Whilst ev'ry streaming eye o'erflows  
With tender floods of parting tears,  
Thy breast, dear cause of all our woes,  
Alone unmov'd, and gay appears.

But still, if right the muses tell,  
The fated point of time is nigh,  
When grief shall that fair bosom swell,  
And trickle from thy lovely eye,

Tho' now, like PHILIP's son, whose arms  
Did once the vassal world command,  
You rove with unresisted charms,  
And conquer both by sea and land;

Yet (when as soon they must) mankind  
Shall all be doom'd to wear your chain,  
You too, like him, will weep to find  
No more unconquer'd worlds remain.

CHLOE



## CHLOE Angling.

ON yon fair brook's enamell'd side  
 Behold my CHLOE stands!  
 Her angle trembles o'er the tide,  
 As conscious of her hands.

Calm as the gentle waves appear,  
 Her thoughts serenely flow,  
 Calm, as the softly breathing air,  
 That curls the brook below.

Such charms her sparkling eyes disclose,  
 With such soft pow'r endu'd,  
 She seems a new-born VENUS 'rose  
 From the transparent flood.

From each green bank, and mossy cave,  
 The scaly race repair,  
 They sport beneath the crystal wave,  
 And kiss her image there.

Here the bright silver eel enroll'd  
 In shining volumes lies,  
 There basks the carp bedropt with gold  
 In the sunshine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play  
The tim'rous trouts appear,  
The hungry pikes forget to prey,  
The tim'rous trouts to fear.

With equal haste the thoughtless crew  
To the fair tempter fly,  
Nor grieve they, whilst her eyes they view,  
That by her hand they die.

Thus I too view'd the nymph of late,  
Ah simple fish beware!  
Soon will you find my wretched fate,  
And struggle in the snare.

But, fair-one, tho' these toils succeed,  
Of conquest be not vain,  
Nor think o'er all the scaly breed  
Unpunish'd thus to reign;

Remember in a wat'ry glass  
His charms NARCISSUS spy'd,  
When for his own bewitching face  
The youth despair'd and dy'd.

No more then harmless fish insnare,  
No more such wiles pursue;  
Lest, whilst you baits for them prepare,  
LOVE finds out one for you.

CHLOE

×\*×\*×\*×\*×\*×\*×\*×\*×\*×\*×\*×\*

## CHLOE Hunting.

**W**HILST thousands court fair CHLOE's love,  
 She fears the dang'rous joy,  
 But, CYNTHIA like, frequents the grove,  
 As lovely, and as coy.

With the same speed she seeks the hind,  
 Or hunts the flying hare,  
 She leaves pursuing swains behind,  
 To languish and despair.

Oh strange caprice in thy dear breast!  
 Whence first this whim began;  
 To follow thus each worthless beast,  
 And shun their sovereign man!

Consider, fair, what 'tis you do,  
 How thus they both must die,  
 Not surer they, when you pursue,  
 Than we whene'er you fly,

On

On LUCINDA'S Recovery from the  
SMALL-POX.

**B**RIGHT VENUS long with envious eyes  
The fair LUCINDA'S charms had seen,  
And shall she still, the goddess cries,  
Thus dare to rival Beauty's queen !

She spoke, and to th' infernal plains  
With cruel haste indignant goes,  
Where Death the prince of terrors reigns  
Amidst diseases, pains, and woes.

To him her pray'rs she thus applies :  
O sole in whom my hopes confide !  
To blast my rival's potent eyes,  
And in her fate all mortal pride :

Let her but feel thy chilling dart ;  
I will forgive, tremendous god,  
Ev'n that which pierc'd ADONIS' heart :  
He hears, and gives th' assenting nod.

Then calling forth a fierce DISEASE  
Impatient for the beauteous prey,  
Bids him the loveliest fabrick seize  
The gods e'er form'd of human clay.

Assur'd



Assur'd he meant LUCINDA's charms,  
To her th' infectious *daemon* flies,  
Her neck, her cheeks, her lips disarm,  
And of their lightning robs her eyes.

The Cyprian queen with cruel joy  
Beholds her rival's charms o'erthrown,  
Nor doubts, like mortal fair, t'employ  
Their ruins to augment her own.

From out the spoils of *ev'ry* grace  
The goddess picks some glorious prize,  
Transplants the roses from her face,  
And arms young *CERIDS* from her eyes.

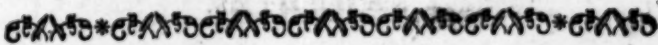
NOW DEATH (ah veil the mournful scene!)  
Had in one moment pierc'd her heart,  
Had kinder FATE not slept between,  
And turn'd aside th' uplifted dart.

What frenzy bids thy hand essay,  
He cries, to wound thy surest friend,  
Whose beauties to thy realms each day  
Such num'rous crowds of victims send?

Are not her eyes, where-e'er they aim,  
As thine own silent arrows sure?  
Or who that once has felt their flame,  
Dar'd e'er indulge one hope of cure?

DEATH

DEATH thus reprov'd his hand restrains,  
And bids the dire distemper fly ;  
The cruel beauty lives, and reigns,  
That thousands may adore, and die.



*Written in Mr. LOCKE'S Essay on  
Human Understanding.*

LONG had the mind of man with curious art  
Search'd nature's wond'rous plan thro' ev'ry part,  
Measur'd each tract of ocean, earth, and sky,  
And number'd all the rolling orbs on high ;  
Yet still, so learn'd, herself she little knew,  
'Till LOCKE's unerring pen the portrait drew.

So beauteous EVE, a while in Eden stray'd,  
And all her great Creator's works survey'd ;  
By sun, and moon, she knew to mark the hour,  
She knew the genus of each plant and flow'r ;  
She knew, when sporting on the verdant lawn,  
The tender lambkin, and the nimble fawn :  
But still a stranger to her own bright face,  
She guess'd not at its form, nor what she was ;  
'Till led at length to some clear fountain's side,  
She view'd her beauties in the crystal tide ;  
The shining mirror all her charms displays,  
And her eyes catch their own rebounded rays.

*Written*



*Written in a LADY'S Volume of*  
TRAGEDIES.

SINCE thou, relentless maid, can'st daily hear  
Thy slave's complaints without one sigh or tear,  
Why beats thy breast, or thy bright eyes o'erflow  
At these imaginary scenes of woe?  
Rather teach these to weep and that to heave,  
At real pains themselves to thousands give;  
And if such pity to feign'd love is due,  
Consider how much more you owe to true.



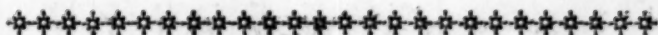
CUPID reliev'd.

AS once young CUPID went astray  
The little god I found;  
I took his bow and shafts away,  
And fast his pinions bound.

At CHLOE's feet my spoils I cast,  
My conquest proud to shew;  
She saw his godship fetter'd fast,  
And smil'd to see him so.

But

But ah ! that smile such fresh supplies  
 Of arms resistless gave !  
 I'm forc'd again to yield my prize,  
 And fall again his slave.



## The WAY to be WISE.

Imitated from LA-FONTAINE.

**P**OOOR JENNY; am'rous, young, and gay,  
 Having by man been led astray,  
 To nun'ry dark retir'd ;  
 There liv'd, and look'd so like a maid,  
 So seldom eat, so often pray'd,  
 She was by all admir'd.

The lady ABBESS oft would cry,  
 If any sister trod awry,  
 Or prov'd an idle flattern ;  
 See wife, and pious Mrs. JANE,  
 A life so strict, so grave a mien  
 Is sure a worthy pattern.

A pert young slut at length replies,  
 Experience, madam, makes folks wise,  
 'Tis that has made her such ;  
 And we, poor souls, no doubt shou'd be  
 As pious, and as wise, as she,  
 If we had seen as much.

K

The



## The S N O W - B A L L .

From PETRONIUS AGRANUS.

**W**HITE as her hand fair JULIA threw  
     A ball of silver snow ;  
 The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,  
     My bosom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love ! whose great command  
     Can thus a snow-ball arm ;  
 When sent, fair JULIA from thine hand,  
     Ev'n ice itself can warm.

How should we then secure our hearts ?  
     Love's pow'r we all must feel,  
 Who thus can, by strange magick arts,  
     In ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair JULIA, know,  
     Canst quench my fierce desire,  
 But not with water, ice, or snow,  
     But with an equal fire.

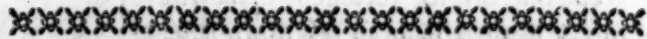
ANACREON,



## A N A C R E O N, Ode XX.

**A** Rock on Phrygian plains we see  
 That once was beauteous NIOBE :  
 And PROGNE, too revengeful fair !  
 Now flits a wand'ring bird in air :  
 Thus I a looking-glass wou'd be,  
 That you, dear maid, might gaze on me ;  
 Be chang'd to stays, that straitly lac'd,  
 I might embrace thy slender waist ;  
 A silver stream I'd bathe thee, fair,  
 Or shine pomatum on thy hair ;  
 In a soft sable's tippet's form  
 I'd kiss thy snowy bobbies warm ;  
 In shape of pearl thy bosom deck,  
 And hang for ever round thy neck :  
 Pleas'd, to be ought, that touches you,  
 Your glove, your garter, or your shoe.





*A Translation of some LATIN VERSES  
on the CAMERA OBSCURA.*

**T**HE various pow'rs of blended shade, and light,  
The skilful ZEUXIS of the dusky night;  
The lovely forms, that paint the snowy plain  
Free from the pencil's violating stain,  
In tuneful lines harmonious PHOEBUS, sing,  
At once of light, and verse celestial king.

Divin: APOLLO! let thy sacred fire  
Thy youthful bard's unskilful breast inspire,  
Like the fair empty sheet he hangs to view,  
Void, and unfurnish'd, till inspir'd by you;  
O let one beam, one kind inlightning ray  
At once upon his mind, and paper play!  
Hence shall his breast with bright ideas glow,  
Hence num'rous forms the silver field shall strew.

But now the muse's useful precepts view,  
And with just care the pleasing work pursue.  
First chuse a window that convenient lyes,  
And to the north directs the wand'ring eyes,  
Dark be the room, let not a straggling ray  
Intrude, to chase the shadowy forms away,

Except one bright, refulgent blaze convey'd,  
 Thro' a strait passage in the shutter made,  
 In which th' ingenious artist first must place  
 A little, convex, round, transparent glass,  
 And just behind th' extended paper lay,  
 On which his art shall all its pow'r display :  
 There rays reflected from all parts shall meet,  
 And paint their objects on the silver sheet ;  
 A thousand forms shall in a moment rise,  
 And magick landskips charm our wand'ring eyes ;  
 'Tis thus from ev'ry object that we view,  
 If EPICURUS' doctrine teaches true,  
 The subtile parts upon our organs play,  
 And to our minds th' external forms convey.

But from what causes all these wonders flow,  
 'Tis not permitted idle bards to know,  
 How thro' the center of the convex glass,  
 The piercing rays together twisted pass,  
 Or why revers'd the lovely scenes appear,  
 Or why the sun's approaching light they fear ;  
 Let grave philosophers the cause enquire,  
 Enough for us to see, and to admire.

See then what forms with various colours stain  
 The painted surface of the paper plain !  
 Now bright, and gay, as shines the heav'nly bow,  
 So late a wide, unpeopled waste of snow :  
 Here verdant groves, there golden crops of corn  
 The new uncultivated fields adorn ;

Here gardens deckt with flow'rs of various dyes,  
 There slender tow'rs, and little cities rise :  
 But all with tops inverted downward bend,  
 Earth mounts aloft, and skies and clouds descend :  
 Thus the wise vulgar on a pendent land  
 Imagine our antipodes to stand,  
 And wonder much, how they securely go,  
 And not fall headlong on the heav'ns below.

The charms of motion here exalt each part  
 Above the reach of great APOLLO'S art ;  
 Zephyrs the waving harvest gently blow,  
 The waters curl, and brooks incessant flow ;  
 Men, beasts, and birds in fair confusion stray,  
 Some rise to fight, whilst others pass away.

On all we seize that comes within our reach,  
 The rolling coach we stop, the horse-man catch ;  
 Compel the posting traveller to stay ;  
 But the short visit causes no delay.

Again, behold what lovely prospects rise !  
 Now with the loveliest feast your longing eyes,  
 Nor let strict modesty be here afraid,  
 To view upon her head a beauteous maid :  
 See in small folds her waving garments flow,  
 And all her slender limbs still slender grow ;  
 Contracted in one little orb is found  
 The spacious hoop, once five vast ells around ;  
 But think not to embrace the flying fair,  
 Soon will she quit your arms unseen as air,

In

In this resembling too a tender maid,  
Coy to the lover's touch, and of his hand afraid.

Enough w' have seen, now let th' intruding day  
Chase all the lovely magic scenes away ;  
Again th' unpeopled snowy waste returns,  
And the lone plain its faded glories mourns,  
The bright creation in a moment flies,  
And all the pigmy generation dies.

Thus, when still night her gloomy mantle spreads,  
The fairies dance around the flow'ry meads !  
But when the day returns, they wing their flight  
To distant lands, and shun th' unwelcome light.



### *The* TEMPLE *of* VENUS.

**I**N her own isle's remotest grove  
Stands VENUS' lovely shrine,  
Sacred to beauty, joy, and love,  
And built by hands divine.

The polish'd structure, fair and bright  
As her own ivory skin,  
Without is alabaster white,  
And ruby all within.

K 4

Above,

Above, a cupola charms the view,  
White as unsully'd snow;  
Two columns of the same fair hue  
Support the dome below.

Its walls a trickling fountain laves,  
In which such virtue reigns,  
That, bath'd in its balsamic waves,  
No lover feels his pains.

Before th' unfolding gates there spreads  
A fragrant spicy grove,  
That with it's curling branches shades  
The labyrinths of Love.

Bright Beauty here her captives holds,  
Who kiss their easy chains,  
And in softest closest folds  
Her willing slaves detains.

Would'st thou, who ne'er these seas hast try'd,  
Find where this island lies,  
Let pilot Love the rudder guide,  
And steer by CHLOE's eyes.



*On a NOSEGAY in the Countess of  
COVENTRY'S Breast.*

In Imitation of WALLER.

**D**elightful scene! in which appear  
At once all beauties of the year!  
See how the Zephyrs of her breath  
Fan gently all the flow'rs beneath!  
See the gay flow'rs, how bright they glow,  
Tho' planted in a bed of snow!  
Yet see how soon they fade, and die,  
Scorch'd by the sunshine of her eye!  
No wonder if, o'ercome with bliss,  
They droop their heads to steal a kiss;  
Who would not die on that dear breast?  
Who would not die to be so blest?

The



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The 'SQUIRE and the PARSON.

An ECLOGUE.

Written on the Conclusion of the Peace, 1748.

**B**Y his hall chimney, where in rusty grate  
 Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,  
 In elbow-chair, the pensive 'squire reclin'd,  
 Revolving debts and taxes in his mind :  
 A pipe just fill'd upon a table near  
 Lay by the London-Evening stain'd with beer,  
 With half a bible, on whose remnants torn  
 Each parish round was annually forsworn.  
 The gate now claps, as ev'ning just grew dark,  
 Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark ;  
 But soon discerning with sagacious nose,  
 The well-known favour of the parson's toes, }  
 Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose :  
 The doctor ent'ring, to the tankard ran,  
 Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began :

PARSON.

Why sit'st thou, thus forlorn and dull, my friend,  
 Now war's rapacious reign is at an end ?  
 Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight !  
 See bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night !

'SQUIRE.

## 'SQUIRE.

What's peace, alas ! in foreign parts to me ?  
At home, nor peace, nor plenty can I see ;  
Joyless, I hear drums, bells, and fiddles found,  
'Tis all the same—Four shillings in the pound.  
My wheels, tho' old, are clog'd with a new tax ;  
My oaks, tho' young, must groan beneath the axe :  
My barns are half unthatch'd, untill'd my house,  
Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows :  
See there's the bill my late damn'd lawsuit cost !  
Long as the land contended for,—and lost :  
Ev'n Ormond's head I can frequent no more,  
So short my pocket is, so long the score ;  
At shops all round I owe for fifty things.—  
This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

## PARSON.

I must confess the times are bad indeed,  
No wonder ; when we scarce believe our creed ;  
When purblind reason's deem'd the surest guide,  
And heav'n-born faith at her tribunal try'd ;  
When all church-pow'r is thought to make men slaves,  
Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools, and knaves.

## 'SQUIRE.

Come, preach no more, but drink, and hold your  
tongue :  
I'm for the church :—but think the parsons wrong.

## PARSON.

PARSON.

See there ! free-thinking now so rank is grown,  
 It spreads infection thro' each country town ;  
 Deistic scoffs fly round at rural boards,  
 'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,  
 Vent impious jokes on every sacred thing ;

'SQUIRE.

Come drink ; —

PARSON.

—Here's to you then, to church and king :

'SQUIRE.

Here's church and king ; I hate the glass shou'd  
 stand,  
 Tho' one takes tythes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heav'n with new plagues will scourge this sinful  
 nation,  
 Unless we soon repeal the toleration,  
 And to the church restore the convocation :

'SQUIRE.

Plagues we shou'd feel sufficient, on my word,  
 Starv'd by two houses, priest-rid by a third.  
 For better days we lately had a chance,  
 Had not the honest Plaids been trick'd by France.

PARSON.

PARSON.

Is not most gracious GEORGE our faith's defender?  
You love the church, yet wish for the pretender!

'SQUIRE.

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean;  
Turn whig, and you, perhaps, may be a dean:  
But you must first learn how to treat your betters.  
What's here? sure some strange news, a boy with  
letters;

Oh, ho! here's one, I see, from parson SLY:  
"My rev'rend neighbour SQUAB being like to die;  
"I hope, if heav'n should please to take him hence,  
"To ask the living wou'd be no offence."

PARSON.

Have you not sworn, that I shou'd SQUAB succeed?  
Think how for this I taught your sons to read;  
How oft discover'd pufs on new-plow'd land,  
How oft supported you with friendly hand;  
When I cou'd scarcely go, nor cou'd your worship  
stand.

'SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honest, wise, or civil;  
Now ev'n go court the bishops or the devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die;  
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,  
Like that old Presbyterian rascal SLY.

I am

I am, you know, a right true-hearted tory,  
Love a good glass, a merry song, or story.

'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honest dog, that's truth indeed—  
Talk no more nonsense then about the creed.  
I can't, I think, deny thy first request;  
'Tis thine; but first a bumper to the best.

PARSON.

Most noble 'Squire, more gen'rous than your wine,  
How pleasing's the condition you assign?  
Give me the sparkling glass, and here, d'ye see,  
With joy I drink it on my bended knee:  
Great queen! who governest this earthly ball,  
And mak'st both kings, and kingdoms, rise and fall;  
Whose wond'rous pow'r in secret all things rules,  
Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools;  
Dispenses mitres, coronets, and stars;  
Involves far distant realms in bloody wars,  
Then bids the snaky tresses cease to hiss,  
And gives them peace again—' nay gav'st us this:  
Whose health does health to all mankind impart,  
Here's to thy much-lov'd health:

'SQUIRE, *rubbing his hands.*

—— With all my heart.

\* Madam de P—mp—dour.



ON THE  
IMMORTALITY  
OF THE  
S O U L.

Translated from the Latin of

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq;



INMTPAFC



ON THE  
IMMORTALITY  
OF THE  
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B O O K I.

**T**O all inferior animals 'tis giv'n  
T' enjoy the state allotted them by Heav'n;  
No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,  
No fears of dark futurity molest.  
Man, only Man, solicitous to know  
The springs whence Nature's operations flow,  
Plods thro' a dreary waste with toil and pain,  
And reasons, hopes, and thinks, and lives in vain;  
For sable Death still hov'ring o'er his head,  
Cuts short his progress, with his vital thread.

L

Where.

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Wherefore, since Nature errs not, do we find  
 These seeds of Science in the human mind,  
 If no congenial fruits are predestin'd?  
 For what avails to man this pow'r to roam  
 Thro' ages past, and ages yet to come,  
 T' explore new worlds o'er all th' ætherial way,  
 Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day?  
 Since all must perish in one common grave,  
 Nor can these long laborious searches save  
 Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,  
 To sport with Phillis in the noontide shade?  
 Or at thy jovial festivals appear,  
 Great Bacchus, who alone the soul can clear,  
 From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?

Come on then, let us feast: let Chloe sing,  
 And soft Næra touch the trembling string;  
 Enjoy the present hour, nor seek to know  
 What good or ill to-morrow may bestow.  
 But these delights soon pall upon the taste;  
 Let's try then if more serious cannot last:  
 Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame pursue,  
 Let pow'r and glory be our points in view;  
 In courts, in camps, in senates let us live,  
 Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive:  
 Each weak attempt the same sad lesson brings!  
 Alas, what vanity in human things!

What means then shall we try? where hope to find  
 A friendly harbour for the restless mind?

Who still, you see, impatient to obtain  
 Knowledge immense, (so Nature's laws ordain)  
 Ev'n now, tho' fetter'd in corporeal clay,  
 Climbs step by step the prospect to survey,  
 And seeks unwear'd Truth's eternal ray.  
 No fleeting joys she asks which must depend  
 On the frail senses, and with them must end;  
 But such as suit her own immortal frame,  
 Free from all change eternally the same.

Take courage then, these joys we shall attain;  
 Almighty wisdom never acts in vain;  
 Nor shall the soul on which it has bestow'd  
 Such pow'rs e'er perish like an earthly clod;  
 But purg'd at length from foul corruption's stain,  
 Freed from her prison and unbound her chain,  
 She shall her native strength, and native skies regain:  
 To heav'n an old inhabitant return,  
 And draw nectareous streams from truth's perpetual  
 urn.

Whilst life remains, (if life it can be call'd  
 T' exist in fleshly bondage thus enthral'd)  
 Tir'd with the dull pursuit of worldly things,  
 The soul scarce wakes, or opes her glad some wings,  
 Yet still the godlike exile in disgrace  
 Retains some marks of her celestial race;  
 Else whence from mem'ry's store can she produce  
 Such various thoughts, or range them so for use?

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Can matter these contain, dispose, apply ?  
 Can in her cells such mighty treasures lye ?  
 Or can her native force produce them to the eye ?

Whence is this pow'r, this foundress of all arts,  
 Serving, adorning life, thro' all its parts,  
 Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd those names,  
 Adjusted properly by legal claims,  
 From woods and wilds collected rude mankind,  
 And cities, laws, and governments design'd ?  
 What can this be, but some bright ray from heav'n,  
 Some emanation from Omniscience given ?

When now the rapid stream of Eloquence  
 Bears all before it, passion, reason, sense,  
 Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force  
 Derive their essence from a mortal source ?  
 What think you of the bard's enchanting art,  
 Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart  
 With fabled scenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,  
 Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and sublime ?  
 Whilst things on earth roll round from age to age,  
 The same dull farce repeated on the stage ;  
 The poet gives us a creation new,  
 More pleasing, and more perfect than the true ;  
 The mind, who always to perfection hastes,  
 Perfection, such as here she never tastes,  
 With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,  
 And thence foresees a system more compleat.

Of



Of those what think you, who the circling race  
Of suns, and their revolving planets trace,  
And comets journeying thro' unbounded space?  
Say, can you doubt, but that th' all-searching soul,  
That now can traverse heav'n from pole to pole,  
From thence descending visits but this earth,  
And shall once more regain the regions of her birth?

Cou'd she thus act, unless some Power unknown,  
From matter quite distinct and all her own,  
Supported, and impell'd her? She approves  
Self conscious, and condemns; she hates, and loves,  
Mourns, and rejoices, hopes, and is afraid,  
Without the body's unrequested aid:  
Her own internal strength her reason guides,  
By this she now compares things, now divides;  
Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,  
Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects;  
Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,  
And rears th' aspiring fabric to the skies:  
From whence, as on a distant plain below,  
She sees from causes consequences flow,  
And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,  
Which from the Almighty's throne to earth descends:  
And lastly, turning inwardly her eyes,  
Perceives how all her own ideas rise,  
Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,  
And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.  
Can mere machines be with such pow'rs endu'd,  
Or conscious of those pow'rs, suppose they cou'd?



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For body is but a machine alone  
Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.

Rate not th' extension of the human mind  
By the Plebeian standard of mankind,  
But by the size of those gigantic few,  
Whom *Greece* and *Rome* still offer to our view;  
Or *Britain* well-deserving equal praise,  
Parent of heroes too in better days.  
Why shou'd I try her num'rous sons to name  
By verse, law, eloquence consign'd to fame?  
Or who have forc'd fair Science into fight  
Long lost in darkness, and afraid of light.  
O'er all superior, like the solar ray,  
First *Bacon* usher'd in the dawning day,  
And drove the mists of sophistry away;  
Pervaded nature with amazing force,  
Following experience still throughout his course,  
And finishing at length his destin'd way  
To *Newton* he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.

Illustrious souls! if any tender cares  
Affect angelic breasts for man's affairs,  
If in your present happy heav'nly state,  
You're not regardless quite of *Britain's* fate,  
Let this degenerate land again be blest  
With that true vigour which she once possess;  
Compel us to unfold our slumb'ring eyes  
And to our ancient dignity to rise.

Such

Such wond'rous pow'rs as these must sure be giv'n  
 For most important purposes by heav'n;  
 Who bids these stars as bright examples shine  
 Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,  
 To form to virtue each degenerate time,  
 And point out to the soul its origin sublime.  
 That there's a self which after death shall live,  
 All are concern'd about, and all believe;  
 That something's ours, when we from life depart,  
 This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;  
 The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim  
 This truth, the public voice declares the same;  
 No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb  
 For future prospects in a world to come.  
 Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,  
 We plant slow oaks posterity to shade;  
 And hence vast pyramids aspiring high  
 Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.  
 Hence is our love of fame, a love so strong,  
 We think no dangers great, or labors long,  
 By which we hope our beings to extend,  
 And to remotest times in glory to descend.

For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,  
 Disowning ev'ry crime for which he dies;  
 Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,  
 Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.  
 Nature has wove into the human mind  
 This anxious care for names we leave behind,  
 T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,  
 And give an earnest of a life to come:

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For if when dead we are but dust or clay,  
 Why think of what posterity shall say?  
 Her praise or censure cannot us concern,  
 Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.

What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral train,  
 And marble monument that speaks in vain,  
 With all those cares which ev'ry nation pays  
 To their unfeeling dead in different ways!  
 Some in the flower-strewn grave the corpse have lay'd,  
 And annual obsequies around it pay'd,  
 As if to please the poor departed shade;  
 Others on blazing piles the body burn,  
 And store their ashes in the faithful urn,  
 But all in one great principle agree  
 To give a fancy'd Immortality.  
 Why shou'd I mention those, whose ouzy soil  
 Is render'd fertile by th' o'erflowing Nile,  
 Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,  
 No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pires,  
 But washing first th' embowel'd body clean,  
 Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within;  
 Then with strong fillets bind it round and round,  
 To make each flaccid part compact and sound;  
 And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er  
 With the same features, which in life it wore:  
 So strong their presage of a future state,  
 And that our nobler part survives the body's fate.

Nations behold remote from reason's beams,  
 Where *Indian Ganges* rolls his sandy streams,

Of

Of life impatient rush into the fire,  
 And willing victims to their gods expire!  
 Persuaded the loos'd soul to regions flies,  
 Blest with eternal spring, and cloudless skies,

Nor is less fam'd the oriental wife  
 For stedfast virtue, and contempt of life:  
 These heroines mourn not with loud female cries  
 Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes.  
 But, strange to tell! their funeral piles ascend,  
 And in the same sad flames their sorrows end,  
 In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,  
 And there renew their interrupted love.

In climates where *Boreas* breathes eternal cold,  
 See num'rous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,  
 To battle all unanimously run,  
 Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun:  
 Whence this disdain of life in ev'ry breast,  
 But from a notion on their minds impress, }  
 That all who for their country die, are blest.  
 Add too to these the once prevailing dreams,  
 Of sweet *Elysian* groves, and *Stygian* streams:  
 All shew with what consent mankind agree  
 In the firm hope of Immortality,  
 Grant these th' inventions of the crafty priest,  
 Yet such inventions never cou'd subsist,  
 Unless some glimm'rings of a future state,  
 Were with the mind congenial, and innate:  
 For ev'ry fiction, which can long persuade,  
 In truth must have its first foundations laid.

Because we are unable to conceive,  
 How unembod' d souls can act, and live,  
 The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,  
 And habitations in peculiar places ;  
 Hence reas'ners more refin'd, but not more wise,  
 Struck with the glare of such absurdities,  
 Their whole existence fabulous suspect,  
 And truth and falsehood in a lump reject ;  
 Too indolent to learn what may be known,  
 Or else too proud that ignorance to own.  
 For hard's the task the daubing to pervade  
 Folly and fraud on Truth's fair form have laid ;  
 Yet let that task be our's ; for great the prize ;  
 Nor let us Truth's celestial charms despise,  
 Because that priests or poets may disguise.

That there's a God from Nature's voice is clear,  
 And yet what errors to this truth adhere ?  
 How have the fears and follies of mankind  
 Now multiply'd their gods, and now subjoin'd  
 To each the frailties of the human mind ?  
 Nay superstition spread at length so wide,  
 Beasts, birds, and opions too were deify'd.

Th' *Athenian* sage, revolving in his mind  
 This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,  
 Foretold, that in maturer days, tho' late,  
 When Time should ripen the decrees of Fate,  
 Some God would light us, like the rising day,  
 Thro' errors maze, and chase these clouds away.

Long



Long since has time fulfill'd this great decree,  
And brought us aid from this Divinity.

Well worth our search discoveries may be made  
By Nature, void of this celestial aid:  
Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,  
Nor scorn plain Reason, when she deigns to teach.

That mind and body often sympathize  
Is plain; such is this union nature ties:  
But then as often too they disagree,  
Which proves the soul's superior progeny.  
Sometimes the body in full strength we find,  
Whilst various ails debilitate the mind;  
At others, whilst the mind its force retains,  
The body sinks with sickness and with pains:  
Now did one common fate their beings end,  
Alike they'd sicken, and alike they'd mend.  
But sure experience, on the slightest view,  
Shews us, that the reverse of this is true;  
For when the body oft expiring lies,  
Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eyes,  
The mind new force and eloquence acquires,  
And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspires.

Of like materials were they both compos'd,  
How comes it, that the mind, when sleep has clos'd  
Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide  
Her liberty restor'd, her bonds unty'd?  
And like some bird who from its prison flies,  
Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies.

Grant



Grant that corporeal is the human mind,  
 It must have parts *in infinitum* join'd;  
 And each of these must will, perceive, design,  
 And draw confus'dly in a different line;  
 Which then can claim dominion o'er the rest,  
 Or stamp the ruling passion in the breast?

Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts  
 Of modelling and figuring these parts;  
 Just as if circles wiser were than squares;  
 But surely common sense aloud declares  
 That size and figure are as foreign quite  
 From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.

Allow that motion is the cause of thought,  
 With what strange pow'rs must motion then be  
 fraught?

Reason, sense, science, must derive their source  
 From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pulley's force;  
 Tops whip'd by school-boys sages must commence,  
 Their hoops, like them, be cudgel'd into sense,  
 And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence. }  
 Whence can this very motion take its birth?  
 Not sure from matter, from dull clods of earth;  
 But from a living spirit lodg'd within,  
 Which governs all the bodily machine:  
 Just as th' Almighty Universal Soul  
 Informs, directs, and animates the whole.

Cease

Cease then to wonder how th' immortal mind  
Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd;  
But rather wonder, if she e'er cou'd die,  
So fram'd so fashion'd for eternity;  
Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,  
Which time can dissipate, and force divide;  
For beings of this make can never die,  
Whose pow'rs within themselves, and their own  
essence lie:

If to conceive how any thing can be  
From shape extracted and locality  
Is hard; what think you of the Deity? }  
His Being not the least relation bears,  
As far as to the human mind appears,  
To shape, or size, similitude or place,  
Cloath'd in no form, and bounded by no space.  
Such then is God, a Spirit pure refin'd  
From all material dress, and such the human mind.  
For in what part of essence can we see  
More certain marks of Immortality?  
Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight  
She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight;  
Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam  
From this dull earth, and seek her native home.

Go then forgetful of its toil and strife,  
Pursue the joys of this fallacious life;

Like

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Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day  
 Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,  
 And into nothing then dissolve away. }  
 Are these our great pursuits, is this to live?  
 These all the hopes this much lov'd world can give!  
 How much more worthy envy is their fate,  
 Who search for truth in a superior state?  
 Not groping step by step, as we pursue, }  
 And following reason's much entangled clue,  
 But with one great, and instantaneous view.

But how can sense remain, perhaps you'll say,  
 Corporeal organs if we take away! }  
 Since it from them proceeds, and with them must  
 decay.

Why not? or why may not the soul receive  
 New organs, since ev'n art can these retrieve?  
 The silver trumpet aids th' obstructed ear,  
 And optic glasses the dim eye can clear;  
 These in mankind new faculties create,  
 And lift him far above his native state;  
 Call down revolving planets from the sky,  
 Earth's secret treasures open to his eye,  
 The whole minute creation make his own,  
 With all the wonders of a world unknown.

How cou'd the mind, did she alone depend  
 On sense, the errors of those senses mend?  
 Yet oft, we see, those senses she corrects,  
 And oft their information quite rejects.

In

In distances of things, their shapes, and size,  
 Our reason judges better than our eyes.  
 Declares not this the soul's pre-eminence  
 Superior to, and quite distinct from sense?  
 For sure 'tis likely, that, since now so high  
 Clog'd and unfledg'd she dares her wings to try,  
 Loos'd and mature she shall her strength display,  
 And soar at length to Truth's refulgent ray.

Inquire you how these pow'rs we shall attain,  
 'Tis not for us to know; our search is vain:  
 Can any now remember or relate  
 How he existed in the embryo state?  
 Or one from birth insensible of day  
 Conceive ideas of the solar ray?  
 That light's deny'd to him, which others see,  
 He knows, perhaps you'll say,—and so do we.

The mind contemplative finds nothing here  
 On earth that's worthy of a wish or fear:  
 He, whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,  
 Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,  
 To join the object of his warm desires,  
 Thence to sequester'd shades, and streams retires,  
 And there delights his passion to rehearse  
 In Wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.

To me most happy therefore he appears,  
 Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,  
 Survey'd

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Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,  
Well-satisfy'd returns from whence he came.  
Is life an hundred years, or e'er so few,  
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new:  
A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay,  
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;  
A sea where man perpetually is tost,  
Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost:  
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;  
Hold then! no farther launch into the main:  
Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow  
By long continuance, but continu'd woe:  
The wretched privilege daily to deplore  
The fun'ral of our friends, who go before:  
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,  
And age surrounded with a thousand snares.

But whither hurry'd by a gen'rous scorn  
Of this vain world, ah whither am I born?  
Let's not unbid th' Almighty's standard quit,  
Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.

Cou'd I a firm persuasion once attain  
That after death no Being wou'd remain;  
To those dark shades I'd willingly descend,  
Where all must sleep, this drama at an end:  
Nor life accept altho' renew'd by Fate  
Ev'n from its earliest, and its happiest state.

Might



Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive  
 Each boon, each blessing in her pow'r to give,  
 Genius, and science, morals, and good-sense,  
 Unenvy'd honors, wit, and eloquence,  
 A num'rous offspring to the world well known  
 Both for paternal virtues, and their own:  
 Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound  
 To tread the same dull circle round, and round;  
 The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,  
 By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time.



## B O O K II.

**G**OD then thro' all creation gives, we find,  
 Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,  
 Excepting in ourselves; ourselves of all  
 His works the chief on this terrestrial ball,  
 His own bright image, who alone unblest  
 Feel ills perpetual, happy all the rest.  
 But hold, presumptuous! charge not heav'n's decree  
 With such injustice, such partiality.

Yet true it is, survey we life around,  
 Whole hosts of ills on ev'ry side are found;  
 Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,  
 But at the species meditate the blow:  
 What millions perish by each others hands  
 In War's fierce rage? or by the dread commands  
 Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains,  
 Or lose them in variety of pains?  
 What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,  
 In spite of Nature's liberality?  
 (Those, still more num'rous, I to name disdain,  
 By lewdness and intemperance justly slain;)  
 What numbers guiltless of their own disease  
 Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow  
 degrees?

Where then is Virtue's well deserv'd reward!—  
 Let's pay to Virtue ev'ry due regard,

That she enables man, let us confess,  
To bear those evils, which she can't redress,  
Gives hope, and conscious peace, and can assuage  
Th' impetuous tempests both of lust and rage;  
Yet she's a guard so far from being sure,  
That oft her friends peculiar ills endure:  
Where Vice prevails severest is their fate,  
Tyrants pursue them with a three-fold hate;  
How many struggling in their country's cause,  
And from their country meriting applause,  
Have fall'n by wretches fond to be enslav'd,  
And perish'd by the hands themselves had sav'd?

Soon as superior worth appears in view,  
See knaves and fools united to pursue!  
The man so form'd they all conspire to blame,  
And envy's pois'ous tooth attacks his fame;  
Shou'd he at length, so truly good and great,  
Prevail, and rule with honest views the state,  
Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,  
Submit to clamor, libels, and disgrace,  
Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,  
By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.  
Hear this, and tremble! all who wou'd be great,  
Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretched  
state.

Is private life from all these evils free?  
Vice of all kinds, rage, envy there we see,  
Deceit, that Friendship's mask insidious wears,  
Quarrels, and feuds, and laws entangling snares.

But there are pleasures still in human life,  
 Domestic ease, a tender loving wife,  
 Children whose dawning smiles your heart engage,  
 The grace and comfort of soft-stealing age :  
 If happiness exists, 'tis surely here,  
 But are these joys exempt from care and fear ?  
 Need I the miseries of that state declare,  
 When different passions draw the wedded pair ?  
 Or say how hard those passions to discern,  
 Ere the dye's cast, and 'tis too late to learn ?  
 Who can insure, that what is right, and good,  
 These children shall pursue ? or if they shou'd,  
 Death comes when least you fear so black a day,  
 And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.

We say not, that these ills from Virtue flow ;  
 Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know  
 The golden ages would again begin ;  
 But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to sin.

Observing this, some sages have decreed  
 That all things from two causes must proceed ;  
 Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,  
 This wholly evil, that supremely good.  
 From this arise the miseries we endure,  
 Whilst that administers a friendly cure ;  
 Hence life is chequer'd still with bliss, and woe,  
 Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,  
 And pois'nous serpents make their dread repose  
 Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.

Can

Can such a system satisfy the mind?  
 Are both these Gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,  
 Or one superior? Equal if you say,  
 Chaos returns, since neither will obey;  
 Is one superior? good, or ill must reign,  
 Eternal joy, or everlasting pain.  
 Whiche'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,  
 And the victorious God enjoy the field:  
 Hence with these fictions of the *Magi's* brain!  
 Hence ouzy *Nile*, with all her monstrous train!

Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right?  
 He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,  
 Wealth, fame, externals all, are useless things;  
 Himself half starving happier far than kings.  
 'Tis fine indeed to be so wond'rous wise!  
 By the same reasoning too he pain denies;  
 Roast him, or flea him, break him on the wheel,  
 Retract he will not, tho' he can't but feel:  
 Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan;  
 What then? an inconvenience 'tis, he'll own:  
 What vigour, health, and beauty? are these good?  
 No: they may be accepted, not pursued:  
 Absurd to squabble thus about a name,  
 Quibbling with diff'rent words that mean the same.  
 Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,  
 You might be blest without external good;  
 But know, be self-sufficient as you can,  
 You are not spirit quite, but frail, and mortal man.

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But since these fages, so absurdly wise,  
Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,  
Because externals, and in Fortune's pow'r,  
Now mine, now thine, the blessings of an hour;  
Why value then, that strength of mind, they boast,  
As often varying, and as quickly lost?  
A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,  
And a slow fever wipes it quite away.

See <sup>a</sup> one whose councils, one <sup>b</sup> whose conqu'ring  
hand

Once sav'd Britannia's almost sinking land:  
Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r,  
Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.  
Him let me add, whom late we saw excel  
\* In each politer kind of writing well;  
Whether he strove our follies to expose  
In easy verse, or droll, and hum'rous prose;  
Few years alas! compel his throne to quit  
This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit,  
See self-surviving he's an idiot grown!  
A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.

Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,  
If in a future state we cease to live,  
For here the virtuous suffer much, tis plain;  
If pain is evil, this must God arraign;  
And on this principle confess we must,  
Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.

<sup>a</sup> Lord Somers.

<sup>b</sup> Duke of Marlborough.

<sup>c</sup> Dean Swift.  
Blind



Blind man! whose reason such strait bounds  
 confine,  
 That ere it touches truth's extremest line,  
 It stops amaz'd, and quits the great design.  
 Own you not, Stoic, God is just and true?  
 Dare to proceed; secure this path pursue:  
 'Twill soon conduct you far beyond the tomb,  
 To future justice, and a life to come.  
 This path, you say, is hid in endless night,  
 'Tis self-conceit alone obstructs your sight:  
 You stop, ere half your destin'd course is run,  
 And triumph when the conquest is not won;  
 By this the Sophists were of old misled:  
 See what a monstrous race from one mistake is bred!

Hear then my argument:—confess we must,  
 A God there is, supremely wise and just:  
 If so, however things affect our sight,  
 As sings our bard, *whatever is, is right*.  
 But is it right, what here so oft appears,  
 That vice shou'd triumph, virtue sink in tears?  
 The inference then, that closes this debate,  
 Is, that there must exist a future state.  
 The wise extending their enquiries wide  
 See how both states are by connection ty'd;  
 Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,  
 So crowd existence all into a day.  
 Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,  
 That justice never will resume her reign;



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On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,  
 And to this altar vile assassins fly.  
 "But rules not God by general laws divine:  
 "Man's vice or virtue change not the design:"  
 What laws are these? instruct us if you can:—  
 There's one design'd for brutes, and one for man:  
 Another guides inactive matter's course,  
 Attracting, and attracted by its force:  
 Hence mutual gravity subsists between  
 Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.

The laws of life, why need I call to mind,  
 Obey'd by birds, and beasts of ev'ry kind?  
 By all the sandy deserts savage brood,  
 And all the num'rous offspring of the flood,  
 Of these none uncontroul'd, and lawless rove,  
 But to some destin'd end spontaneous move:  
 Led by that instinct, heav'n itself inspires,  
 Or so much reason, as their state requires;  
 See all with skill acquire their daily food,  
 All use those arms, which Nature has bestow'd;  
 Produce their tender progeny, and feed  
 With care parental, whilst that care they need;  
 In these lov'd offices compleatly blest,  
 No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.

Man o'er a wider field extends his views;  
 God thro' the wonders of his works pursues,  
 Exploring thence his attributes, and laws,  
 Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal Cause;

For

For sure in nothing we approach so nigh  
 The great example of divinity,  
 As in benevolence : the patriot's soul  
 Knows not self-center'd for itself to roll,  
 But warms, enlightens, animates the whole :  
 Its mighty orb embraces first his friends,  
 His country next, then man ; nor here it ends,  
 But to the meanest animal descends.

Wise Nature has this social law confirm'd  
 By forming man so helpless, and unarm'd ;  
 His want of others' aid, and pow'r of speech  
 T'implore that aid this lesson daily teach :  
 Mankind with other animals compare,  
 Single how weak, and impotent they are !  
 But view them in their complicated state,  
 Their pow'rs how wond'rous, and their strength  
     how great,  
 When social virtue individuals joins,  
 And in one solid mass, like gravity combines !  
 This then's the first great law by Nature giv'n,  
 Stamp'd on our souls, and ratify'd by Heav'n ;  
 All from utility this law approve,  
 As ev'ry private bliss must spring from social love.

Why deviate then so many from this law ?  
 See passions, custom, vice and folly draw !  
 Survey the rolling globe from East to West,  
 How few, alas ! how very few are blest ?  
 Beneath the frozen poles, and burning line,  
 What poverty and indolence combine,

To

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To cloud with Error's mists the human mind?  
No trace of man, but in the form we find.

And are we free from error and distress,  
Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to bless?  
Whom true Religion leads? (for she but leads  
By soft persuasion, not by force proceeds;) }  
Behold how we avoid this radiant sun,  
This proffer'd guide how obstinately shun,  
And after Sophistry's vain systems run!  
For these as for essentials we engage  
In wars, and massacres with holy rage;  
Brothers by brothers' impious hands are slain,  
Mistaken Zeal how savage is thy reign!

Unpunish'd vices here so much abound,  
All right, and wrong, all order they confound;  
These are the giants, who the gods defy,  
And mountains heap on mountains to the sky;  
Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or seeing spares,  
And deems the crimes of Man beneath his cares?  
He sees; and will at last rewards bestow,  
And punishments, not less assur'd for being slow.

Nor doubt I, tho' this state confus'd appears,  
That ev'n in this God sometimes interferes;  
Sometimes, lest man shou'd quite his pow'r disown,  
He makes that pow'r to trembling nations known:  
But rarely this; not for each vulgar end,  
As Superstition's idle tales pretend,  
Who thinks all foes to God who are her own,  
Directs his thunder, and usurps his throne.

Nor

Nor know I not how much a conscious mind  
Avails to punish, or reward mankind;  
Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, must feel  
The Fury's scourges, and th' infernal wheel;  
From man's tribunal, tho' thou hop'st to run,  
Thyself thou can'st not, nor thy conscience shun:  
What must thou suffer when each dire disease,  
The progeny of Vice, thy fabric seize?  
Consumption, fever, and the wreaking pain  
Of spasms, and gout, and stone, a frightful train!  
When life new tortures can alone supply,  
Life thy sole hope thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.

Shou'd such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,  
It can be little worth his while to live:  
No honours, no regards his age attend,  
Companions fly; he ne'er could have a friend:  
His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright  
He looks within, and shudders at the sight:  
When threatening Death uplifts his pointed dart,  
With what impatience he applies to art,  
Life to prolong amidst disease and pains!  
Why this, if after it no sense remains?  
Why shou'd he chuse these miseries to endure,  
If Death cou'd grant an everlasting cure?  
'Tis plain there's something whispers in his ear,  
(Tho' fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.

See the reverse how happy those we find,  
Who know by merit to engage mankind?

Prais'd

172 ON THE IMMORTALITY

Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry heart belov'd,  
For virtues practis'd, and for Arts improv'd:  
Their easy aspects shine with smiles serene,  
And all is peace, and happiness within:  
Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears, or strife,  
Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.

Him Fortune cannot sink, nor much elate,  
Whose views extend beyond this mortal state;  
By age when summon'd to resign his breath,  
Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,  
As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,  
Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er:  
He, and he only, is of death afraid,  
Whom his own conscience has a coward made;  
Whilst he, who Virtue's radiant course has run,  
Descends like a serenely setting sun,  
His thoughts triumphant Heav'n alone employs,  
And Hope anticipates his future joys.

So good, so blest th' illustrious *Hough* we find,  
Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind;  
The mitre's glory, Freedom's constant friend,  
In times which ask'd a champion to defend;  
Who after near an hundred virtuous years,  
His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,  
Replete with life, with honours, and with age,  
Like an applauded actor left the stage;  
Or like some victor in th' Olympic games,  
Who, having run his course, the crown of Glory claims.

\* Bishop of Worcester.

From



From this just contrast plainly it appears,  
 How conscience can inspire both hopes and fears;  
 But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this dread,  
 If nothing really can affect the dead?  
 See all things join to promise, and presage  
 The sure arrival of a future age!  
 Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wise,  
 Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise.  
 An honest man, when Fortune's storms begin,  
 Has Consolation always sure within,  
 And, if she sends a more propitious gale,  
 He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.

Nor fear that he, who sits so loose to life,  
 Shou'd too much shun its labours, and its strife;  
 And scorning wealth, contented to be mean,  
 Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene;  
 Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,  
 Avoid the fight inglorious, and afraid:  
 Who scorns life must surely be most brave,  
 And he, who pow'r contemns, be least a slave:  
 Virtue will lead him to Ambition's ends,  
 And prompt him to defend his country and his friends.

But still his merit you can not regard,  
 Who thus pursues a posthumous reward;  
 His soul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,  
 Who quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,  
 Embraces Virtue from a nobler sense  
 Of her abstracted, native excellence,



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From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,  
The beauty, fitness, harmony of things:  
It may be so: yet he deserves applause,  
Who follows where instructive Nature draws;  
Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,  
And soars triumphant on her wings to heav'n.

Say what this venal virtuous man pursues,  
No mean rewards, no mercenary views;  
Not wealth usurious, or a num'rous train,  
Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain:  
He follows but where Nature points the road,  
Rising in Virtue's school, till he ascends to God.

But we th' inglorious common herd of Man,  
Sail without compass, toil without a plan;  
In Fortune's varying storms for ever tost,  
Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost,  
Mere infants all, till life's extremest day,  
Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away,  
Who rests of Immortality assur'd  
Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd:  
He hopes not vainly in a world like this,  
To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss;  
For good and ill, in this imperfect state,  
Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate.  
With Wisdom's richest harvest Folly grows,  
And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose;  
All things are blended, changeable, and vain,  
No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain;

God

God may perhaps (might human Reason's line  
Pretend to fathom infinite design)  
Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind  
No happiness compleat on earth may find;  
And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,  
To heav'n her safest best retreat may rise.

Come then, since now in safety we have past  
Thro' Error's rocks, and see the port at last,  
Let us review and recollect the whole. ———  
Thus stands my argument. ——— The thinking soul  
Cannot terrestrial, or material be,  
But claims by Nature Immortality:  
God, who created it, can make it end,  
We question not, but cannot apprehend  
He will; because it is by him endued  
With strong Ideas of all perfect Good:  
With wond'rous pow'rs to know and calculate  
Things too remote from this our earthly state;  
With sure presages of a life to come,  
All false and useless; if beyond the tomb  
Our beings cease: we therefore can't believe  
God either acts in vain, or can deceive.

If ev'ry rule of equity demands,  
That Vice and Virtue from the Almighty's hands  
Shou'd due rewards, and punishments receive,  
And this by no means happens whilst we live;  
It follows that a time must surely come,  
When each shall meet their well adjusted doom:

Then

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Then shall this scene, which now to human sight  
Seems so unworthy Wisdom infinite;  
A system of consummate skill appear,  
And ev'ry cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear.

Doubt we of this ! what solid proof remains,  
That o'er the world a wise disposer reigns ?  
Whilst all Creation speaks a pow'r divine,  
Is it deficient in the main design ?  
Not so: the day shall come, (pretend not now  
Presumptuous to enquire of when, or how)  
But after death shall come th' important day,  
When God to all his justice shall display ;  
Each action with impartial eyes regard,  
And in a just proportion punish and reward:

PIECES

PIECES,  
RELIGIOUS,  
MORAL,  
AND  
METAPHYSICAL.

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1910-1911

MEMORANDUM

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WORLD



THE  
W O R L D.

NUMBER CXXV.

**H**AD the many wise philosophers of antiquity, who have so often and so justly compared the life of man to a race, lived in the present times, they would have seen the propriety of that simile greatly augmented: for if we observe the behaviour of the polite part of this nation (that is, of *all* the nation) we shall see that their whole lives are one continued race; in which every one is endeavouring to distance all behind him, and to overtake, or pass by, all who are before him: every one is flying from his inferiors, in pursuit of his superiors, who fly from Him with equal alacrity.

WERE not the consequences of this ridiculous pride of the most destructive nature to the public, the scene would be really entertaining. Every tradesman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the nobles. We are a

nation of gentry, *populus generosorum*: we have no such thing as common people amongst us: between vanity and gin, the species is utterly destroyed. The sons of our lowest mechanics, acquiring with their learning at charity-schools, the laudable ambition of becoming gentle-folks, despise their paternal occupations, and are all soliciting for the honourable employments of tidewaiters and excisemen. Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or lady's women; or presumptuously exercise that genteel profession, which used to be peculiarly reserved for the politely-educated, but unportioned daughters of their superiors. Attorneys, clerks and city prentices dress like cornets of dragoons, keep their mistresses and their hunters, criticise at the play, and toast at the tavern. The merchant leaves his compting-house for St. James's; and the country-gentleman his own affairs for those of the public, by which neither of them receive much benefit. Every commoner of distinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality in dress, equipage and expences of every kind. The nobility, who can aim no higher, plunge themselves into debt and dependance, to preserve their rank; and are even there quickly overtaken by their unmerciful pursuers.

THE same foolish vanity, that thus prompts us to imitate our superiors, induces us also to be,

or

or to pretend to be, their inseparable companions; or, as the phrase is, to keep the *best company*; by which is always to be understood, such company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and consequently despise and avoid us, in the same manner as we ourselves do our inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation are all the pleasures of social life, and all the advantages of friendly converse utterly destroyed. We chuse not our companions for their wit and learning, their good humour or good sense, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatness was communicable, like the powers of the load-stone by friction, or by contact, like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to destroy his time, his fortune, his morals, and his understanding at a gaming house with the *best company*, than to improve them all in the conversation of the most ingenious, and entertaining of his equals; and every self-conceited girl in fashionable life, chuses rather to endure the affected silence and insolent head-ach of my lady duchess for a whole evening, than to pass it in mirth and jollity with the most amiable of her acquaintance. For since it is possible that some of my readers, who have not had the honour of being admitted into the *best company*, should imagine that amongst such there is ever the best conversation, the most lively wit, the most profound judgment, the most engaging affability and politeness; it may be proper to inform them,

that this is by no means always the case; but that frequently in such company little is said and less attended to; no disposition appears either to please others, or to be pleased themselves; but that in the room of all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, endued with the convenient power of reducing all men's understandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleasant to observe how this race, converted into a kind of perpetual warfare between the *good* and *bad company* in this country, has subsisted for half a century last past; in which the former, have been perpetually pursued by the latter, and fairly beaten out of all their resources for superior distinction; out of innumerable fashions in dress, and variety of diversions, every one of which they have been obliged to abandon, as soon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themselves with lace and embroidery, and intrenched themselves in hoops and furbelows: in vain have they had recourse to full-bottomed periwigs, and toupees; to high-heads, and low-heads, and no heads at all: trade has bestowed riches on their competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteely on one side of Temple-bar, as on the other, and hoops have grown to as prodigious a magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapside, as in the purer regions of Grosvenor-square and Hill-street.

WITH



WITH as little success have opera's, oratorio's, ridotto's, and other expensive diversions been invented to exclude *bad company*: tradesmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to insult the *good company*, their customers, at their own expence: and like true conquerors, have obliged the enemy to pay for their defeat. But this stratagem has in some measure been obviated by the prudence of the *very best company*, who, for this, and many other wise considerations, have usually declined paying them at all.

FOR many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed, like the ancient tilts and tournaments, before his Majesty and the royal family, every Friday night in the drawing-room at St. James's, which now appears, as it usually fares with the seat of war, desolate and uninhabited, and totally deserted on both sides: except that on a twelfth-night, the *bad company* never fail to assemble, to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

THE *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at last to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant assemblies at their own hôtels, in which they imagined, that they could neither be imitated, nor intruded on. But here again they were grievously



ously mistaken; for no sooner was the signal given, but every little lodging-house in town, of two rooms and a closet on a floor, or rather of two closets and a cupboard, teemed with card tables, and overflowed with company: and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the smaller the houses, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more easily effected. Nor could intrusion be better guarded against, than imitation; for by some means or other, either by the force of beauty or of dress, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to lose great sums at play, or of knavery enough to win them, or of some such eminent and extraordinary qualifications, their plebeian enemies soon broke through the strongest of their barriers, and mingled in the thickest of their ranks, to the utter destruction of all superiority and distinction.

BUT though it must be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad situation, yet I would not have them despair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their countenances, so visible in a mixture of *fiertè* and dejection. They have still one asylum left to fly to, which with all their advantages of birth and education, it is surprising they should not long since have discovered; but since they have not, I shall beg leave to point it out; and it is this: that they once more retire to the long deserted  
forts

forts of true British grandeur, their princely seats and magnificent castles in their several countries, and there, arming themselves with religion and virtue, hospitality and charity, civility and friendship, bid defiance to their impertinent pursuers: and though I will not undertake that they shall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet so averse are all ranks of people at present to this sort of retirement, so totally disused from the exercise of these kinds of arms, and so unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to promise, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy their favourite singularity, unmolested for half a century to come.



THE  
W O R L D.

N U M B E R CLIII.

**H**AVING been frequently pressed by Sir John Jolly, (an old friend of mine possessed of a fine seat, a large park, and a plentiful estate) to pass a few weeks with him in the country, I determined last autumn to accept his invitation, proposing to myself the highest pleasure from changing the noise and hurry of this bustling metropolis, for the agreeable silence, and soothing indolence of a rural retirement. I accordingly set out one morning, and pretty early the next arrived at the habitation of my friend, situated in a most delicious and romantic spot, which (the owner having fortunately no TASTE) is not yet defaced by IMPROVEMENTS. On my approach, I abated a little of my travelling pace, to look round me, and admire the tow'ring hills, and  
fertile

fertile vales, the winding streams, the stately woods, and spacious lawns, which, gilded by the sun shine of a beautiful morning, on every side afforded a most enchanting prospect; and I pleased myself with the thoughts of the happy hours I should spend amidst these pastoral scenes, in reading, in meditation, or in soft repose, inspired by the lowing of distant herds, the falls of waters, and the melody of birds.

I WAS received with a hearty welcome, and many shakes by the hand by my old friend, whom I had not seen for many years, except once, when he was called to town by a prosecution in the King's bench, for misunderstanding the sense of an act of parliament, which, on examination, was found to be nonsense. He is an honest gentleman of a middle age, a hale constitution, good natural parts, and abundant spirits; a keen sportsman, an active magistrate, and a tolerable farmer, not without some ambition of acquiring a seat in parliament, by his interest in a neighbouring borough: so that between his pursuits of game, of justice, and popularity, besides the management of a large quantity of land, which he keeps in his own hands, as he terms it, for amusement, every moment of his time is sufficiently employed. His wife is an agreeable woman, of about the same age, and has been handsome; but though years have somewhat impaired her charms, they have

have not in the least her relish for company, cards, balls, and all manner of public diversions.

ON my arrival, I was first conducted into the breakfast room, which, with some surprise, I saw quite filled with genteel persons of both sexes, in dishabille, with their hair in papers; the cause of which I was quickly informed of, by the many apologies of my lady for the meanness of the apartment she was obliged to allot me, "By reason the house was so crowded with company during the time of their races, which, she said, began that very day for the whole week, and for which they were immediately preparing." I was instantly attacked by all present with one voice, or rather with many voices at the same time, to accompany them thither; to which I made no opposition, thinking it would be attended with more trouble than the expedition itself.

As soon as the ladies and the equipages were ready, we issued forth in a most magnificent cavalcade; and after travelling five or six miles through bad roads, we arrived at the Red Lion; just as the ordinary was making it's appearance on the table. The ceremonials of this sumptuous entertainment, which consisted of cold fish, lean chickens, rusty hams, raw venison, stale game; green fruit, and grapeless wines, destroyed at least two hours, with five times that number of heads, ruffles,



ruffles, and suits of cloaths, by the unfortunate effusion of butter and gravy. From hence we proceeded a few miles farther to the race-ground, where nothing, I think, extraordinary happened, but that amongst much disorder and drunkenness, few limbs, and no necks were broken : and from these Olympic games, which, to the great emolument of pick-pockets, lasted till it was dark, we galloped back to the town through a soaking shower, to dress for the assembly. But this I found no easy task ; nor could I possibly accomplish it, before my cloaths were quite dried upon my back ; my servant staying behind to settle his betts, and having stowed my portmanteau into the boot of some coach, which he could not find, to save himself both the trouble and indignity of carrying it.

BEING at last equipped, I entered the ball-room, where the smell of a stable over which it was built, the savour of the neighbouring kitchen, the fumes of tallow candles, rum-punch and tobacco dispersed over the whole house, and the balsamic effluvia's from many sweet creatures who were dancing, with almost equal strength contended for superiority. The company was numerous and well-drest, and differed not in any respect from that of the most brilliant assembly in London, but in seeming better pleased, and more desirous of pleasing ; that is, happier in themselves, and civiler



viller to each other. I observed the door was blocked up the whole night by a few fashionable young men, whose faces I remember to have seen about town, who would neither dance, drink tea, play at cards, nor speak to any one, except now and then in whispers to a young lady, who sat in silence at the upper end of the room, in a hat and negligee, with her back against the wall, her arms a-kimbo, her legs thrust out, a sneer on her lips, a scowl on her forehead, and an invincible assurance in her eyes. This lady I had also frequently met with, but could not then recollect where; but have since learnt, that she had been toad-eater to a woman of quality, and turned off for too close and presumptuous an imitation of her betters. Their behaviour affronted most of the company, yet obtained the desired effect: for I overheard several of the country ladies say "It was a pity they were so proud; for to be sure they were prodigious well-bred people and had an immense deal of wit." A mistake they could never have fallen into, had these patterns of politeness condescended to have entered into any conversation. Dancing and cards, with the refreshment of cold chickens and negus about twelve, carried us on till day-break, when our coaches being ready, with much solicitation, and more squeezing, I obtained a place in one, in which no more than six had before artificially seated themselves; and about five in the morning,

through many and great perils, we arrived safely at home.

It was now the middle of harvest, which had not a little suffered by our diversions; and therefore our coach-horses were immediately degraded to a cart; and having rested during our fatigues, by a just distribution of things, were now obliged to labour, while we were at rest. I mean not in this number to include myself; for, though I hurried immediately to bed, no rest could I obtain for some time, for the rumbling of carts, and the conversation of their drivers just under my window. Fatigue at length got the better of all obstacles, and I fell asleep; but had scarce closed my eyes, when I was awaked by a much louder noise, which was that of a whole pack of hounds, with their vociferous attendants, setting out to meet my friend, and some choice spirits, whom we had just left behind at the assembly, and who chose this manner of refreshment after a night's debauch, rather than the more usual and inglorious one of going to bed. These sounds dying away by their distance, I again composed myself to rest; but was presently again roused by more discordant tongues, uttering all the grossness of Drury-lane, and scurrility of Billingsgate. I now waked indeed with somewhat more satisfaction, at first thinking, by this unpastoral dialogue, that I was once more returned safe to London; but I soon perceived

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my mistake, and understood that these were some innocent and honest neighbours of Sir John's, who were coming to determine their gentle disputes before his tribunal, and being ordered to wait till his return from hunting, were resolved to make all possible use of this suspension of justice. It being now towards noon, I gave up all thoughts of sleep; and it was well I did; for I was presently alarmed by a confusion of voices, as loud, though somewhat sweeter than the former. As they proceeded from the parlour under me, amidst much giggling, laughing, squeaking, and screaming, I could distinguish only the few following incoherent words—*horrible—frightful—ridiculous—Friesland ben—rouge—red-lion at Brentford—stays padded—ram's-horn—saucy minx—impertinent coxcomb*. I started up, dressed me, and went down, where I found the same polite company, who breakfasted there the day before, in the same attitude, discoursing of their friends, with whom they had so agreeably spent the last night, and to whom they were again hastening with the utmost impatience. I was saluted with a how d'ye from them all at the same instant, and again pressed into the service of the day.

In this manner I went through the persecutions of the whole week, with the sufferings and resolution, but not with the reward of a martyr, as I found no peace at the last: for at the conclusion of it, Sir John obligingly requested me to make my

my stay with him as long as I possibly could, assuring me, that though the races were now over, I should not want diversions; for that next week he expected Lord Rattle, Sir Harry Bumper, and a large fox-hunting party; and that the week after, being the full moon, they should pay and receive all their neighbouring visits, and spend their evenings very sociably together; by which is signified, in the country dialect, eating, drinking, and playing at cards all night. My lady added with a smile, and much delight in her eyes, that she believed they should not be alone one hour in the whole week, and that she hoped I should not think the country so dull and melancholy a place as I expected. Upon this information I resolved to leave it immediately, and told them, I was extremely sorry that I was hindered by particular business from any longer enjoying so much polite and agreeable company; but that I had received a letter, which made it necessary for me to be in town. My friend said he was no less concerned; but that I must not positively go, till after to-morrow; for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, some of whom were facetious companions, and sung well. This determined me to set out that very evening; which I did with much satisfaction; and made all possible haste, in search of silence and solitude, to my lodgings, next door to a brasier's at Charing-cross.



T H E  
W O R L D.

N U M B E R C L V I I .

ONE can scarce pass an hour in any company, without hearing it frequently asserted, that the present generation of servants in this country are the proudest, and the laziest, the most profligate, insolent, and extravagant set of mortals any where to be found on the face of the globe : to which indisputable truth I always readily give my assent, with but one single exception, which is that of their masters and ladies. Now, though by this exception I have incurred the contemptuous smiles of many a wise face, and the indignant frowns of many a pretty one, yet I shall here venture to shew, that the pride and laziness of our servants, from whence their profligacy, insolence and extravagance must unavoidably proceed, are entirely owing, not only to our example, but to our cultivation, and are but the natural



natural productions of the same imperfections in ourselves.

In the first place then, pride has put it into our heads, that it is most honourable to be waited on by gentlemen and ladies ; and all, who are really such by birth or education, having also too much of the same pride, however necessitous, to submit to any servitude however easy, we are obliged to take the lowest of the people, and convert them by our own ingenuity into the genteel personages, we think proper should attend us. Hence our very footmen are adorned with gold and silver, with bags, toupees, and ruffles : the valet de chambre cannot be distinguished from his master, but by being better drest ; and Joan, who used to be but *as good as my lady in the dark*, is now by no means her inferior in the day-light. In great families I have frequently intreated the *maitre d'Hotel* to go before me, and have pulled a chair for the butler, imagining them to be part, and not the least genteel part of the company. Their diversions too are no less polite than their appearance ; in the country they are sportsmen, in town they frequent plays, opera's, and taverns, and at home have their routs and their gaming-tables.

BUT lest thus exalting our servants to an equality with ourselves should not sufficiently augment their pride, and destroy all subordination, we take



another method still more effectually to compleat the work, which is, debasing ourselves to their meanness by a ridiculous imitation of their dresses and occupations. Hence were derived the flapped hat, and cropped hair, the green frock, the long staff, and buckskin breeches : hence, amongst the ladies, the round-eared cap, the stuff night-gown, white apron, and black-leather shoe : and hence many persons of the highest rank daily employ themselves in riding matches, driving coaches, or in running before them, in order to convince their domestics how greatly they are inferior to them in the execution of these honourable offices. Since then we make use of so much art to corrupt our servants, have we reason to be angry with their concurrence ? Since we take so much pains to inform them of their superiority, and our weakness, can we be surpris'd that they despise us, or displeased with their insolence and impertinence ?

As the pride of servants thus proceeds from the pride, so does their laziness from the laziness, of their masters : and indeed, if there is any characteristic peculiar to the young people of fashion of the present age, it is their laziness, or an extreme unwillingness to attend to any thing that can give them the least trouble, or disquietude ; without any degree of which they would fain enjoy all the luxuries of life, in contradiction to the dispositions of providence, and the nature of things. They would

would have great estates without any management, great expences without any accounts, and great families without any discipline or œconomy; in short, they are fit only to be inhabitants of *Lubberland*, where, as the child's geography informs us, men lie upon their backs with their mouths open, and it rains fat pigs, ready roasted. From this principle, when the pride they have infused into their servants has produced a proportionable degree of laziness, their own laziness is too prevalent, to suffer them to struggle with that of their servants; and they rather chuse that all business should be neglected, than to enforce the performance of it; and to give up all authority, rather than take the pains to support it: from whence it happens, that in great and noble families, where the domestics are very numerous, they will not so much as wait upon themselves; and was it not for the friendly assistance of chair-women, porters, chair-men, and shoe-blacks, procured by a generous distribution of coals, candles and provisions, the common offices of life could never be executed. In such it is often as difficult to procure conveniences, as in a desert island; and one frequently wants necessaries in the midst of profuseness and extravagance. In such families I have sometimes been shut up in a cold room, and interdicted from the use of fire and water for half a day; and, though during my imprisonment I have seen numberless servants continually passing by, the utmost I could

procure of them was, a promise that they would send somebody to relieve my necessities, which they never performed. In such I have seen, when a favourite dog has discharged a too plentiful dinner in the drawing-room, at the frequent ringing of the bell numerous attendants make their appearance, all intreated to depute some one to remove the nuisance with the utmost expedition, but no one has been found in such a house mean enough to undertake such an employment; and so it has lain smoking under the noses of the illustrious company during the whole evening.

I could produce innumerable instances, minute indeed and unobserved, but well worthy observation, of the encroachments of our servants on our easiness and indolence, in the introduction of most of the fashions that have prevailed for several years past in our equipages, and domestic œconomy; all which are entirely calculated for their pleasure, ease, or advantage, in direct contradiction to our own. To mention but a few: our coaches are made uneasy, but light, that they may whirl us along with the utmost rapidity, for their own amusement. Glasses before are laid aside, and we are immured in the dark, that the coachman may no longer be under our inspection, but be drunk or asleep without any observation. Family liveries are discarded, because badges of servility, which might give information to whom their wearers belonged, and to whom

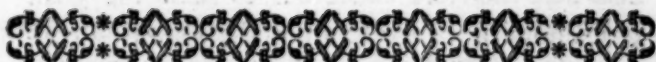
whom complaints might be address'd of their enormities. By their carelessness and idleness they have oblig'd us to hire all our horses, and so have got rid of the labour of looking after them. By their impositions on the road they have forced us into post-chaifes, by which means they are at liberty to travel by themselves, as it best suits their own ease and convenience. By their impertinence, which we have not patience to endure, nor resolution to repress, they have reduced us to dumb-waiters, that is, to wait upon ourselves; by which means they have shaken off the trouble and condescension of attending us. By their profusion and mismanagement in house-keeping, they have compelled us to allow them board-wages; by which means they have obtained a constant excuse to loiter at public-houses, and money in their pockets to squander there in gaming, drunkenness, and extravagance. The last of these is an evil of so gigantic a size, so conducive to the universal corruption of the lower part of this nation, and so entirely destructive of all family order, decency, and œconomy, that it well deserves the consideration of a legislature, who are not themselves under the influence of their servants, and can pay them their wages without any inconvenience.

FROM what has been said, it plainly appears, that every man in this country is ill-served in proportion to the number and dignity of his servants;  
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the parson, or the tradesman, who keeps but two maids and a boy, not exceeding twelve years old, is usually very well waited on; the private gentleman infinitely worse; but persons of great fortunes or quality, afraid of the idols of their own setting up, are neglected, abused and impoverished by their dependents; and the King himself, as is due to his exalted station, is more imposed on, and worse attended, than any one of his subjects.

THE





T H E  
W O R L D.

N U M B E R CLXIII.

**T**HERE was an ancient sect of philosophers, the disciples of Pythagoras, who held, that the souls of men, and all other animals existed in a state of perpetual transmigration; and that when by death they were dislodged from one corporeal habitation, they were immediately reinstated in another, happier or more miserable, according to their behaviour in the former: so that when any person made his exit from the stage of this world, he was supposed only to retire behind the scenes to be new-dressed, and to have had a new part assigned him, more or less agreeable, in proportion to the merit of his performance in the last.

THIS doctrine of transmigration, I must own, was always a very favourite tenet of mine; and always appeared to me one of the most rational guesses



guesses of the human mind into a future state. I shall here therefore endeavour to shew the great probability of its truth, from the following considerations. First from its justice, secondly from its utility, and lastly from the difficulty we lie under to account for the sufferings of many innocent creatures without it.

FIRST then, the justice of this system exceeds that of all others; because by it the great law of retaliation may be more strictly adhered to: for by means of this metamorphosis, men may suffer in one life the very same injuries which they have inflicted in another; and that too in the very same persons, by a change only of situation. Thus, for instance, the cruel tyrant who in one life has sported with the miseries of his slaves, may in the next feel all the miseries of slavery under a master as unmerciful as himself. The relentless and unjust judge may be imprisoned, condemned and hanged in his turn. Divines may be compelled by fire and faggot to believe the creeds and articles they have composed for the edification of others; and soldiers may be plundered and ravished in the persons of defenceless peasants, and innocent virgins. The lawyer reviving in the character of a client, may be tormented with delay, expence, uncertainty and disappointment; and the physician, who in one life has taken exorbitant fees, may be obliged to take physic in another. All those who under  
the

the honourable denomination of sportsmen, have entertained themselves with the miseries and destruction of innocent animals, may be terrified and murdered in the shapes of hares, partridges and woodcocks; and all those, who under the more illustrious title of heroes, have delighted in the devastation of their own species, may be massacred by each other in the forms of invincible gamecocks, and pertinacious bull dogs. As for statemen, ministers, and all great men devoted to great business, they, however guilty, cannot be more properly, nor more severely punished, than by being obliged to reassume their former characters, and to live the very same lives over again.

In the next place, the utility of this system is equal to its justice, and happily coincides with it: for by means of this transmigration, all the necessary inconveniencies, and all the burthensome offices of life being imposed on those only, who by their misbehaviour in a former state have deserved them, become at once just punishments to Them, and at the same time benefits to society; and so all those who have injured the public in one life by their vices, are obliged in another to make reparation by their sufferings. Thus the tyrant, who by his power has oppressed his country in the situation of a prince, in that of a slave may be compelled to do it some service by his labour. The highwayman who has stopped and plundered travellers,  
may

may expedite and assist them in the shape of a post-horse. The metaphorical buck, who has terrified sober citizens by his exploits, converted into a real one, may make them some compensation by his haunches; and mighty conquerors, who have laid waste the world by their swords, may be obliged, by a small alteration in sex and situation, to contribute to its repeopling, by the qualms of breeding, and the pains of child-birth.

FOR my own part, I verily believe this to be the case. I make no doubt but that Louis the fourteenth is now chained to an oar in the galleys of France, and that Hernando Cortez is digging gold in the mines of Peru or Mexico. That Turpin the highwayman is several times a day spurred backwards and forwards between London and Epping; and that Lord \*\*\* and Sir Harry \*\*\*\* are now actually roasting for a city feast. I question not but that Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar have died many times in child-bed since their appearance in those illustrious and depopulating characters; that Charles the twelfth is at this instant a curate's wife in some remote village, with a numerous and increasing family; and that Kouli Khan is now whipped from parish to parish, in the person of a big bellied beggar-woman, with two children in her arms, and three at her back.

LASTLY, the probability of this system appears from the difficulty of accounting for the sufferings

of many innocent creatures without it : for if we look round us, we cannot but observe a great and wretched variety of this kind ; numberless animals subjected, by their own natures, to many miseries, and by our cruelties to many more ; incapable of crimes, and consequently incapable of deserving them ; called into being, as far as we can discover, only to be miserable for the service or diversion of others less meritorious than themselves ; without any possibility of preventing, deserving, or receiving recompence for their unhappy lot, if their whole existence is comprehended in the narrow and wretched circle of their present life. But the theory here inculcated, removes all these difficulties, and reconciles all these seemingly unjust dispensations with the strictest justice : it informs us, that these their sufferings may be by no means undeserved, but the just punishments of their former misbehaviour in a state, where, by means of their very vices, they may have escaped them. It teaches us that the pursued and persecuted fox was once probably some crafty and rapacious minister, who had purchased by his ill-acquired wealth that safety, which he cannot now procure by his flight : that the bull, baited with all the cruelties that human ingenuity, or human malevolence can invent, was once some relentless tyrant, who had inflicted all the tortures which he now endures : that the poor bird, blinded, imprisoned, and at last starved to death, in a cage, may have been some unforgiving creditor ;  
and

and the widowed turtle, pining away life for the loss of her mate, some fashionable wife, rejoicing at the death of her husband, which her own ill-usage had occasioned.

NEVER can the delicious repast of roasted lobsters excite my appetite, whilst the ideas of the tortures in which those innocent creatures have expired, present themselves to my imagination. But when I consider that they must have once probably been Spaniards at Mexico, or Dutchmen at Amboyna, I fall to, both with a good stomach and a good conscience, and please myself with the thoughts, that I am thus offering up a sacrifice acceptable to the Manes of many millions of massacred Indians. Never can I repose myself with satisfaction in a post-chaise, whilst I look upon the starved, foundered, ulcerated, and excoriated animals, who draw it, as mere horses, condemned to such exquisite and unmerited torments for my convenience; but when I reflect, that they once must undoubtedly have existed in the characters of turnkeys of Newgate, or fathers of the holy inquisition, I gallop on with as much ease, as expedition; and am perfectly satisfied, that in pursuing my journey, I am but the executioner of the strictest justice.

I VERY well know that these sentiments will be treated as ludicrous by many of my readers, and looked upon only as the productions of an exuberant



rant imagination; but I know likewise, that this is owing to ill-grounded pride, and false notions of the dignity of human nature: for they are in themselves just and serious, and carry with them the strongest probability of their truth: so strong is it, that I cannot but hope it will have some good effect on the conduct of those polite people, who are too sagacious, learned and courageous to be kept in awe by the threats of hell and damnation: and I exhort every fine lady to consider how wretched will be her condition, if after twenty or thirty years spent at cards, in elegant rooms, kept warm by good fires and soft carpets, she should at last be obliged to change places with one of her coach-horses; and every fine gentleman to reflect how much more wretched would be his, if after wasting his estate, his health and his life in extravagance, indolence and luxury, he should again revive in the situation of one of his creditors.

P

THE





T H E  
W O R L D.

N U M B E R CLXXVIII.

**N**OT long since, I met at St. James's coffee-house, an old acquaintance of mine, Sir Harry Prigg; who having been long rusticated, and much altered, I should never have recollected, had it not been for the information of a fine old coat, in which I remembered him to have made a figure about town many years ago. After the usual civilities had passed between us, amongst many other questions, he asked me when I had seen our old school-fellow, Sir John Jolly \*. I answered, that I had last summer spent some days with him at his country-seat, in a manner which would have been highly agreeable to a person of a more fashionable turn, but was to me rather fatiguing from its excess of gaiety and hospitality, which, according to

\* See Number 153.

my unpolite taste, were by no means consistent with the soft and serious pleasures of a rural retirement. He said, he perfectly agreed with me in my sentiments, and passed his time in the country in conformity to them: his manner of life, he was sure, would exactly suit me, and obligingly begged I would make the experiment; adding, that he should go down in a few days, and would carry me with him in his chariot. I accepted his invitation, not so much out of inclination, as curiosity to see a new scene of country life, formed on principles so opposite to what I had before experienced, and promised to attend him at the time appointed.

But first it will be proper to give some account of the birth, parentage, and education of my friend. He came young to his title, and a small estate, and was soon after sent to the university; where his title absurdly giving him the rank of nobility, and his estate, though small, an allowance sufficient to support that rank at that place, he there contracted an affectation of grandeur, and a pert kind of self-importance, which he has ever since retained, and which neither poverty nor solitude has yet been able to conquer. Having in two or three years acquired the usual advantages of that sort of education, such as the arts of sporting, boasting, billiards and coachmanship, he came to London, entered into the gay world, and had

address and qualifications sufficient to introduce himself into what he still calls the best company; that is, the company of smarts, bucks, jockeys and gamesters. Nor was he deficient in point of gallantry; for he soon commenced an intrigue with the sister of one of these his friends. Whether his intentions were at first honourable, is not perfectly clear; but he was quickly obliged to declare them so, being acquainted, that a lady of her rank was not to be trifled with, and that he must either fight or marry; the latter of which he courageously chose, as being the most daring action of the two. This lady had more gentility than beauty, more beauty than understanding, more understanding than fortune, and a fortune about equal to her reputation. She was tall and well-shaped, carried her head very high, and being the younger daughter of the younger son of the first cousin of an Irish baron, looked upon herself as a woman of quality. In a little time Sir Harry heartily hated her for compelling him to marry: and she no less despised him for being compelled: so that finding little happiness at home, they were obliged to seek it abroad at plays and routs, operas and gaming tables, at no small expence. This could not continue long; so that before one winter was at an end, they discovered that the town-air would not agree with them, and so retired to their country seat, about forty miles from London; whither I shall now conduct my reader.

On the morning appointed, I attended early at their lodgings in town, where I found the post-chariot at the door, and my friend standing by it, with a long whip in his hand, ready to mount the box; saying at the same time, that coachmen were such insolent and expensive rascals, there was no keeping them, and that therefore he always chose to be his own. In the parlour sat my lady, and colonel Macshead, a gentleman who had long been very intimate with Sir Harry, and not less so with her ladyship; and in the passage stood her French woman, in a sack and long ruffles, with her arms full of band-boxes and bundles; which were no sooner disposed of in various parts of the chariot, than my lady and myself, with her woman on a low stool at our feet, were stuffed into the little room that was left. Sir Harry mounted the box, his valet de chambre rode by, and a sniveling footboy climbed up behind. Thus the whole family, with their baggage, and myself into the bargain, were conveyed without the expence of either a stage-coach or a waggon.

Nothing passed during our journey worth relating. Her ladyship spoke little, and that little was only complaints of her bad nerves, and ill state of health; to which, having no expectation of a fee, I paid little attention. They both declared, that nobody but a carrier would dine at

an inn, wherefore they never stopped on the road ; so with the assistance of a fresh pair of horses, that had come twenty miles that morning without a bait, about sun-set we arrived at our journey's end. The colonel got there before us, having rode post : for Sir Harry frequently declared to us both, that, tho' his friends were welcome, he never entertained their horses ; that it was not the fashion of that country ; neither my Lord \*\*, nor the Duke of \*\*\*, nor himself did it.

It was not long before the dinner made its appearance ; which was so very genteel, that had it not been rendered uncatable by a bad affectation of French cookery, it would not have been half sufficient, after so many miles travelling, and so long fasting. At the conclusion we had meed, which passed for tokay, and elder wine, which Sir Harry swore was the best Burgundy in England, and that he himself had imported it, in conjunction with a noble lord in the neighbourhood. Over a glass of this, the cloth being removed, he informed us, “ that when the smoke of London, and the  
 “ bad hours incident to keeping good company,  
 “ would no longer agree with his own or his wife's  
 “ constitution, he had determined to seek health  
 “ and quiet in an elegant retirement. He had  
 “ been offer'd indeed a seat in parliament, and  
 “ a considerable employment ; but his crazy con-  
 “ stitution would not permit him to accept of the  
 “ one,



“one, nor his sound principles of the other.  
“Retirement was their object; therefore all they  
“dreaded was the horrible irruptions of a coun-  
“try neighbourhood; but this they had happily  
“prevented. That indeed on their first coming,  
“every family within ten miles round, tormented  
“them with their impertinent visits; but they  
“returned none, affronted them all, and so got  
“rid of them. Don’t you think we did right,  
“my dear?” turning to his wife. “I think,”  
answered she in a surly and dejected voice, “that  
“it is better to forget the use of one’s tongue,  
“than to converse with squires wives, and parsons  
“daughters.” “You are right, madam,” added  
the colonel, with an oath and a loud laugh;  
“for what can one learn in such a damned com-  
“pany?” “To-morrow,” says my friend, ad-  
dressing himself to me, “you shall see that we  
“want no company, and that we can sufficiently  
“amuse ourselves with building and planting,  
“with improvements and alterations, which I  
“dare say will be honoured with your approba-  
“tion.”

ACCORDINGLY the next morning, as soon as  
breakfast was finished, my lady and the colonel  
retired into her dressing-room to cribbage, and Sir  
Harry and myself to reconnoitre the place. The  
house stands at the end of a dirty village, and close  
by it are a few tame deer, impounded in an orch-



ard, to which he gives the pompous title of a park. Behind is a fen, which he calls a piece of water, and before it a goose-common, on which he bestows the name of a lawn. It was built in that deplorable æra of English architecture which introduced high doors, long windows, small rooms, and corner chimneys; and of gardening, which projected gravel walks, clipt yews, and strait-lined avenues, with a profusion of brick walls, iron palisado's and leaden images. But all these defects, and many others, he has now corrected by a judicious application of modern taste. His doors are so reduced, you cannot enter with your hat on; and his windows so contracted, that you have scarce light enough to find it, if you pull it off. In the midst of the front, one large bow-window is stuck on, resembling a piece of whited brown paper plaistered on a broken nose; and a great room is added behind to dine in, which, was it ever inhabited, would make all the little ones appear still less: but having never yet been finished, for want both of cash and credit, it remains at present only a repository for broken china, a pair of backgammon tables, and the children's play-things. His brick-walls are converted into chimneys and ovens, and his yew-trees supply them with faggots: his iron-work is sold to the blacksmiths, and his heathen gods to the plumber, for the pious use of covering the parish-church: his gravel walks are sown with grass; and he frequently repeats that  
frugal,

frugal, yet genteel maxim, that sheep are the best gardeners. His horse-pond being made serpentine, is become useless, lest it should be trod up; and his fences, being all Chinese, are no fences at all; the horses leaping over, and the hogs walking under them at their pleasure. The transplanted avenue is expiring in leafless platoons; the kitchen-garden, for convenience, is removed two furlongs from the house; and the kitchen itself unjustly turned out of doors, for smelling of victuals; a crime of which it has ever been acquitted by the voice of the whole country.

WHEN our survey was finished, our amusements were all at an end; for within doors the pleasures both of society and solitude were equally wanting. Of our conversation I have given a specimen; and books there were none, except a small one containing tunes for the French horn, belonging to Sir Harry, and the third volume of Peregrine Pickle, and a methodist prayer-book, the property of her ladyship. I began now to wish for a little of my friend Sir John's hospitality, of which there was not here the least appearance. We heard not of a human creature, except by their injuries and insults, not altogether indeed unprovoked; for the pantry and the cellar, though usually empty, were always locked. Strong-beer there was none; and the small, though nobody at home could drink it, was not suffered to be given away. The servants  
were

were always out of humour, and frequently changing; and the tradesmen who brought their bills, were paid only by a wrangle, or a draught on some tenant who owed no rent. There was not a neighbour very near, except the parson of the parish, and alderman Grub, a rich citizen, who had purchased a considerable part of it from Sir Harry. With these they lived in a state of perpetual hostilities: they quarrelled with the alderman for presuming to buy an estate which they wanted to sell; and the parson quarrelled with them, because he was in possession of the only living in the gift of Sir Harry, and the alderman had a much better to dispose of. By the encouragement of these good neighbours, and their own ill conduct, consisting of a strange mixture of insolence and avarice, of meanness and magnificence, they were despised, persecuted and affronted by all around them. Their pigs were worried, their poultry murdered, their dogs poisoned, their game destroy'd, their hedges broke, and their hay-stacks set on fire. They were hissed and hooted at; and now and then a great pair of horns were fixed on their gates; an insult at which they were highly enraged, but the meaning of which neither Sir Harry, nor my lady, not even with the assistance of the colonel, could ever guess at.

I soon grew weary of this land of contention and uneasiness; and having recourse to the old excuse of urgent business, I took my leave, and went post to town; reflecting all the way with surprise on the ingenuity of mankind, to render themselves at once miserable and ridiculous; and lamenting that the happiness and innocence of rural life are now scarce any where to be found,

THE

THE DRAWING

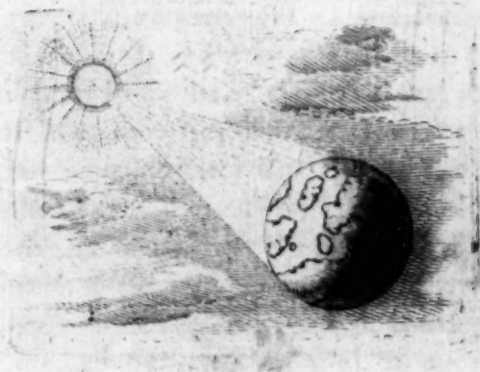
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A  
FREE INQUIRY  
INTO THE  
NATURE and ORIGIN  
OF  
E V I L.

In SIX LETTERS to —.

The FIFTH EDITION.

With an additional Preface, and some explanatory Notes.





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# P R E F A C E

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

THE author of the following letters is too well acquainted with human nature, to be in the least surpris'd at the reception they have met with; that is, that they have been much liked, much censured, and little assented to: Truth, he knows, has at all times been so received; for, tho' by her native beauty she is sure to charm, yet from her repugnancy to most men's interests, she is seldom welcome: politicians are afraid of her, parties detest her, and all professions agree, that she is mad, and very dangerous if suffered to go about in public: he knows, that mankind live all in masquerade, and that whoever presumes to come amongst them barefaced must expect to be abused by the whole assembly: he could therefore have no motive for thus imparting his free sentiments to the public, except the dictates of his own heart, which tell him, that it is every man's duty, who comes into the world, to use his best

endea-

endeavours, however insignificant, to leave it as much wiser, and as much better as he can. Induced by this motive alone, he at first undertook this Inquiry; and now, actuated by the same principle, and unprovoked by all the senseless misapprehensions, and malicious misconstructions, with which it has been tortured, he will here, with all possible conciseness, endeavour to explain those parts of it, which have been so misunderstood, or misrepresented, and give satisfaction to all, who are either able or willing to understand it.

THE first letter treats of Evils in general, and endeavours to prove, that they all owe their existence, not to any voluntary admission of a benevolent Creator, but to the necessity of their own natures, that is, to the impossibility of excluding them from any system of created Beings whatever; and that in all such systems, however wisely contrived, they must have, and must at all times have had a place. Against this, but one material objection has been urged; which is this, that, in order to make room for this necessity of Evil, the real existence of a paradisiacal state is represented as at all times impossible; and consequently, the Mosaic Account of that state is utterly exploded, on which the whole fabric of the Christian Religion is erected. How far the literal belief of that account is essential to the true faith of a Christian, need not be here decided; be-  
cause

cause not the least mention of it is made in this letter: and therefore this objection is intirely founded on a mistake. The argument there made use of, is only this, that some have endeavoured to justify the goodness of God from the introduction of Evil, by asserting, that at the beginning there was no such thing, but that, at first, all creation came out of his omnipotent hand, endued with absolute perfection, and free from all Evil, both natural and moral: to shew, that this was an ancient opinion, some lines are quoted from Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, describing the Golden Age, in such a state of perfect happiness and innocence; on which the Author, thinking them to be no part of any one's creed, imagined himself at liberty to observe, that from the nature of man, and the nature of this terrestrial globe, which he inhabits, the real existence of such a state seemed impossible; and therefore, that these descriptions of it could be nothing more, than amusing dreams, and enchanting fables. This bears not the least reference to the Mosaic account of Paradise, in which such a state of absolute perfection, void of all Evil, is so far from being described, that the Serpent, or the Devil, the parent of all Evil, is one of the principal characters of that History; which therefore by no means contradicts the proposition here asserted.

THE second Letter undertakes to shew, that Evils of Imperfection are in truth no Evils at all; but only the absence of comparative good, resulting solely from the necessary inferiority of some Beings with regard to others, which cannot be prevented in a system of creation, whose very essence consists in a chain of subordination, descending from infinite perfection to absolute nothing. To this likewise one objection only has been made; which is, that no such chain of subordinate Beings, reaching from infinite perfection to absolute nothing, can, in fact, exist; for this notable reason: because no being can approach next to infinite perfection; nor any be contiguous to nothing. But this argument being no more than a quibble on metaphysical terms, to which no precise ideas are affixed, neither deserves, nor is capable of an answer.

The third Letter treats of Natural Evils; and attempts to shew that most of these, which we complain of, are derived likewise from the same source; that is, from the imperfection of our natures, and our station in the universal system: to this are added three conjectures; first, that many of our miseries may be owing to some secret, but invincible disposition in the nature of things, that renders it impracticable to produce pleasure exclusive of pain; a certain degree of which



which must therefore be endured by individuals, for the happiness and well-being of the whole: secondly, that many other of our miseries may be inflicted on us by the agency of superior Beings, to whose benefit they may possibly be as conducive as the deaths and sufferings of inferior animals are to ours, and, lastly, that by the ancient doctrine of Transmigration, the miseries, which for the sake of general utility we are obliged to suffer in one life, may be recompenced in another, and so the divine goodness be sufficiently justified from the admission of them all. To every one of these some objections have been made: against the first, it has been alledged, that this impracticability to produce pleasure, without pain, whence arises this utility of the sufferings of individuals for the good of the whole, is merely a production of the Author's own daring imagination, founded on no reason, and supported by no proof. To which he answers, that he proposes it as a conjecture only; but cannot think it ill-founded, since it is confirmed by the appearance of every thing around us, and since it is reasonable to believe, that a benevolent Creator would not have permitted his creatures to have suffered on any other terms. In ridicule of the second conjecture, it has been asked, with an air of humour, whether we can think it credible, that superior beings should ride, or hunt, or roast, or eat us, as we make use of inferior animals? Which question



is most properly to be answered by another : whether, in the unbounded system of creation, there may not be numberless methods, by which beings of different orders may be subservient to each others uses, totally above the reach of our comprehensions ? To doubt of which would be like the incredulity of the ignorant peasant, who can scarce be persuaded to believe that there is any thing in the world, some specimen of which he has not beheld within the narrow limits of his own parish. To the last it is objected, that the doctrine of Transmigration being only the fanciful and exploded opinion of some ancient Philosophers, in the times of darkness, ought not, by the Author, to have been here advanced in direct contradiction to the faith and tenets of the Christian religion : to which he replies, that he neither proposes this doctrine as an article of his own belief, or imposes it on others ; but mentions it only as the most rational conjecture of the human mind, uninformed by supernatural assistance concerning a future state : that it is confirmed by Revelation he does not pretend, but that it directly contradicts it, by no means appears ; so silent are the Scriptures concerning the state of the soul between death and the resurrection, that the most learned divines still widely differ on that subject ; some maintaining that it enters immediately into a state of retribution ; others, of sleep ; and others, of purgation from past offences : why therefore is it more repugnant

pugnant to the sense of these writings, to suppose, that it may possibly animate other bodies during that period, and, at the last day, receive such punishments or rewards as is due on the whole account of its past behaviour? Thus the probability of every one of these conjectures seems to be sufficiently established, and they appear perfectly consistent with reason, and not at all contradictory to revelation.

THE fourth Letter endeavours to account for Moral Evil: the most arduous Part of the whole undertaking; to which end it attempts to shew, that the common opinion, which derives it solely from the abuse of free-will in man, is ineffectual for that purpose; and that therefore, though its very essence consists in the production of natural Evil, yet it could never have been admitted into the works of a just and beneficent Creator, if it had not some remote and collateral tendency to universal good, by answering some ends beneficial to the immense, and incomprehensible whole: one of which may possibly be the conversion of unpreventable miseries into just punishments by the production of guilt, without which they must have been inflicted on perfect innocence. To this account of the origin of Moral Evil, not only many weighty objections have been made, but on it many imputations have been laid, of a most formidable nature, as that it makes God the cause

of all wickedness, destroys Free-will in man, and consequently roots up the foundation of all Virtue, and Morality whatever; and it is, moreover, charged with inconsistency and self-contradiction thro' every part. To all this the Author replies only, that he is assured, that, if any intelligent reader will peruse the whole Letter together with candor, and attention, it will evidently appear, that these accusations are entirely groundless. He makes no manner of doubt, but that man is endued with Free-will, and is justly punishable for the abuse of it; and hopes he has so expressed himself, through this whole piece, as to leave no uncertainty of his opinion on that question: all he means is, that though the abuse of Free-will is undoubtedly the immediate cause of Moral Evil, yet it cannot from thence derive its original admission into the works of a benevolent Creator; because man, not being a self-existent and independent being, must receive that Will itself, together with his nature and formation, from the supreme Author of all things: for which reason he cannot apprehend, that the general wickedness of mankind can be an accident proceeding from their unforeseen wrong elections, by which the whole benevolent system is defeated; but must be a part, and a material part too, of the original plan of creation, wisely calculated by the incomprehensible operations of vice, and punishment, to promote the good and happiness of the whole.

For,

For, to assert, that any thing has happened which God did not intend, or that he intended any thing which did not happen, is a language, which may be allowed to the Poet or the Orator, but never to the Philosopher; unless we can suppose, that Omniscience can be disappointed, and Omnipotence defeated. As to inconsistency, he denies not the charge; but believes he is not more inconsistent than all who have undertaken to write on the same subject: the Scriptures themselves are guilty of the same seeming inconsistency on this head; they all represent man as a Being perfectly free, punishable, and punished for his misbehaviour; yet as constantly speak of him as a creature deriving all his thought, will, and dispositions from his Creator, and under his perpetual influence, and direction; the appearance of inconsistency, in which two propositions, both undoubtedly true, proceeds only from our ignorance in the nature, and limits of free-will, and divine influence, and our inability to comprehend them. In the latter part of this Letter a few hints are flung out, to shew that on the principles of the foregoing theory some of the most abstruse doctrines of the christian revelation, of original sin, grace, predestination, and vicarious punishment, might be rendered reconcileable to the strictest reason; a proposal from whence surely much advantage might accrue to the cause of christianity

in general, and by which possibly some articles of our own Church might be proved to be much less incompatible with common sense than they are thought to be by all those, who will not subscribe them, and by many, who do: with this, two classes of men are particularly offended; the rational dissenters, as they please to call themselves, and the methodists: the former of these having arbitrarily expunged out of their Bibles every thing, which appears to them contradictory to reason, that is, to their own reason, or, in other words, every thing which they cannot understand, are displeased to see those tenets explained, which they have thought proper to reject: the latter having embraced these very doctrines only because they appeared unintelligible, are unwilling to see them cleared up, and afraid lest those dark and thorny covers should be laid open, under which they have so long sheltered themselves from the rays of reason: with either of these all debate would be vain, and useless, because the first, though for the most part honest, religious, and learned men, are unable to comprehend any reasoning, which soars above the limits of their own confined literature, and education; and the others are determined to listen to no reasoning at all, having with all reason and common sense declared eternal warfare.

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THE design of the fifth Letter is to shew, that in the government of such imperfect creatures as men over each other there must be much unavoidable Evil: that all human governments, whether of the monarchial, popular, or mixed kinds, were at first founded on force or interest, and must ever be supported by the same means, that is, by compulsion, or corruption, both of which must be productive of innumerable Evils; that these ought not to be imputed to God, because he could not have prevented them without the total alteration of human nature; much less can they be eradicated by men; but that they may in some measure be lessened by the diminution of moral Evil, from which all political Evils are derived; and therefore that we ought quietly to submit to these Evils, when they do not arise to any intolerable degree, and to apply principally that remedy to the faults of government, which is ever the most effectual, that is, the amendment of our own. It is no wonder, that a lesson so disagreeable to the restless humours of most men, and so repugnant to the arts, and ends of faction, should call up against the Author, many opponents, who have liberally bestowed on him the titles of an enemy to Liberty, and an advocate for corruption, with the same justice that a physician might be stiled an enemy to health, and an advocate for the gout, who in that distemper prescribes patience,



tience, and temperance, rather than such inflaming medicines as might convert it into a more dangerous disease. All that he has asserted in this Letter amounts to no more than this: that no government can subsist without some principle of governing; that is, that men cannot be governed without some means by which their obedience can be obtained; a proposition, which seems as uncontestible, as that every effect must have a cause. That all government must be disagreeable to those who are governed, is demonstrable from the nature and essence of government itself, which being nothing more, than a compulsion of individuals to act in such a manner in support of society, as they are neither wise, nor honest enough to do from the suggestions of their own heads, or hearts, this compulsion must be contrary to both their judgments, and inclinations, and consequently disagreeable, and for that reason perpetually resisted: some method must therefore be made use of to overcome this resistance, and what that method can be, except force, or interest, he cannot find out: he is an advocate for neither, except from their necessity; and, if any one will point out another, he will readily declare his disapprobation of them both.

The sixth and last Letter proceeds upon the same plan as the rest, and endeavours to shew, that religious Evils, that is, the defects so visible  
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in all human religions, and the mischievous consequences resulting from them; are not owing to any want of wisdom or goodness in our Creator, but proceed, like all others, from our nature, and situation, and the impracticability of giving a perfect religion to an imperfect creature. In order to explain this, it was necessary to point out the particular imperfections, which in fact do exist in all human religions, whether natural or revealed; not with any design to depreciate the one, or to invalidate the authority of the other, but only to account for them consistently with God's wisdom, and benevolence: those charged upon natural religion have been readily enough agreed to, but those imputed to revelation have offended many, who have from thence considered the whole of this inquiry as intended secretly to undermine the foundations of Christianity, than which nothing can be more averse from the intentions, as well as from the sentiments of the Author; but indeed many late deistical writers have attacked that religion so unfairly, by insinuating many cavils; which they dared not express, that they have made it very difficult for any one to treat freely on that subject, without incurring the suspicion of the same insincerity: of all such disingenuous artifices the Author sincerely declares his utmost detestation, and begs to be understood to mean all that he expresses, and nothing more: he solemnly professes, that by recounting these imperfections,  
he

he is so far from entertaining any secret designs destructive to that sacred institution, that by it he intended not only to wrest out of the hands of infidelity those weapons, with which it has ever been most successfully assaulted, but also to obviate all those doubts and difficulties, which frequently occur to the minds of thinking men, though no infidels, on viewing the deplorable state in which all human religion has continued throughout all ages, and the ineffectual assistance it has received even from this divine interposition itself, by no means exempted from numberless Evils, and Imperfections: to those, who perceive none of these Imperfections, and consequential Evils, he means not to write, nor desires to let in any new light on their tender organs, which can serve only to disturb their present repose; nor does he aspire to the honour of working for those middle-sized understandings, who can be well fitted with ready-made arguments from every Pulpit: to the learned, impartial, sagacious, and inquisitive, he alone applies, the establishing one of whom in a rational and well-grounded belief of the Christian Religion does more real service to that cause, than the enlisting legions under that denomination whose immoveable faith proceeds only from their ignorance; that is, who believing without any reason, can possibly have no reason for doubting. To account for the Corruption of religion, it was necessary to specify the particular abuses,

abuses, and abusers of it: and here the Author could scarcely overlook the Clergy: but he hopes that nothing has escaped his pen, that can throw the least reflection upon them as Clergy, but as men only, subject to the same imperfections, and actuated by the same passions as other men, and pursuing the ends of self-interest and ambition by the same paths, in which all others would have trod, conducted by the same temptations, and opportunities: he has treated them with no more freedom than he has done Princes and Parliaments, Ministers and Patriots, Conquerors and Heroes, and his work would admit of no partiality; sure he is, that nothing he has said can bear the most distant relation to the present Clergy of this country, whom he sincerely thinks are a body of men as honest, learned, and unprejudiced, as ever existed, and for whose persons, and profession, he has the highest regard. In another part of this Letter there is an assertion, which has given some offence; which is, that every religion must be corrupted as soon as it becomes established; this has been thought a reflection upon all national churches, and a persuasion to schism, and dissention; but those, who think thus, totally misapprehend the tenor of this whole work, which endeavours to prove, that every thing human must be attended with Evils, which therefore ought to be submitted to with patience and resignation; that many imperfections will adhere to all govern-

governments and religions in the hands of men, but that these, unless they rise to an intolerable degree, will not justify our resistance to the one, or our dissention from the other; the assertion itself, the Author cannot retract, but the inference, which he desires may be drawn from it, is by no means favourable to dissentions, because from them he can perceive no remedy, which can accrue to these Evils: for if it was every one's duty to desert a national church on account of those corruptions which proceed from its establishment, and this duty was universally complied with, let us see the consequence! one of these things must necessarily follow: either that some dissention of superior purity, which usually arises from its being a dissention, must be established in its room; or no religion must be established at all: if the first of these methods should take place, the end proposed by it would by itself be entirely defeated; because that purer religion which was established would by that very establishment become equally corrupt with that, which was deserted, and so the same reason would eternally remain for a new dissention: if the latter should be taken, that is, to establish no religion at all; this would be so far from producing the intended reformation, that it would let in such an inundation of enthusiasm, and contradictory absurdities, as must in a short time destroy not only all religion, but all peace, and morality whatever: of which no one can entertain



the least doubt, who is not totally unacquainted both with the nature, and history of mankind. From whence it is plain, that all dissensions from a national church, not in itself sinful, arise from ignorance; that is, from a kind of short-sightedness, which enables men to pry out every imperfection within their reach, but prevents their discerning the more remote necessity for those imperfections, and the danger of amending them.

To conclude, the Author of this inquiry having heard it so much, and as he thought so unjustly calumniated, has reviewed it with all possible care, and impartiality; and though he finds many things in the style, and composition, which have need enough of amendment, he sees nothing in the sentiments which ought to be retracted. His intentions were to reconcile the numerous Evils so conspicuous in the Creation, with the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator; to shew, that no more of them are admitted by him, than are necessary towards promoting universal good; and from thence to persuade men to an intire resignation to his all-wise, but incomprehensible dispensations. To ascertain the nature of virtue, and to enforce the practice of it: to prove the certainty of a future state, and the justice of the rewards and punishments that will attend it: to recommend submission to national governments, and conformity to national religions, notwithstanding



standing the Evils and Defects, which must unavoidably adhere to them; and lastly, to shew the excellence and credibility of the Christian revelation, to reconcile some of its most abstruse doctrines with reason, and to answer all those objections to its authority, which have been drawn from its imperfections, and abuses. These, and these only, were the intentions of the Author; and if, after all, a work so designed, however unably executed, should by the united force of ignorance, and malevolence, of faction, bigotry, and enthusiasm, be represented as introductive of fatalism, immorality, slavery, corruption, and infidelity, he shall be little concerned, and shall only look upon it as an additional instance of that Imperfection of mankind, which he has here treated of: from them he desires only an exemption from calumny: honour and applause he has not the vanity to hope for; these, he knows, they bestow not on their benefactors, or instructors, but reserve for those alone, who deceive, disturb, and destroy them.

L E T.

L E T T E R I.

O N

E V I L in general.

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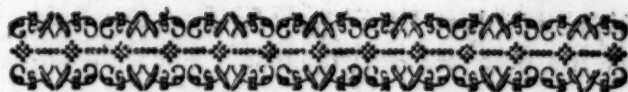
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# L E T T E R I.

On E v i l in general.

S I R,

**H**AVING enjoyed the pleasure of many accidental conferences with you on metaphysical, moral, political, and religious subjects; on which you ever seemed to converse with more sagacity, as well as more candor, than is usual on the like occasions; I imagined it might not be unenterprising either to you, or myself, to put together my sentiments on these important topics, and communicate them to you from time to time as the absence of business, or of more agreeable amusements may afford me opportunity. This I propose to do under the general Title of an Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil; an Inquiry, which will comprehend them all, and

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which,

which, I think, has never been attended to with that diligence it deserves, nor with that success, which might have been hoped for from that little that has been bestowed upon it. The right understanding of this abstruse speculation, I look upon to be the only solid foundation, on which any rational system of Ethicks can be built; for it seems impossible, that men should ever arrive at any just ideas of their Creator, or his Attributes, any proper notions of their relation to him, or their duty to each other, without first settling in their minds some satisfactory solution of this important question, *Whence came Evil?* Whilst we find ourselves liable to innumerable miseries in this life; apprehensive of still greater in another, and can give no probable account of this our wretched situation, what sentiments must we entertain of the justice and benevolence of our Creator, who placed us in it, without our solicitations, or consent? The Works of the Creation sufficiently demonstrate his existence; their beauty, perfection and magnificence, his infinite power and wisdom; but it is the Happiness only, which we enjoy, or hope for, which can convince us of his Goodness.

It is the solution therefore of this important question alone, that can ascertain the moral Characteristic of God, and upon that only must all human Virtue eternally depend.

If

If there's a Power above us;  
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud  
Thro' all her works) he must delight in Virtue;  
And that which he delights in, must be happy.

But should this divine reasoning of the philosopher be at last inconclusive; could we once entertain such blasphemous notions of the Supreme Being, as that He might not delight in Virtue, neither adhere to it himself, nor reward it in others; that He could make any part of his creation miserable, or suffer them to make themselves so without a just cause, and a benevolent end; all moral considerations must be vain, and useless; we can have no rule by which to direct our actions, nor, if we had, any kind of obligation to pursue it: nor in this case can any Revelation in the least assist us, the belief of all Revelation being in its own nature subsequent, not only to the belief of God's existence, but of his justice and veracity; for if God can injure us, he may also deceive us; and then there is an end of all distinctions between good and evil, truth and falsehood, and of all confidence in God or Man.

I MEAN not by this to insinuate the least possibility of a doubt concerning the Justice or Goodness of our Creator, but only to shew the importance of this Inquiry, and the utility of it towards



settling our notions of his Attributes, and the regulation of our own behaviour in conformity to them. I intend not by it to prove the benevolence of God, but to reconcile the miseries we see and suffer, with that uncontrovertable benevolence: I design not to shew that God approves Virtue, but that the admission of moral Evil is not inconsistent with that undoubted approbation: nor would I be understood to assert, that our obligation to be virtuous depends on this abstruse Speculation, but only that our right understanding it will remove all doubts concerning the nature of Virtue, and our obligation to pursue it, and fix them on the most firm, and immoveable Basis.

To find out therefore how Evil of any kind can be the production of infinite Goodness, joined with infinite Power, should be the first step in all our religious inquiries; the examination into which wonderful paradox will lead us into many useful and sublime truths; and its perfect comprehension, was that possible for our narrow capacities, would, I doubt not, make as surprising discoveries in the Moral World, as mathematical and physical knowledge have in the Natural.

To clear up this difficulty, some ancient Philosophers have had recourse to the supposition of two first Causes, one Good, and the other Evil, perpetually counteracting each other's designs.

This

This system was afterwards adopted by the *Manichean* Heresy, and has since been defended by the ingenious *Mons. Bayle*: but as the supposition of two first Causes is even in itself a contradiction, and as the whole scheme has been demonstrated by the best metaphysical Writers to be as false as it is impious, all further arguments to disprove it would be needless.

Others have endeavoured to account for this by the introduction of a Golden Age, or Paradi-  
saical State, in which all was innocence and hap-  
piness.

*Pena metusque aberant, nec verba minacia fixo  
Ære legebantur, nec supplex turba timebant  
Judicis ora sui: sed erant sine vindice tuti.*

When Man yet new,  
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,  
And with a native bent did Good pursue;  
Unfore'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,  
His words were simple, and his soul sincere:  
Needless was written law, when none oppress'd,  
The law of Man was written in his breast:  
No suppliant crowds before the Judge appear'd,  
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard,  
But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.

*Ver erat æternum, placidisque serpentibus auris  
Mulcebant Zephyri natos sine semine flores;*

*Mex etiam fruges tellus inarata ferebat,  
 Nec renovatus ager gravidis canebat aristis,  
 Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant,  
 Flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella.*

The flow'rs unsown in fields and meadows reign'd,  
 And Western Winds immortal spring maintain'd.  
 In following years the bearded corn ensu'd  
 From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd.  
 From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke,  
 And honey sweated from the pores of Oak.

Amusing dreams! as absurd in philosophy, as in poetry delightful! For tho' it is probable, from the most ancient histories, as well as from analogy drawn from the rest of Nature's productions, that the World might be more happy and more innocent in its infancy, than in more advanced Ages; yet that it could ever be totally free from Vice and Misery, may easily, I think, be proved impossible, both from the nature of this terrestrial Globe, and the nature of its Inhabitants. So that these enchanting Scenes can in fact never have existed: but, if they had, the short duration of this perfection is equally inconsistent with infinite Power, joined to infinite Wisdom and Goodness, as any original imperfection whatever. Fables then of this kind can never in the least account for the Origin of Evil: they are all but mean expedients, which will never be able to take away the

the difficulty, and can at most but obscure it, by shifting it a little backward into a less clear light; like that *Indian* philosophy, accounting for the support of the World, which informs us, that it is sustained by a vast Elephant, and that Elephant by a Tortoise, and then prudently drops any further inquiry.

THE Divines and Moralists of later Ages seem perfectly satisfied that they have loosed this Gordian knot, by imputing the source of all Evil to the abuse of Free-will in Created Beings. God, they say, never designed any such thing should exist as Evil, moral or natural; but that giving to some Beings, for good and wise purposes, a power of Free-agency, they perverted this power to bad ends, contrary to his intentions and commands; and thus their accidental wickedness produced consequential Misery. But to suppose in this manner, that God intended all things to be good and happy, and at the same time gave being to creatures able and willing to obstruct his benevolent designs, is a notion so inconsistent with his wisdom, goodness, omniscience, and omnipotence, that it seems equally unphilosophical, and more evidently absurd, than the other. They have been led into this error by ridiculously judging of the dispensations of a Creator to his Creatures, by the same rules which they apply to the dealings of Men towards each other; between which there

is not the least proportion or similitude. A Man who endeavours, to the utmost of his power, to make others virtuous and happy, however unsuccessful, is sufficiently justified; but in a Being omnipotent and omniscient, the Cause of all causes, the Origin of all thought, will, and action; who sees all things past, present, and to come, in one instantaneous view, the case is widely different; his active and permissive will must be exactly the same; and, in regard to him, all consequential and future Evils, thro' every moment of time, are actually present.

SINCE therefore none of these pretended solutions can, I am certain, give satisfaction to your comprehensive understanding, let us now try to find out one more rational, and more consistent with the analogy of every thing around us.

THAT there is a Supreme Being infinitely powerful, wise, and benevolent, the great Creator and Preserver of all things, is a truth so clearly demonstrated, that it shall here be taken for granted. That there is also in the universal system of Things, the works of his almighty hand, much misery and wickedness, that is, much natural and moral Evil, is another truth, of which every hour's fatal experience cannot fail to convince us. How these two undoubted, yet seeming contradictory truths can be reconciled, that is, how  
Evils



Evils of any sort could have place in the works of an omnipotent and good Being, is very difficult to account for. If we assert that he could not prevent them, we destroy his power; if that he would not, we arraign his goodness; and therefore his power and goodness cannot both be infinite.

BUT however conclusive this argument may seem, there is somewhere or other an error in it; and this error I take to arise from our wrong notions of omnipotence. Omnipotence cannot work contradictions, it can only effect all possible things. But so little are we acquainted with the whole system of Nature, that we know not what are possible, and what are not: but if we may judge from that constant mixture of pain with pleasure, and of inconvenience with advantage, which we must observe in every thing around us, we have reason to conclude, that to endue created Beings with perfection, that is, to produce Good exclusive of Evil, is one of those impossibilities which even infinite Power cannot accomplish.

THE true solution then of this incomprehensible paradox must be this, that all Evils owe their existence solely to the necessity of their own natures; by which I mean, they could not possibly have been prevented, without the loss of some superior Good, or the permission of some greater  
Evil



Evil than themselves; or that many Evils will unavoidably insinuate themselves by the natural relations and circumstances of things, into the most perfect system of Created Beings, even in opposition to the will of an almighty Creator, by reason they cannot be excluded without working contradictions; which not being proper objects of power, it is no diminution of omnipotence to affirm that it cannot effect them.

AND here it will be proper to make a previous apology for an expression, which will frequently occur in the following pages, which is, that God cannot do such and such things; by which is always to be understood not any retrenchment of the divine omnipotence, but only that such things are in their own natures impracticable, and impossible to be performed.

THAT the Almighty should be thus limited, and circumscribed by the nature of things, of which he himself is the Author, may to some seem not very intelligible: but surely it is not at all difficult to conceive, that in every possible method of ordering, disposing, and framing the universal system of things, such numberless inconveniences might necessarily arise, that all that infinite Power and Wisdom could do, was to make choice of that method, which was attended with the least and fewest; and this not proceeding from any defect

defect of power in the Creator, but from that imperfection which is inherent in the nature of all created things.

THIS necessity, I imagine, is what the Ancients meant by Fate, to which they fancied that *Jupiter*, and all the Gods, were obliged to submit, and which was to be controuled by no Power whatever. The *Stoicks* seem to have had some dark and unintelligible notions of this kind, which they neither understood themselves, nor knew how to explain to others; that the untractableness of Matter was the cause of Evil; that God would have made all things perfect, but that there was in Matter an evil bias repugnant to his benevolence, which drew another way, whence arose all manner of Evils. Of the like kind is a Maxim of the same Philosophers, That Pain is no Evil; which, if asserted with regard to the individuals who suffer it, is downright nonsense; but if considered as it affects the universal System, is an undoubted truth, and means only that there is no more pain in it than what is necessary to the production of happiness. How many soever of these Evils then force themselves into the Creation, so long as the Good preponderates, it is a work well worthy of infinite Wisdom and Benevolence; and notwithstanding the imperfections of its parts, the whole is most undoubtedly perfect.

HENCE

HENCE then we may plainly see that much Evil may exist, not at all inconsistent with the power and goodness of God: and the further we pursue this clue, the more we shall at every step discern new lights break out, which will discover clearly numberless examples, where the infinite power and goodness of God is fairly reconcileable with the misery and wickedness of his Creatures, from the impossibility of preventing them; and if, in the very small part of the universal System that lies within the reach of our imperfect capacities, many instances of this kind appear, in which they are visibly consistent, we ought with the utmost assurance to conclude, what is undoubtedly true, that they are really so in all, tho' we are not able to comprehend them. This is the kind of Faith most worthy of the human understanding, and most meritorious in the sight of God, as it is the offspring of Reason, as well as the Parent of all Virtue and Resignation to the just, but unscrutable dispensations of Providence.

BUT, in order more clearly to explain this abstruse speculation, it will be necessary to divide Evils into their different species, and bestow on each a separate consideration. This I shall do under the following heads: Evils of Imperfection,

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Natural Evils, Moral Evils, Political Evils, and Religious Evils; which, I think, will comprehend most of those to which human Nature is unhappily liable. And now, Sir, lest I should add one more Evil to this melancholy Catalogue, which is that of a long and tedious Epistle, I shall reserve the examination into each of these particulars for the subject of a future Letter; and conclude this, by assuring you, that I am,

S I R, &c.

LET.

OFFICE OF THE

Commissioner of the  
General Land Office  
Washington, D. C.  
The following is a list of the  
lands which have been  
acquired by the United States  
Government since the year  
1860, and which are now  
under the management of the  
General Land Office.

1. The lands which were  
acquired by the United States  
Government in the year 1860.

2. The lands which were  
acquired by the United States  
Government in the year 1861.

3. The lands which were  
acquired by the United States  
Government in the year 1862.

4. The lands which were  
acquired by the United States  
Government in the year 1863.

5. The lands which were  
acquired by the United States  
Government in the year 1864.

6. The lands which were  
acquired by the United States  
Government in the year 1865.

7. The lands which were  
acquired by the United States  
Government in the year 1866.

8. The lands which were  
acquired by the United States  
Government in the year 1867.

9. The lands which were  
acquired by the United States  
Government in the year 1868.

10. The lands which were  
acquired by the United States  
Government in the year 1869.

L E T T E R    I I .

O N

E V I L S of Imperfection.

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J. E. T. M. R.

Ch.

Evils of Impediment

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## L E T T E R II.

### On EVILS of Imperfection.

S I R,

**I**N pursuance of the plan proposed in my last, I shall now proceed to examine into the Nature of each particular kind of Evil, and in the first place of those therein denominated Evils of Imperfection; which are in truth no Evils at all, but rather the absence of some comparative Good; and therefore I shall not have occasion to detain you long on this part of my subject.

No system can possibly be formed, even in imagination, without a subordination of parts. Every animal body must have different members, subservient to each other; every picture must be composed of various colours, and of light and shade; all harmony must be formed of trebles, tenors, and basses; every beautiful and useful edifice

must consist of higher and lower, more and less magnificent apartments. This is in the very essence of all created things, and therefore cannot be prevented by any means whatever, unless by not creating them at all: for which reason, in the formation of the Universe, God was obliged, in order to carry on that just subordination so necessary to the very existence of the whole, to create Beings of different ranks; and to bestow on various species of animals, and also on the individuals of the same species, various degrees of understanding, strength, beauty, and perfection; to the comparative want of which advantages we give the names of folly, weakness, deformity, and imperfection, and very unjustly repute them Evils; whereas in truth they are blessings as far as they extend, tho' of an inferior degree. They are no more actual Evils, than a small estate is a real misfortune, because many may be possessed of greater.

WHATEVER we enjoy, is purely a free gift from our Creator; but that we enjoy no more, can never sure be deemed an injury, or a just reason to question his infinite benevolence. All our happiness is owing to his goodness; but that it is no greater, is owing only to ourselves, that is, to our not having any inherent right to any happiness, or even to any existence at all. This is no more to be imputed to God, than the wants of a beggar

to the person who has relieved him; that he had something, was owing to his benefactor; but that he had no more only to his original poverty.

THEY who look upon the privation of all the good they see others enjoy, or think possible for infinite power to bestow, as positive Evil, understand not that the Universe is a system whose very essence consists in subordination; a scale of Beings descending by insensible degrees from infinite perfection to absolute nothing; in which, tho' we may justly expect to find perfection in the whole, could we possibly comprehend it; yet would it be the highest absurdity to hope for it in all its parts, because the beauty and happiness of the whole depend altogether on the just inferiority of its parts, that is, on the comparative imperfections of the several Beings of which it is composed.

It would have been no more an instance of God's wisdom to have created no Beings but of the highest and most perfect order, than it would be of a painter's art, to cover his whole piece with one single colour the most beautiful he could compose. Had he confined himself to such, nothing could have existed but demi-gods, or archangels, and then all inferior orders must have been void and uninhabited: but as it is surely more agreeable to infinite benevolence, that all these should be filled up with Beings capable of

enjoying happiness themselves, and contributing to that of others, they must necessarily be filled with inferior Beings, that is, with such as are less perfect, but from whose existence, notwithstanding that less perfection, more felicity upon the whole accrues to the Universe, than if no such had been created. It is moreover highly probable, that there is such a connection between all ranks and orders by subordinate degrees, that they mutually support each other's existence, and every one in its place is absolutely necessary towards sustaining the whole vast and magnificent fabric.

You see therefore, that it is utterly impracticable, even for infinite power, to exclude from Creation this necessary inferiority of some Beings in comparison with others. All that it can do is to make each as happy as their respective situations will permit : and this it has done in so extraordinary a manner, as to leave the benevolence of our great Creator not to be doubted of ; for tho' he cannot make all superior, yet in the dispensations of his blessings, his wisdom and goodness both are well worthy the highest admiration ; for, amongst all the wide distinctions which he was obliged to make in the dignity and perfections of his Creatures, he has made much less in their happiness than is usually imagined, or indeed can be believed from outward appearances. He has given many advantages to Brutes, which Man

cannot attain to with all his superiority, and many probably to Man which are denied to Angels; amongst which his ignorance is perhaps none of the least. With regard to him, tho' it was necessary to the great purposes of human life to bestow riches, understanding, and health, on individuals in very partial proportions; yet has the Almighty so contrived the nature of things, that happiness is distributed with a more equal hand. His goodness, we may observe, is always striving with these our necessary imperfections, and setting bounds to the inconveniences it cannot totally prevent, by balancing the wants, and repaying the sufferings of all by some kind of equivalent naturally resulting from their particular situations and circumstances. Thus, for example, poverty, or the want of riches, is generally compensated by having more hopes, and fewer fears, by a greater share of health, and a more exquisite relish of the smallest enjoyments, than those who possess them are usually blessed with. The want of taste and genius, with all the pleasures that arise from them, are commonly recompenced by a more useful kind of common-sense, together with a wonderful delight, as well as success, in the busy pursuits of a scrambling World. The sufferings of the Sick are greatly relieved by many trifling gratifications imperceptible to others, and sometimes almost repaid by the inconceivable transports occasioned by the return of health and vi-



gour. Folly cannot be very grievous, because imperceptible; and I doubt not but there is some truth in that rant of a mad Poet, that there is a pleasure in being mad, which none but Madmen know. Ignorance, or the want of knowledge and literature, the appointed lot of all born to poverty, and the drudgeries of life, is the only opiate capable of infusing that insensibility which can enable them to endure the miseries of the one, and the fatigues of the other. It is a cordial administered by the gracious hand of Providence, of which they ought never to be deprived by an ill-judged and improper Education. It is the basis of all subordination, the support of society, and the privilege of individuals: and I have ever thought it a most remarkable instance of the Divine Wisdom, that whereas in all animals, whose individuals rise little above the rest of their species, knowledge is instinctive; in Man, whose individuals are so widely different, it is acquired by Education; by which means the Prince and the Labourer, the Philosopher and the Peasant, are in some measure fitted for their respective situations. The same parental care extends to every part of the animal creation. Brutes are exempted from numberless anxieties, by that happy want of reflection on past, and apprehension of future sufferings, which are annexed to their inferiority. Those amongst them who devour others, are taught by Nature to dispatch them as easily as possible;

possible; and Man, the most merciless devourer of all, is induced, by his own advantage, to feast those designed for his sustenance, the more luxuriously to feast upon them himself. Thus misery, by all possible methods, is diminished or repaid; and happiness, like fluids, is ever tending towards an Equilibrium.

BUT was it ever so unequally divided, our pretence for complaint could be of this only, that we are not so high in the scale of existence as our ignorant ambition may desire: a pretence which must eternally subsist; because, were we ever so much higher, there would be still room for infinite power to exalt us; and since no link in the chain can be broke, the same reason for disquiet must remain to those who succeed to that chasm, which must be occasioned by our preferment. A Man can have no reason to repine, that he is not an Angel; nor a Horse, that he is not a Man; much less, that in their several stations they possess not the faculties of another; for this would be an insufferable misfortune. And doubtless it would be as inconvenient for a Man to be endued with the knowledge of an Angel, as for a Horse to have the reason of a Man; but, as they are now formed by the consummate wisdom of their Creator, each enjoys pleasures peculiar to his situation: and tho' the happiness of one may perhaps consist in divine Contemplation, of another  
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in the acquisition of wealth and power, and that of a third in wandering amongst limpid streams, and luxuriant pastures ; yet the meanest of these enjoyments give no interruption to the most sublime, but altogether undoubtedly increase the aggregate sum of felicity bestowed upon the Universe. Greatly indeed must that be lessened, were there no Beings but of the highest orders. Did there not, for instance, exist on this terrestrial Globe any sensitive creatures inferior to Man, how great a quantity of happiness must have been lost, which is now enjoyed by millions, who at present inhabit every part of its surface, in fields and gardens, in extended deserts, impenetrable woods, and immense oceans ; by monarchies of Bees, republics of Ants, and innumerable families of insects dwelling on every leaf and flower, who are all possessed of as great a share of pleasure, and a greater of innocence, than their arrogant Sovereign, and at the same time not a little contribute to his convenience and happiness !

Has God, thou Fool ! work'd solely for thy good !  
Thy Joy, thy Pastime, thy attire, thy food !  
Who for thy Table feeds the wanton Fawn,  
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn.  
Is it for thee the Lark ascends and sings ?  
Joy tunes his Voice, joy elevates his Wings.  
Is it for thee the Linnet pours his Throat ?  
Loves of his own, and raptures, swell the note.

The

ORIGIN OF EVIL. 267

The bounding Steed you pompously bestride,  
Shares with his Lord the pleasure and the pride.  
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?  
The birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their grain.  
Thine the full harvest of the Golden Year?  
Part pays, and justly, the deserving Steer.

POPE.

THUS the Universe resembles a large and well-regulated Family, in which all the officers and servants, and even the domestic animals, are subservient to each other in a proper subordination: each enjoys the privileges and perquisites peculiar to his place, and at the same time contributes by that just subordination to the magnificence and happiness of the whole.

It is evident, therefore, that these Evils of Imperfection, proceeding from the necessary inferiority of some Beings in comparison of others, can in no sense be called any Evils at all: but if they could, it is as evident from thence, that there are many which even infinite power cannot prevent; it being sufficiently demonstrable, that to produce a system of created Beings, all supreme in happiness and dignity, a government composed of all Kings, an army of all Generals, or a universe of all Gods, must be impracticable for Omnipotence itself.

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WE have here then made a large stride towards our intended Goal, having at once acquitted the Divine Goodness, and freed Mankind from a numerous train of imaginary Evils, by most clearly shewing them to be no Evils at all; and yet under this head are really comprehended all the Evils we perpetually complain of, except actual pain, the nature of which, and how it came to have a place in the works of an omnipotent and good Being, shall be considered in the next Letter from,

S I R, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R . III.

O N

N A T U R A L E V I L S.



J. H. T. H.

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INTERAL H. W. 2.



# LETTER III.

## ON NATURAL EVILS.

S I R,

**I** Shall now lay before you my free sentiments concerning the Origin of Natural Evils, by which I understand the sufferings of sensitive Beings only; for tempests, inundations and earthquakes, with all the disorders of the material World, are no farther Evils than as they affect the sensitive: so that under this head can be only comprehended pains of body, and inquietudes of mind. That these are real Evils, I readily acknowledge; and if any one is philosopher enough to doubt of it, I shall only beg leave to refer him to a severe fit of sickness, or a tedious law-suit, for farther satisfaction.

THE production of Happiness seems to be the only motive that could induce infinite Goodness.

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to exert infinite Power to create all things : for, to say truth, Happiness is the only thing of real value in existence ; neither riches, nor power, nor wisdom, nor learning, nor strength, nor beauty, nor virtue, nor religion, nor even life itself, being of any importance but as they contribute to its production. All these are in themselves neither Good nor Evil ; Happiness alone is their great end, and they desirable only as they tend to promote it. Most astonishing therefore it must appear to every one who looks round him, to observe all creatures blessed with life and sensation, that is, all creatures made capable of Happiness, at the same time by their own natures condemned to innumerable and unavoidable miseries. Whence can it proceed, that Providence should thus seem to counteract his own benevolent intentions ? To what strange and invisible cause are all these numerous and invincible Evils indebted for their Existence ? If God is a good and benevolent Being, what end could he propose from creation, but the propagation of Happiness ? and if Happiness is the end of all existence, why are not all creatures that do exist happy ?

THE true solution of this important question, so long and so vainly searched for by the philosophers of all ages and all countries, I take to be at last no more than this, That these real Evils proceed from the same source as those imaginary ones  
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of Imperfection before treated of, namely, from that subordination, without which no created system can subsist; all subordination implying imperfection, all Imperfection Evil, and all Evil some kind of inconvenience or suffering; so that there must be particular inconveniences and sufferings, annexed to every particular rank of created Beings by the circumstances of things, and their modes of existence. Most of those to which we ourselves are liable may be easily shewn to be of this kind, the effects only of human nature, and the station Man occupies in the universe: and therefore their Origin is plainly deducible from necessity; that is, they could not have been prevented without the loss of greater good, or the admission of greater Evils than themselves; or by not creating any such creatures as Men at all. And tho' this upon a general view of things, does not so forcibly strike us; yet, on a more minute inspection into every grievance attendant on human nature, it will most evidently appear. Most of these, I think, may be comprehended under the following heads: poverty, labour, inquietudes of mind, pains of body, and death; from none of which we may venture to affirm Man could ever have been exempted, so long as he continued to be Man. God indeed might have made us quite other creatures, and placed us in a world quite otherwise constituted; but then we had been no longer Men; and whatever Beings had occupied

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our stations in the universal System, they must have been liable to the same inconveniences.

POVERTY, for example, is what all could not possibly have been exempted from, not only by reason of the fluctuating nature of human possessions, but because the world could not subsist without it; for had all been rich, none could have submitted to the commands of another, or the drudgeries of life; thence all governments must have been dissolved, arts neglected, and lands uncultivated, and so an universal penury have overwhelmed all, instead of now and then pinching a few. Hence, by the bye, appears the great excellence of Charity, by which Men are enabled by a particular distribution of the blessings and enjoyments of life, on proper occasions, to prevent that poverty, which by a general one Omnipotence itself could never have prevented: so that, by enforcing this duty, God as it were demands our assistance to promote universal happiness, and to shut out misery at every door, where it strives to intrude itself.

LABOUR indeed God might easily have excused us from, since at his command the Earth would readily have poured forth all her treasures without our inconsiderable assistance: but if the severest Labour cannot sufficiently subdue the malignity

of human nature, what plots and machinations, what wars, rapine, and devastation, what profligacy, and licentiousness, must have been the consequences of universal idleness! So that Labour ought only to be looked upon as a task kindly imposed upon us by our indulgent Creator, necessary to preserve our health, our safety, and our innocence.

INQUIETUDES of mind cannot be prevented without first eradicating all our inclinations and passions, the winds and tides that preserve the great Ocean of human life from perpetual stagnation. So long as Men have pursuits; they must meet with disappointments; and whilst they have disappointments, they must be disquieted; whilst they are injured, they must be enflamed with anger; and whilst they see cruelties, they must be melted with pity; whilst they perceive danger, they must be sensible of fear; and whilst they behold Beauty, they must be enslaved by Love: nor can they be exempted from the various anxieties attendant on these various and turbulent passions. Yet without them we should be undoubtedly less happy and less safe; for without anger we should not defend ourselves, and without pity we should not assist others: without fear we should not preserve our lives, and without love they would not be worth preserving.



PAINS of body are perhaps but the necessary consequences of the union of material and spiritual essences; for matter being by nature divisible, when endued with sensibility, must probably be affected by pains and pleasures by its different modifications: wherefore, to have been freed from our sufferings, we must have been deprived of all our sensual enjoyments; a composition by which few surely would be gainers. Besides, the pains of our bodies are necessary to make us continually mindful of their preservation; for what numberless lives would be lost in every trifling pursuit, or flung away in ill humour, was the piercing of a sword no more painful than the tickling of a feather.

DEATH, the last and most dreadful of all Evils, is so far from being one, that it is the infallible cure for all others.

To die is landing on some silent shore,  
Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar;  
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke 'tis o'er.

GARTH.

For, abstracted from the sickness and sufferings usually attending it, it is no more than the expiration of that term of life, God was pleased to bestow on us, without any claim or merit on our part.

part. But was it an Evil ever so great, it could not be remedied but by one much greater, which is by living for ever; by which means our wickedness, unrestrained by the prospect of a future state, would grow so insupportable, our sufferings so intolerable by perseverance, and our pleasures so tiresome by repetition, that no Being in the Universe could be so compleatly miserable as a species of immortal Men. We have no reason therefore to look upon death as an Evil, or to fear it as a punishment, even without any supposition of a future life: but if we consider it as a passage to a more perfect state, or a remove only in an eternal succession of still improving states (for which we have the strongest reasons) it will then appear a new favour from the divine munificence; and a man must be as absurd to repine at dying, as a traveller would be, who proposed to himself a delightful tour thro' various unknown countries, to lament that he cannot take up his residence at the first dirty Inn which he baits at on the road. The instability of human life, or the hasty changes of its successive periods, of which we so frequently complain, are no more than the necessary progress of it to this necessary conclusion; and are so far from being Evils deserving these complaints, that they are the source of our greatest pleasures, as they are the source of all novelty, from which our greatest pleasures are ever derived. The continual succession of Sea-

sons in the human life, by daily presenting to us new scenes, render it agreeable, and, like those of the year, afford us delights by their change, which the choicest of them could not give us by their continuance. In the Spring of Life, the gilding of the sun-shine, the verdure of the fields, and the variegated paintings of the sky, are so exquisite in the Eyes of Infants at their first looking abroad into a new World, as nothing perhaps afterwards can equal. The heat and vigour of the succeeding Summer of Youth ripens for us new pleasures, the blooming maid, the nightly revel, and the jovial chace. The serene Autumn of compleat Manhood feasts us with the golden harvests of our worldly pursuits: nor is the hoary Winter of old age destitute of its peculiar comforts and enjoyments, of which the recollection and relation of those past are perhaps none of the least; and at last Death opens to us a new prospect, from whence we shall probably look back upon the diversions and occupations of this world with the same contempt we do now on our Tops and Hobby-horses, and with the same surprise, that they could ever so much entertain or engage us.

THUS we see all these Evils could never have been prevented even by infinite Power, without the introduction of greater, or the loss of superior good; they are but the necessary consequences of human

human Nature ; from which it can no more be divested, than matter from extension, or heat from motion, which proceed from the very modes of their existence.

If it be objected, that, after all that has been said, there are innumerable miseries entailed upon all things that have life, and particularly on Man ; many diseases of the body, and afflictions of mind, in which Nature seems to play the Tyrant, ingenious in contriving torments for her children ; that we cannot avoid seeing every moment with horror numbers of our fellow-creatures condemned to tedious and intolerable miseries, some expiring on racks, others roasting in flames, some starving in dungeons, others raving in mad-houses ; some broiling in fevers, others groaning whole months under the exquisite tortures of gout and stone : If it be said further, that some men being exempted from many calamities with which others are afflicted, proves plainly that all might have been exempted from all ; the charge can by no means be disputed, nor can it be alledged that infinite Power could not have prevented most of these dreadful calamities. From hence therefore I am persuaded, that there is something in the abstract nature of pain, conducive to pleasure ; that the sufferings of individuals are absolutely necessary to universal happiness ; and that, from connections to us inconceivable, it was impracticable for

Omnipotence to produce the one, without at the same time permitting the other. Their constant and uniform concomitancy thro' every part of Nature with which we are acquainted, very much corroborates this conjecture, in which scarce one instance, I believe, can be produced of the acquisition of pleasure or convenience by any creatures, which is not purchased by the previous or consequential sufferings of themselves or others; pointing out, as it were, that a certain alloy of pain must be cast into the universal mass of created Happiness, and inflicted somewhere for the benefit of the whole. Over what mountains of slain is every mighty Empire rolled up to the summit of Prosperity and Luxury, and what new scenes of desolation attend its fall? To what infinite toil of Men, and other animals, is every flourishing City indebted for all the conveniences and enjoyments of Life, and what vice and misery do those very enjoyments introduce? The pleasures peculiar to the continuing our species are severely paid for by pains and perils in one Sex, and by cares and anxieties in both. Those annexed to the preservation of ourselves are both preceded and followed by numberless sufferings; preceded by the massacres and tortures of various animals preparatory to a feast, and followed by as many diseases lying in wait in every dish to pour forth vengeance on their destroyers. Our riches and honours are acquired by laborious or perilous occupations, and  
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our sports are pursued with scarce less fatigue or danger, and usually attended with distresses and destruction of innocent animals. This universal connection of pain with pleasure seems, I think, strongly to intimate, that pain abstractedly considered must have its uses; and since we may be assured, that it is never admitted but with the reluctance of the supreme Author, those uses must be of the highest importance, tho' we have no faculties to conceive them.

THE human mind can comprehend but a very small part of the great and astonishing whole: for any thing we know, the sufferings (and perhaps the crimes producing those sufferings) of the Inhabitants of this terrestrial Globe may some way or other affect those of the most distant planet, and the whole animal world may be connected by some principle as general as that of attraction in the corporeal, and so the miseries of particular Beings be some way necessary to the happiness of the whole. How these things operate, is indeed to us quite inconceivable; but that they do operate in some such extensive Manner is far, I think, from improbable.

ALL Ages and Nations seem to have had confused notions of the merits of sufferings abstracted from their tendency to any visible good, and have paid the highest honours to those who have voluntarily



luntarily endured them, as to their common benefactors. Many in Christian countries have formerly been fainted for long fasting, for whipping or tormenting themselves, for sitting whole years in uneasy postures, or exposing themselves to the inclemency of the weather on the tops of pillars. Many at this day in the East are almost deified for loading themselves with heavy chains, bending under burthens, or confining themselves in chairs stuck round with pointed nails. Now, if these notions are not totally devoid of all reason and common sense, (and few, I believe, are so which become universal) they can be founded on no other principle than this, of the necessity of pain to produce happiness, which seems another weighty instance of the probability of this ancient and universal opinion, tho' the reasons for it are forgot or unknown, and the practices derived from it big with the most absurd and ridiculous superstitions.

ONE cause, I think, from which many of our severest sufferings may be derived, may be discovered by analogical reasoning, that is, by assimilating those things which are not objects of our understandings, to others which lye within their reach. Man is one link of that vast Chain, descending by insensible degrees, from infinite perfection to absolute nothing. As there are many thousands below him, so must there be many more  
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above him. If we look downwards, we see innumerable species of inferior Beings, whose happiness and lives are dependent on his will ; we see him cloathed by their spoils, and fed by their miseries and destruction, enslaving some, tormenting others, and murdering millions for his luxury or diversion ; is it not therefore analogous and highly probable, that the happiness and life of Man should be equally dependent on the wills of his superiors ? As we receive great part of our pleasures, and even subsistence, from the sufferings and deaths of lower animals, may not these superior Beings do the same from ours, and that by ways as far above the reach of the most exalted human understandings, as the means by which we receive our benefits, are above the capacities of the meanest creatures destined for our service ? The fundamental Error in all our reasonings on this subject, is that of placing ourselves wrong in that presumptuous climax of Beast, Man, and God ; from whence, as we suppose falsely, that there is nothing above us except the Supreme Being, we foolishly conclude that all the Evils we labour under must be derived immediately from his omnipotent hand : whereas there may be numberless intermediate Beings, who have power to deceive, torment, or destroy us, for the ends only of their own pleasure or utility, who may be vested with the same privileges over their inferiors, and as much benefited by the use of them,

them, as ourselves. In what manner these benefits accrue to them, it is impossible for us to conceive; but that impossibility lessens not the probability of this conjecture, which by Analogy is so strongly confirmed.

SHOULD you, Sir, have been lately employed in reading some of those sublime Authors, who, from pride and ignorance, delight to puff up the dignity of Human Nature, the notions here advanced may appear to you absurd and incredible, because inconsistent with that imaginary dignity; and you may object, that it is impossible that God should suffer innocence to be thus afflicted, and reason thus deceived: that tho' he may permit animals made solely for the use of Man to be thus abused for his convenience or recreation; yet that Man himself, the sole possessor of reason, the Lord of this terrestrial globe, his own ambassador, vicegerent, and similitude, should be thus dependent on the will of others, must be utterly inconsistent with the divine Wisdom and Justice. But pray, Sir, what does all this prove, but the importance of a Man to himself? Is not the justice of God as much concerned to preserve the happiness of the meanest Insect which he has called into being, as of the greatest Man that ever lived? Are not all creatures we see made subservient to each others uses? and what is there in Man, that he only should be exempted from this

common fate of all created Beings? The superiority of Man to that of other terrestrial animals is as inconsiderable, in proportion to the immense plan of universal Existence, as the difference of climate between the north and south end of the paper I now write upon, with regard to the heat and distance of the Sun. There is nothing leads us into so many Errors concerning the works and designs of Providence, as that foolish vanity that can persuade such insignificant creatures that all things were made for their service; from whence they ridiculously set up Utility to themselves as the standard of Good, and conclude every thing to be Evil which appears injurious to them or their purposes. As well might a nest of Ants imagine this Globe of Earth created only for them to cast up into hillocks, and cloathed with grain and herbage for their sustenance; then accuse their Creator for permitting spades to destroy them, and plows to lay waste their habitations; the inconveniences of which they feel, but are utterly unable to comprehend their uses, as well as the relations they themselves bear to superior Beings.

It is surprising that none of those Philosophers, who were drove to the supposition of two First Causes, and many other absurdities, to account for the Origin of Evil, should not rather have chosen to impute it to the ministration of intermediate

mediate Beings; and when they saw the happiness of all inferior animals dependent on our wills, should not have concluded, that the good order and well-being of the Universe might require that ours should be as dependent on the wills of superior Beings, accountable like ourselves to one common Lord and Father of all things. This is the more wonderful, because the existence and influence of such Beings has been an article in the Creed of all Religions that have ever appeared in the World. In the beautiful system of the Pagan theology, their Sylvan and Household Deities, their Nymphs, Satyrs, and Fawns, were of this kind. All the barbarous nations that have ever been discovered, have been found to believe and adore intermediate spiritual Beings, both good and evil. The Jewish Religion not only confirms the belief of their existence, but of their tempting, deceiving, and tormenting mankind; and the whole system of Christianity is erected entirely on this foundation.

Thus, Sir, you see the good order of the whole, and the happiness it receives from a proper subordination, will sufficiently account for the sufferings of individuals; and all such should be considered but as the necessary taxes, which every member of this great Republic of the Universe is obliged to pay towards the support of the Community. It is no derogation from the Divine Goodness, that



that these taxes are not always imposed equally in the present state of things; because as every individual is but a part of the great whole, so is the present state but a part of a long, or perhaps an eternal succession of others; and, like a single day in the natural life, has reference to many more, both past and to come. It is but as a page in a voluminous accompt, from which no judgment can be formed on the state of the whole; but of this we may be assured, that the ballance will some time or other be settled with justice and impartiality. The certainty therefore of a future state, in which we, and indeed all Creatures endued with sensation, shall somehow or other exist, seems (if all our notions of Justice are not erroneous) as demonstrable as the Justice of their Creator; for if he is just, all such Creatures must have their account of happiness and misery some where adjusted with equity, and all Creatures capable of virtue and vice must, according to their behaviour, receive rewards and punishments; and, to render these punishments consistent with infinite goodness, they must not only be proportioned to their crimes, but also some way necessary to universal Good; for no Creatures can be called out of their primitive nothing by an all-wise and benevolent Creator, to be losers by their existence, or to be made miserable for no beneficial end, even by their own misbehaviour: so that all future misery, as well as present, must be subservient



vient to happiness, or otherwise infinite Power; joined with infinite Goodness, would have prevented both vice and punishment.

For this reason, amongst all the short-sighted conjectures of Man into the dispensations of Providence and a future State, the ancient doctrine of Transmigration seems the most rational and most consistent with his wisdom and goodness; as by it all the unequal dispensations of things so necessary in one Life, may be set right in another, and all creatures serve the highest and lowest, the most eligible and most burthensome offices of life by an equitable kind of rotation; by which means their rewards and punishments may not only be well proportioned to their behaviour, but also subservient towards carrying on the Business of the Universe, and thus at the same time answer the purposes of both justice and utility. But the pride of man will not suffer us to treat this subject with the seriousness it deserves; but rejects as both impious and ridiculous every supposition of inferior creatures ever arriving at its own imaginary dignity, allowing at the same time the probability of human Nature being exalted to the angelic; a much wider and more extraordinary transition; but yet such a one as may probably be the natural consequence, as well as the reward of a virtuous life: nor is it less likely that our vices may debase us to the servile condition of inferior animals,  
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in whose forms we may be severely punished for the injuries we have done to Mankind when amongst them, and be obliged in some measure to repair them, by performing the drudgeries tyrannically imposed upon us for their service.

FROM what has been said, I think, it plainly appears that numberless Evils do actually exist, which could not have been excluded from the works of infinite goodness even by infinite power; and from hence it may be concluded, that there are none which could; but that God has exerted all his omnipotence to introduce all possible happiness, and, as far as the imperfection of created things would permit, to exclude all misery, that is, all natural Evil, from the universal system; which notwithstanding will introduce itself in many circumstances, even in opposition to infinite Power.

THE Origin of Moral Evil lies much deeper, and I will venture to assert has never yet been fathomed by the short line of human understanding. That I shall be able to reach it, I have by no means the vanity to imagine: but, laying aside all pre-conceived opinions and systematical prejudice, I will in my next endeavour to come as near it as lies in the power of,

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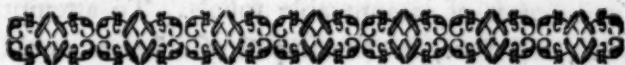
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## L E T T E R IV.

## On MORAL EVIL.

S I R,

**I** Must now leave that plain and easy road thro' which I have hitherto conducted you, and carry you thro' unfrequented paths, and ways untrodden by philosophic feet. Already, I think, the existence of Natural Evil has been sufficiently accounted for, without any derogation from the power, wisdom, or goodness of God. What next remains to be cleared up, is the Origin of Moral Evil; which, consistently with the same Divine Attributes, I have never seen accounted for by any Author ancient or modern, in a manner that could give tolerable satisfaction to a rational Inquirer. Nor indeed can this be ever effectually performed, without at the same time taking into consideration all those most abstruse speculations



concerning the nature of Virtue, Free-will, Fate, Grace, and Predestination, the debates of ages, and matter of innumerable folio's. To attempt this, therefore, in the compass of a Letter would be the highest presumption, did not I well know the clear and ready comprehension of the person to whom it is addressed; and also, that the most difficult of these kinds of disquisitions are usually better explained in a few lines, than by a thousand pages.

In order therefore to find out the true Origin of Moral Evil, it will be necessary, in the first place, to inquire into its nature and essence; or what it is that constitutes one action Evil, and another Good. Various have been the opinions of various Authors on this Criterion of Virtue; and this variety has rendered that doubtful, which must otherwise have been clear and manifest to the meanest capacity. Some indeed have denied that there is any such thing, because different ages and nations have entertained different sentiments concerning it: but this is just as reasonable as to assert, that there are neither Sun, Moon, nor Stars, because Astronomers have supported different systems of the motions and magnitudes of these celestial bodies. Some have placed it in conformity to truth, some to the fitness of things, and others to the will of God. But all this is merely superficial: they resolve us not why truth,

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or the fitness of things, are either eligible or obligatory, or why God should require us to act in one manner rather than another. The true reason of which can possibly be no other than this, because some actions produce happiness, and others misery: so that all Moral Good and Evil are nothing more than the production of Natural. This alone it is that makes truth preferable to falsehood, this that determines the fitness of things, and this that induces God to command some actions and forbid others. They who extol the truth, beauty, and harmony of Virtue, exclusive of its consequences, deal but in pompous nonsense; and they who would persuade us, that Good and Evil are things indifferent, depending wholly on the will of God, do but confound the nature of things, as well as all our notions of God himself, by representing him capable of willing contradictions; that is, that we should be, and be happy, and at the same time that we should torment and destroy each other; for injuries cannot be made benefits, pain cannot be made pleasure, and consequently vice cannot be made virtue by any power whatever. It is the consequences therefore of all human actions that must stamp their value. So far as the general practice of any action tends to produce Good, and introduce happiness into the world, so far we may pronounce it virtuous; so much Evil as it occasions, such is the degree of vice it contains. I say the

general practice, because we must always remember in judging by this rule, to apply it only to the general species of actions, and not to particular actions; for the infinite wisdom of God, desirous to set bounds to the destructive consequences which must otherwise have followed from the universal depravity of mankind, has so wonderfully contrived the nature of things, that our most vicious actions may sometimes accidentally and collaterally produce Good. Thus, for instance, robbery may disperse useless hoards to the benefit of the public; Adultery may bring heirs, and good humour too, into many families, where they would otherwise have been wanting; and Murder free the world from tyrants and oppressors. Luxury maintains its thousands, and Vanity its ten thousands. Superstition and Arbitrary Power contribute to the grandeur of many nations, and the liberties of others are preserved by the perpetual contentions of avarice, knavery, selfishness, and ambition: and thus the worst of vices, and the worst of Men, are often compelled by Providence to serve the most beneficial purposes, contrary to their own malevolent tendencies and inclinations; and thus private vices become public benefits by the force only of accidental circumstances. But this impeaches not the truth of the Criterion of Virtue before mentioned, the only solid foundation on which any true system of ethicks can be built, the only plain, simple, and uniform rule by which we can pass any judgment

ment on our actions; but by this we may be enabled, not only to determine which are good, and which are evil, but almost mathematically to demonstrate the proportion of Virtue or Vice which belongs to each, by comparing them with the degrees of happiness or misery which they occasion. But tho' the production of happiness is the Essence of virtue, it is by no means the End: the great End is the probation of Mankind, or the giving them an opportunity of exalting or degrading themselves in another state by their behaviour in the present. And thus indeed it answers two most important purposes; those are, the conservation of our happiness, and the test of our obedience: for had not such a test seemed necessary to God's infinite wisdom, and productive of universal Good, he would never have permitted the happiness of Men, even in this life, to have depended on so precarious a tenure, as their mutual good behaviour to each other. For it is observable, that he who best knows our formation, has trusted no one thing of importance to our reason or virtue: he trusts only to our appetites for the support of the individual, and the continuance of our species; to our vanity, or compassion, for our bounty to others; and to our fears, for the preservation of ourselves; often to our vices for the support of Government, and sometimes to our follies for the preservation of our Religion. But since some test of our obedience

dience was necessary, nothing sure could have been commanded for that end so fit and proper, and at the same time so useful, as the practice of virtue; nothing have been so justly rewarded with happiness, as the production of happiness in conformity to the will of God. It is this conformity alone which adds merit to virtue, and constitutes the essential difference between Morality and Religion. Morality obliges Men to live honestly and soberly, because such behaviour is most conducive to public happiness, and consequently to their own; Religion, to pursue the same course, because conformable to the will of their Creator. Morality induces them to embrace Virtue from prudential considerations; Religion, from those of gratitude and obedience. Morality therefore, entirely abstracted from Religion, can have nothing meritorious in it; it being but wisdom, prudence, or good œconomy, which, like health, beauty, or riches, are rather obligations conferred upon us by God, than merits in us towards him; for tho' we may be justly punished for injuring ourselves, we can claim no reward for self-preservation; as suicide deserves punishment and infamy, but a Man deserves no reward or honours for not being guilty of it. This I take to be the meaning of all those passages in our Scriptures in which Works are represented to have no merit without Faith; that is, not without believing in historical facts, in creeds, and articles; but without  
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being done in pursuance of our belief in God, and in obedience to his commands \*. And now, having mentioned Scripture, I cannot omit observing, that the Christian is the only religious or moral Institution in the world that ever set in a right light these two material points, the Essence, and the End of Virtue; that ever founded the one in the production of happiness, that is, in universal benevolence, or, in their language, Charity to all Men; the other, in the probation of Man, and his obedience to his Creator. Sublime and magnificent as was the philosophy of the Ancients, all their moral systems were deficient in these two important articles. They were all built on the sandy foundations of the innate beauty of virtue,

\* What was that Faith which the Author of the Christian Religion indispensably required in all his disciples? It could not be a literal and implicit belief of the divine inspiration of all the Books of the Old Testament; and consequently of all the History, Chronology, Geography, and Philosophy contained in them; because to these the Jews, who rejected it, adhered with the most superstitious exactness: it could not be the same kind of belief in the Writings of the New Testament, because these in his Life-time had no existence: much less could it consist in a blind assent to the numberless explanations of these Books, and least of all in the Belief of Creeds, Articles, and theological Systems founded on such explanations; for all these were the productions of later Ages. It must therefore have been this, and this alone; a sincere Belief in the divine Authority of his Mission, and a constant practice of all Moral Duties from a sense of their being agreeable to his commands.

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or enthusiastic patriotism ; and their great point in view was the contemptible reward of human glory ; foundations which were by no means able to support the magnificent structures which they erected upon them ; for the beauty of virtue, independent of its effects, is unmeaning nonsense ; patriotism which injures mankind in general for the sake of a particular country, is but a more extended selfishness, and really criminal ; and all human glory but a mean and ridiculous delusion. The whole affair then of Religion and Morality, the subject of so many thousand volumes, is in short no more than this : the Supreme Being, infinitely good, as well as powerful, desirous to diffuse happiness by all possible means, has created innumerable ranks and orders of Beings, all subservient to each other by proper subordination. One of these is occupied by Man, a creature endued with such a certain degree of knowledge, reason, and free-will, as is suitable to his situation, and placed for a time on this globe as in a school of probation and education. Here he has an opportunity given him of improving or debasing his nature, in such a manner as to render himself fit for a rank of higher perfection and happiness, or to degrade himself to a state of greater imperfection and misery ; necessary indeed towards carrying on the business of the Universe, but very grievous and burthenome to those individuals, who, by their own misconduct, are obliged to

submit to it. The test of this his behaviour, is doing good, that is, co-operating with his Creator, as far as his narrow sphere of action will permit, in the production of happiness. And thus the happiness and misery of a future state will be the just reward or punishment of promoting or preventing happiness in this. So artificially by this means is the nature of all human virtue and vice contrived, that their rewards and punishments are woven as it were into their very essence; their immediate effects give us a foretaste of their future; and their fruits in the present life, are the proper samples of what they must unavoidably produce in another. We have Reason given us to distinguish these consequences, and regulate our conduct; and lest that should neglect its post, Conscience is also appointed as an instinctive kind of monitor, perpetually to remind us both of our interest and our duty.

WHEN we consider how wonderfully the practice of Virtue is thus enforced by our great Creator, and that all which he requires of us under that title is only to be happy, that is, to make each other so; and when at the same time we look round us, and see the whole race of mankind thro' every successive generation tormenting, injuring, and destroying each other, and perpetually counteracting the gracious designs of their Maker, it is a most astonishing paradox how all this comes

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to pass; why God should suffer himself to be thus defeated in his best purposes by creatures of his own making; or why Man should be made with dispositions to defeat them at the expence of his own present and future happiness; why infinite Goodness should form Creatures inclined to oppose its own benevolent designs, or why infinite Power should thus suffer itself to be opposed.

THERE are some, I know, who extricate themselves from this difficulty very concisely by asserting, that there is in fact no such original depravity, no such innate propensity to vice in human nature; but as this assertion is directly contrary to the express declaration of the Scriptures, to the opinion of the Philosophers and Moralists of all ages, and to the most constant, and unvariable experience of every hour; I think they no more deserve an answer, than they who would affirm, that a stone has no tendency to the center by its natural gravity, or that flame has no inclination to ascend.

BUT the usual solution applied to this difficulty by the ablest Philosophers and Divines, with which they themselves, and most of their readers, seem perfectly satisfied, is comprehended in the following reasoning: That Man came perfect out of the hands of his Creator, both in virtue and happiness; but it being more eligible that he should be a free-agent than a mere machine, God endued him with Free-

dom of will ; from the abuse of which Freedom, all Misery and Sin, that is, all Natural and Moral Evils, derive their existence : from all such therefore the Divine Goodness is sufficiently justified, by reason they could not be prevented without the loss of superior Good, for to create Men free, and at the same time compel them to be virtuous, is utterly impossible.

BUT whatever air of demonstration this argument may assume, by whatever fam'd Preachers it may have been used, or by whatever learned Audiences it may have been approved, I will venture to affirm, that it is false in all its Principles, and in its Conclusion also ; and I think it may be clearly shewn, that God did not make Man absolutely perfect, nor absolutely free : nor, if he had, would this in the least have justified the introduction of wickedness and misery.

THAT Man came perfect, that is, endued with all possible perfections, out of the hands of his Creator, is evidently a false notion derived from the Philosophers of the first ages, founded on their ignorance of the Origin of Evil, and inability to account for it on any other hypothesis : they understood not that the universal System required Subordination, and consequently comparative Imperfections ; nor that in the Scale of Beings there must be somewhere such a creature as Man with  
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all his infirmities about him: that the total removal of these would be altering his very nature; and that as soon as he became perfect he must cease to be Man. The truth of this, I think, has been sufficiently proved; and besides, the very supposition of a Being originally perfect, and yet capable of rendering itself wicked and miserable, is undoubtedly a Contradiction, that very power being the highest imperfection imaginable.

THAT God made Man perfectly free is no less false: Men have certainly such a degree of Free-will as to make them accountable, and justly punishable for the abuse of it; but absolute and independent Free-will is what, I believe, no created Being can be possessed of. Our actions proceed from our Wills, but our Wills must be derived from the natural dispositions implanted in us by the Author of our Being: wrong elections proceed from wrong apprehensions, or unruly passions; and these from our original Frame or accidental Education: these must determine all our actions, for we have no power to act differently, these previous circumstances continuing exactly the same. Had God thought proper to have made all Men with the same heads, and the same hearts, which he has given to the most virtuous of the species, they would all have excelled in the same virtues; or had the Bias implanted in Human Nature drawn as strongly towards the good



good side, as it now apparently does towards the bad, it would have operated as successfully, and with as little infringement on human Liberty: Men, as well as all other animals, are exactly fitted for the purposes they are designed for; and have inclinations and dispositions given them accordingly: He, who implanted patience in the lamb, obedience in the horse, fidelity in the dog, and innocence in the dove, might as easily have inspired the breast of Man with these and all other virtues; and then his actions would have certainly corresponded with his Formation: therefore, in the strict philosophical Sense, we have certainly no Free-will; that is, none independent of our Frame, our Natures, and the Author of them.

BUT were both these propositions true, were Men originally created both perfect and free, yet this would by no means justify the introduction of moral Evil; because, if his perfection was immediately to be destroyed by his Free-will, he might as well never have been possessed of the one, and much better have been prevented from making use of the other: let us dispute therefore as long as we please, it must eternally be the same thing, whether a Creator of infinite power and knowledge, created Beings originally wicked and miserable, or gave them a power to make themselves so, fore-knowing they would employ that power to their own destruction.



If moral Evil therefore cannot be derived from the Abuse of Free-will in Man, from whence can we trace its origin? Can it proceed from a just, a wise, and a benevolent God? Can such a God form Creatures with dispositions to do Evil, and then punish them for acting in conformity to those Evil dispositions? Strange and astonishing indeed must this appear to us, who know so little of the universal Plan! but it is far, I think, from being irreconcilable with the justice of the Supreme disposer of all things: for let us but once acknowledge the truth of our first great proposition, (and most certainly true it is) that natural Evils exist from some necessity in the nature of things, which no power can dispense with or prevent, the expediency of moral Evil will perhaps follow on course: for if misery could not be excluded from the works of a benevolent Creator by infinite power, these miseries must be endured by some creatures or other for the good of the whole: and if there were none capable of wickedness, then they must fall to the share of those who are perfectly innocent. Here again we see our difficulties arise from our wrong notions of Omnipotence, and forgetting how many difficulties it has to contend with: in the present instance it is obliged either to afflict Innocence, or be the cause of Wickedness; it has plainly no other Option: what then could infinite Wisdom, Justice, and Goodness do in this situation more consistent with

with itself, than to call into being Creatures formed with such depravity, in their dispositions, as to induce many of them to act in such a manner as to render themselves proper subjects for such necessary sufferings; and yet at the same time endued with such a degree <sup>a</sup> of Reason and Free-will as to put it in the power of every individual to escape them by their good behaviour: such a Creature is Man; so corrupt, base, cruel and wicked as to convert these unavoidable miseries into just punishments, and at the same time so sensible of his own depravity and the fatal conse-

<sup>a</sup> Some have asserted that there can be no degrees of Free-will, but that every Being must be absolutely free; or possessed of no Freedom at all: and this seems to have been the principal error that has led those who have supported both sides of this Question into so many absurdities; as it well might, since they were both equally wrong in espousing a proposition, which contradicts both reason, and experience. Brutes have a certain degree of Free-will; else why do we correct them for their misbehaviour, or why do they amend upon correction? Yet certainly they have not so great a degree, as ourselves. A man raving mad is not; nor is considered as a Free-agent; a man less mad has a greater portion of Freedom; and a man not mad at all has the greatest; but still the degree of his Freedom must bear a proportion to the weakness of his understanding, and the strength of his passions, and prejudices; all which are a perversion of reason; and madness as far as they extend, and operate on Free-will in the very same manner: so that it is so far from being true, that all men are equally free, that probably there are no two men, who are possessed of exactly the same degree of Freedom.

quences of guilt, as to be well able to correct the one, and to avoid the other. Here we see a substantial Reason for the depravity of Man, and the admittance of Moral Evil in these circumstances seems not only compatible with the justice of God, but one of the highest instances of his consummate wisdom in ordering and disposing all things in the best manner their imperfect natures will admit.

I PRESUME not by what has been here said to determine on the councils of the Almighty, to triumph in the compleat discovery of the Origin of Moral Evil, or to assert that this is the certain or sole cause of its existence; I propose it only as a Guess concerning the reason of its admission, more probable, and less derogatory from the divine wisdom, and justice, than any, that has hitherto been offered for that purpose.

THERE is undoubtedly something farther in the general Depravity of Mankind than we are aware of, and probably many great and wise ends are answered by it to us totally incomprehensible. God, as has been shewn, would never have permitted the existence of Natural Evil, but from the impossibility of preventing it without the loss of superior Good: and on the same principle the admission of Moral Evil is equally consistent

with the divine Goodness: and who is he so knowing in the whole stupendous system of Nature as to assert, that the Wickedness of some Beings may not, by means unconceivable to us, be beneficial to innumerable unknown Orders of others? or that the Punishments of some may not contribute to the Felicity of numbers infinitely superior?

To this purpose the learned Hugenius says with great sagacity, *Præterea credibile est, ipsa illa animi vitia magnæ hominum parti, non sine summo concilio data esse: Cum enim Dei providentiâ talis sit Tellus, ejusque incolæ, quales cernimus, absurdum enim foret existimare omnia hæc alia facta esse, quam ille voluerit, sciveritque futura* \*.

BUT let us not forget that this necessity of Vice and Punishment, and its subserviency to public Good, makes no alteration in their natures with regard to Man; for, tho' the wisdom of God may extract from the wickedness of Men some remote benefits to the Universe; yet that alters not the case with regard to them, nor in the least extenuates their Guilt. He has given them reason sufficient to inform them, that their injuries to each other are displeasing to him, and Free-will sufficient to refrain from such actions, and may

\* Cosmotheoros, Lib. 1. p. 34.

therefore punish their disobedience without any infringement of justice: he knows indeed, that though none are under any compulsion to do Evil, yet that they are all so framed, that many will certainly do it; and He knows also that incomprehensible secret why it is necessary that many should: but his knowledge having no relation to their determinations renders not their vices less criminal, nor the punishment of them less equitable: for, tho' with regard to God, Vice may be perhaps the consequence of Misery; that is, Men may be inclined to Vice in order to render them proper objects of such a degree of Misery as was unavoidably necessary, and previously determined for the sake of public Good, yet, in regard to Man, Misery is the consequence of Vice; that is, all human Vices produce Misery, and are justly punished by its infliction.

If it be objected, that this makes God the Author of Sin, I answer, God is, and must be the Author of every thing; and to say that any thing is, or happens, independent of the First Cause, is to say that something exists, or happens, without any Cause at all. God is the Author, if it may be so expressed, of all the Natural Evils in the Universe; that is, of the fewest possible in the Nature of things; and why may he not be the Author of all Moral Evil in the same manner,  
and



## ORIGIN OF EVIL. 311

and on the same principle? If Natural Evil owes its existence to necessity, why may not Moral? If Misery brings with it its Utility, why may not Wickedness?

“ If storms and earthquakes break not Heav’n’s design,

“ Why then a Borgia or a Cataline!”

WHEREFORE it ought always to be considered, that, tho’ Sin in Us, who see no farther than the Evils it produces, is Evil, and justly punishable; yet in God, who sees the causes and connections of all things, and the necessity of its admission, that admission may be no Evil at all, and that necessity a sufficient vindication of his Goodness.

BUT it may be alledged that this principle totally changes the Nature of Vice, destroys the Criterion before affixed to it, and encourages the universal practice of Wickedness: for if Moral Evil, and the punishment of it, are necessary towards promoting universal Good, then the more wicked men are, the more they promote that Good; and the more they co-operate with their Creator in completing his great and benevolent plan of universal happiness. But this reasoning is extremely fallacious: because no collateral, remote, unknown and undesigned Good resulting from Vice can alter the Nature of it, or divest it of criminality; and moreover if that Good arises



only from its punishment, so far is it from an encouragement to wickedness, that it proves only that the punishment of it is necessary, and unpreventable; nay in its nature incapable of remission, without a penal satisfaction from some Being or other; nor does its co-operation with the designs of Providence render it less criminal, or less worthy of his just indignation: all Histories are filled with instances of the wickedness of Men conspiring to bring about the Councils of the Almighty; such were the ambition and ferocity of the Romans, the obstinacy of the Jews, the cruelty of Herod, and the treachery of Judas; yet were these never esteemed for that reason meritorious, or innocent.

FROM this important proposition, that all Natural Evil derives its existence from necessity, and all Moral from expediency arising from that necessity; I say, from this important proposition, well considered and pursued, such new lights might be struck out as could not fail, if directed by the hands of Learning and Impartiality, to lead the human Mind thro' the unknown regions of speculation, and to produce the most surprising and useful discoveries in Ethics, Metaphysics, and in Christianity too: I add Christianity, because it is a Master-Key, which will, I am certain, at once unlock all the mysterious and perplexing doctrines of that amazing Institution, and explain fairly, without

without the least assistance from theological artifice, all those abstruse speculations of Original Sin, Grace, and Predestination, and vicarious punishments, which the most learned, for want of this clue, have never yet been able to make consistent with Reason or Common-sense.

IN the first place, for instance, the Doctrine \* of Original Sin is really nothing more than the very System here laid down, into which we have been led by closely pursuing Reason, and without which the Origin of Moral Evil cannot be accounted for on any principle whatever. Indeed, according to the common notions of the absolute Omnipotence of God, and the absolute Free-will in Man, it is most absurd and impious, as it represents the Deity voluntarily bringing Men into Being with depraved Dispositions, tending to no good purposes, and then arbitrarily punishing them for the sins which they occasion with torments which answer no ends, either of their reformation or utility to the Universe: but when we see, by the foregoing explanation, the difficulties with which Omnipotence was environed, and that it was obliged by the necessity of Natural

\* Original Sin is a contradiction in terms; original signifying innate, and sin the act of an accountable Being: by this expression therefore of Original Sin cannot be meant original or innate Guilt, for that is absolute nonsense, but only an original depravity, or an innate disposition to Sin.

Evils to admit Moral, all these absurdities at once vanish, and the Original Depravity of Man appears fairly consistent with the Justice and even Goodness of his Creator.

THE Doctrines of Predestination and Grace as set forth in the Scriptures, on the most impartial Interpretation, I take to be these: that some Men come into the world with dispositions so extremely bad, that God foreknows that they will certainly be guilty of many crimes, and in consequence be punished for them; that to others He has given better dispositions, and moreover protects them from Vice by a powerful but invisible influence, in the language of those writings, called Grace: this Scheme has appeared to many so partial and unjust, that they have totally rejected it, and endeavoured, by forced interpretations, to explain it quite out of the Bible, in contradiction to all the sense of language, and the whole tenour of those writings: and indeed, on the old plan of God's absolute Omnipotence, uncontrouled by any previous necessity, in the nature of things, to admit both Natural and Moral Evil, it is highly derogatory from His wisdom and goodness; but, on the supposition of that previous Necessity, there appears nothing incredible in it, nor the least inconsistent with divine Justice; because if God was obliged by the nature of things, and for the good of the whole, to suffer some to be wicked,

wicked, and consequently miserable, he certainly might protect others both from guilt and punishment. He in this light may be compared to the commander of a numerous army, who, tho' he is obliged to expose many to danger, and some to destruction, yet protects others with ramparts and covert-ways; but so long as he exercises this power for the good of the whole, these distinctions amongst individuals ought never to be imputed to Partiality or Injustice.

THE Doctrine <sup>a</sup> of Sacrifice, or Vicarious Punishment, is the most universal, and yet exclusive of this plan the most absurd, of all religious Tenets that ever entered into the Mind of Man; so absurd is it, that how it came to be so universal is not easy to be accounted for: Pagans, Jews, and Christians, have all agreed in this one point, tho' differing in all others; and have all treated it as a self-evident principle, that the Sins of one Creature might be atoned for by the Sufferings of another: but from whence they derived this strange opinion, none of them have pretended to give any account, or to produce in its defence the

<sup>a</sup> If the punishments of the wicked serve not some ends with which we are unacquainted, the sufferings of the innocent can possibly bear no manner of relation to them; and consequently the words Sacrifice, Atonement, Propitiation, and Vicarious Punishments can no more have any ideas affixed to them than the ringing of a bell, or the blowing of a trumpet, but are mere sounds, without any meaning at all.

least shadow of a Reason; for that there should be any manner of connection between the Miseries of one Being and the Guilt of another; or that the punishing the Innocent, and excusing the Guilty, should be a mark of God's Detestation of Sin; or, that two acts of the highest Injustice should make one of Justice, is so fundamentally wrong, so diametrically opposite to common-sense, and all our ideas of justice, that it is equally astonishing that so many should believe it themselves or impose it upon others. But on the foregoing theory this also may be a little cleared up, and will by no means appear so very inconsistent with reason: for if a certain quantity of Misery in some part of the Universal System is necessary to the Happiness and Well-being of the Whole; and if this necessity arises from its answering some purposes incomprehensible to the human Understanding; I will ask any impartial Reasoner, Why the Sufferings of one Being may not answer the same Ends, or be as effectual towards promoting Universal Good, as the Sufferings of another? If the Miseries of Individuals are to be looked upon as taxes which they are obliged to pay towards the support of the Public, why may not the Sufferings of one Creature serve the same purposes, or absolve as much of that necessary tax, as the Sufferings of another, and on that account be accepted as a payment or satisfaction for their sufferings; that is, for the Sufferings due to the Publick Utility from the  
punish-



punishment of their crimes, without which the Happiness of the whole could not subsist, unless they should be replaced by the Sufferings of others? As we are entirely ignorant why misery has any existence at all, or what interest it serves in the general System of things, this may possibly be the case, for any thing we know; and that it is not, I am certain no one can affirm with Reason: Reason indeed cannot inform us that it is so, but that it may be, is undoubtedly no contradiction to Reason.

If I mistake not, it might be shewn, that this principle of the necessity of Moral Evil, and its punishment, is the foundation on which the whole fabric of the Christian Dispensation is erected; the principle itself is avowed by the Author of that Dispensation in clear, and express words: *It must needs be*, says he, *that Offences come; but woe unto that Man by whom the Offence cometh*. That is, it is necessary towards compleating the designs of providence, that some Men should commit crimes; but as no Individual is compelled by necessity to commit them, Woe unto all, who are thus guilty. He came, by his excellent precepts, and example, to diminish the quantity of Moral Evil in the World, and of Misery consequential from its punishment, but found it necessary to replace that Misery in some degree by his own voluntary, and unmerited Sufferings: and perhaps  
the

the unparalelled tortures inflicted on his disciples and followers might be also necessary, and subservient to the same purposes;

FROM what has been here said, I think, it is evident that the Origin of Evil is by no means so difficult to account for as at first sight it appears; for it has been plainly shewn that most of those we usually complain of are Evils of Imperfection, which are rather the absence of comparative Advantages than positive Evils, and therefore, properly speaking, no Evils at all; and as such, ought to be intirely struck out of the Catalogue. It has likewise been made appear, that of Natural Evils, which are the sufferings of sensitive Beings, many are but the consequences naturally resulting from the particualar circumstances of particular ranks in the scale of Existence, which could not have been omitted without the destruction of the Whole; and that many more are in all probability necessary, by means to us incomprehensible, to the production of Universal Good. Lastly, it has been suggested, that from this necessity of Natural Evils, may arise the expediency of Moral, without which those necessary Sufferings must have been with less justice inflicted on perfect innocence; and moreover, that it is probable Moral Evil, as well as Natural, may have some ultimate tendency to the Good of the Whole; and that the crimes and punishments of some Beings may, by some means

means or other, totally beyond the reach of our narrow capacities, contribute to the Felicity of much greater Numbers.

THIS plan, Sir, I am persuaded is not far distant from the Truth; and on this Foundation, if I mistake not, a System of Morality and Religion, more compleat and solid, more consistent with Reason, and with Christianity too, might be erected than any which has yet appeared: I heartily wish that some person of more learning, abilities and leisure than myself, (and much more, I am sure, of all it would require) encouraged by your Favour, and assisted by your Sagacity, would undertake it, and condescend to fill up these out-lines so inaccurately sketched out by,

S I R, &c.

L E T-

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF NEW YORK  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME

By J. C. COVIL  
Author of "The History of the City of New York"  
and "The History of the State of New York"  
New York: J. C. COVIL, 1850.

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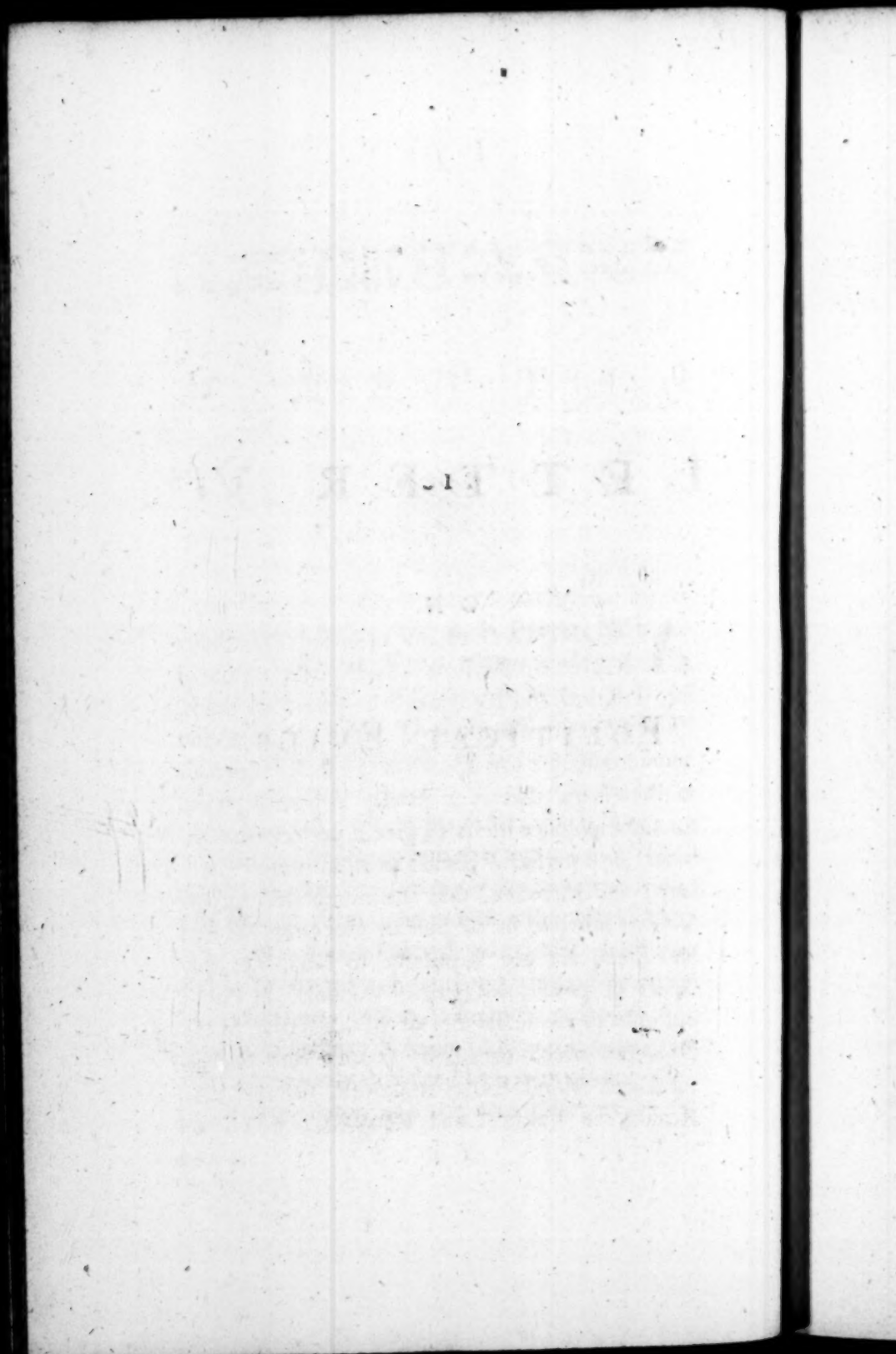
L E T T E R V.

O N

POLITICAL EVILS.

Y







# LETTER V.

## ON POLITICAL EVILS.

SIR,

**A**CCORDING to my proposed Plan there still remain two sorts of Evils to be accounted for, Political and Religious; under which heads, (if you are not already tired with so abstruse and unentertaining a correspondence) I shall endeavour to shew you, that it is utterly impossible, even for Omnipotence itself, to give a perfect Government, or a perfect Religion to an imperfect Creature; and therefore, that the numberless imperfections inherent in all human Governments and Religions, are not imputable to God, nor any defect of power, wisdom, or goodness in Him; but only to the inferiority of Man's station in the Universe, which necessarily exposes him to Natural and Moral Evils, and must, for the same Reason, to Political and Religious; which are

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indeed

indeed but the Consequences of the other. Superior Beings may probably form to themselves, or receive from their Creator, Government without Tyranny or Corruption, and Religions without Delusions or Absurdities; but Man cannot: God indeed may remove him into so exalted a Society; but whilst he continues to be Man, he must be subject to innumerable Evils; amongst which those I call Political and Religious are far from being the least.

BUT as these two kinds of Evils are very different, they will require different considerations; I shall therefore in the present confine myself to the Political only; by which I mean all those grievous burthens of Tyranny and Oppression, of Violence and Corruption, of War and Desolation, under which all Ages and Nations have ever groaned on account of Government: little less destructive perhaps to the happiness of Mankind, than even Anarchy itself; but which, notwithstanding, are so woven into the very Essence of all Human Governments from the Depravity of Man, that without them none can be either established, maintained or administered, nor consequently can they be prevented without changing that Depravity into perfection; that is, without a compleat Alteration in Human Nature. How this comes to pass may be easily explained by a short examination first into the nature and origin of Government in  
general,

general, and afterwards into those of particular Forms and Policies; than which nothing has been more commonly misunderstood and misrepresented.

As to Government in general, it is no wonder, that it is so productive of Evil, since its very Nature consists of Power trusted in the hands of such imperfect and vicious Creatures as Men, and exercised over others as imperfect and vicious as themselves; in which there must be Pride, Avarice and Cruelty on one Side; Envy, Ignorance and Obstinacy on the other, and Injustice and Self-Interest on both. Its Origin also arises from the same impure source of human Imperfection; that is, Men being neither wise nor honest enough, to pursue their common or mutual interests without Compulsion, are obliged to submit to some, in order to secure their lives and properties from the depredations of all: but tho' this Necessity drives them into some kind of Government, yet it can never decide who shall govern, because all Men being by nature equal, every one has an equal right to this superiority: this therefore can be determined only by more Imperfections; that is, by the Struggles of Ambition, Treachery, Violence and Corruption; from success in which universal scramble are derived all the mighty Empires of the Earth: One Man at first by some of these methods acquiring the command over a few, then by their aid extending his power over greater

numbers, and at last by the assistance of those numbers, united by the advantage of plundering others, subduing all opposition : and thus we see all human Government is the Offspring of Violence and Corruption, and must inherit the imperfection of both its parents. It is plain also that national Governments can never be supported by any other methods than those by which they were at first raised ; for, being all independent of each other, and retaining still their original inclination to devour each other ; and having no superior tribunal to refer to for justice, they can have no means to secure their own possessions, or to repel their mutual encroachments, but by force, which is called the Right of War ; that is, the right of doing all the wrong that lies in their power : for war, however dignified with honours and encomiums by conquerors and their flatterers, is in fact nothing else but robbery and murder. Nations having no more right to plunder each other than Parishes, nor Men to kill one another in their political than in their private capacities.

If we look into the internal constitutions of all these Governments, we shall find likewise, that they must be administered by the same violence and corruption to which they are indebted for their Origin ; that is, by hiring one part of the society to force the other into subjection ; and that



that none of them ever subsisted any longer than whilst the stronger part, not always the most numerous, found it for their advantage to keep the weaker in obedience: for it should be ever remembered, as the fundamental of all politics, that Men will never submit to each other merely for the sake of public Utility<sup>a</sup>, too remote a benefit to make any impression on the dull senses of the multitude; but must be always beat or bribed into obedience. Higher orders of Beings may submit to each other on nobler motives, from their sense of Virtue or of universal Benefit; but Man can be governed by nothing but the Fear of Punishment or the hopes of Reward; that is, by Self-interest, the great Principle that operates in the political World in the same manner that Attraction does in the natural, preserving order and restraining every thing to its proper course by the

<sup>a</sup> If any one is so ignorant of human nature, as to fancy that they will, let him make the experiment in a single parish, and there, if without Power or Compulsion, Interest or Gratitude, solely by the strength of Reason, and motives of public Advantage, he can persuade the Inhabitants to submit to equal and necessary taxes, to repair roads, build bridges, inclose commons, drain marshes, employ their poor, or perform any works of general Utility: if he can accomplish this, let him retain his opinion; but if he finds it utterly impracticable, let him not expect, that it can ever be done in a whole Nation, in which there are so many more factions, interests and absurdities to contend with.

continual endeavours of every individual to draw all power and property to himself<sup>a</sup>.

If we descend to the examination of particular forms of government, we shall see them all exactly correspond with this general plan; we shall find that none of them owe their Origin to patriarchal power, the divine right of Princes, or the uninfluenced choice of the People; things which never existed but in the idle dreams of visionary politicians; but all to the struggles of Ambition and Self-Interest, subsiding at last into some kind of Policy; either into absolute Monarchy, or some species of popular Government more or less remote from it, as the different parts of it have had Strength or Fortune to prevail; all which must be carried on by the same vitious methods of Violence or Corruption, and consequently be productive of numberless, if not of equal, Evils.

In absolute Monarchies, for instance, great violence must be exercised to keep men, by nature equal, in so unnatural a Subjection; this must produce plots, rebellions, civil wars, and massacres; and these must require more Violence to

<sup>a</sup> There is indeed one other method of Government frequently made use of by the most illustrious Princes and Legislators, that is Fraud: but, as this operates only by the appearance of Self-Interest, it may properly be comprehended under that head.

repress

repress them: but this Violence cannot be used without much Corruption; for it is not the person of the sovereign, his crown and scepter, that can preserve his authority, nor can he destroy thousands with his own hand, like a Hero in a Romance; a powerful army must be kept in pay to enslave the people, and a numerous clergy to deceive them<sup>a</sup>; whose ambition, avarice, luxury and cruelty must be satiated with the blood and treasures of that very People as a reward for their services: hence infinite Evils must arise, the lives, liberties and properties of all must be dependent on the capricious will of One, or, what is worse, on the wills of his pimps, flatterers and favourites: justice must be perverted by favour, and that favour can seldom be obtained but by adulation, fervility and treachery; this produces all kinds of Moral Evils, and these beget more Political.

In Democratical Governments, if there is less Violence there is more Corruption; which in these indeed is the Basis of all Power, and productive of the most mischievous effects; here all things

<sup>a</sup> It has been represented as if the Author by this designed to insinuate, that the whole business of the Clergy was to deceive the people; than which nothing can be more distant from his intentions: all that he means is, that Men will not easily submit to Tyranny unless their consciences are first enslaved; or that Popery is the most effectual support of arbitrary power: a proposition which he supposes no one will presume to contradict.

are at the disposal of an ignorant and giddy Multitude, always led to their own destruction by the flimsy eloquence and pretended patriotism of Knaves, Fools, and enthusiastic Madmen; or commonly of some extraordinary Genius, formed for popularity by a lucky composition of all these excellent ingredients; all subordination is subverted; and the most insolent and vicious of the people must be caressed, bribed and intoxicated, and by that means rendered still more insolent and vicious; and all who by these methods acquire their favour, must be no less vicious than themselves. If in Despotie Governments Power cannot be attained but by Servility and Adulation, in Democratical it can never be acquired but by the more pernicious Vices of Turbulence and Faction; for which reason these are ever sure to be governed by the most wicked, ambitious, avaricious and mischievous of their Members.

Mixed Governments, tho' perhaps productive of fewer Evils than either of the former, yet must necessarily partake of those belonging to both, and be supported by more or less of Violence, as they more or less approach the Despotie; or of Corruption, as they come nearer to the Democratical Principles: the further they shrink from the iron scourges of the one, the more will they be entangled in the golden fetters of the other; for Corruption must always increase in due proportion to

to the decrease of arbitrary Power, since where there is less Power to command obedience, there must be more bribery to purchase it, or there can be no Government at all. These have besides many Evils peculiar to themselves, the very excellence of these sort of Constitutions being productive of inconveniences: for this excellence consisting principally in this, that their different parts are able to counteract each others mischievous intentions, the reins of Government are kept tight only by each pulling a different way, and they subsist by a perpetual contention, like a body kept alive by the opposite effects of contrary poisons: a very precarious and uneasy kind of existence! This exposes them in some measure to all the Evils incident to both absolute and popular Governments, tho' in a less degree: to the oppression of the one, and the licentiousness of the other, to factions at home, weakness abroad, and infinite expence in all parts of their administration: yet are these mixed constitutions the very best that human wisdom could ever discover for the regulation of human Societies.

ALL these Evils arise from the nature of Things and the nature of Man, and not from the Weakness or Wickedness of particular Men, or their accidental ascendancy in particular Governments: the degrees of them may indeed be owing to these, but their existence is immutable. So long as the Imper-



Imperfection of human nature continues, so long will Princes, for the most part, convert that power with which they are trusted for the sake of public Utility, to the ignoble ends of their own avarice, luxury or ambition; so long will the people prefer present Self-interest to remote benefits arising from national prosperity; and so long will corrupt ministers employ this popular venality to their own private advantage; and how many foever are lopt off,

Non deficit aureus alter.

It is the misapprehension of this, that is the fundamental error of all ignorant, but well-meaning, speculative politicians\*, of all others the most untractable in government, and mischievous in business, the engines with which knaves work,

\* It is a strange, but a certain Truth, that in politics most principles speculatively right are practically wrong: to give a few instances of this kind out of many commonly adopted: viz. that those who are possess of most property will fight best in its defence: that national business is most successfully carried on by assemblies of Men uninfluenced and unconnected: that unbounded Liberty, civil and ecclesiastical, is most conducive to public happiness and virtue: all these propositions have reason on their side, but experience against them: they all captivate vulgar minds, because they look like truth, and they look like truth, because they would be true if mankind in general acted upon honest or even upon rational principles; but as in fact they do neither, they are utterly false, and all political structures built on such unstable foundations will inevitably fall to the ground.

and the ladders on which they mount to preferment: who endeavour to destroy all governments, because they are not perfect; and oppose all administrations, because they cannot govern men by such means as they are not designed, or formed to be governed by: who, by a Syſiphæan kind of politics, are ever labouring to roll up a ſtone, that muſt recoil upon them; and to render that faultleſs, which infinite power and wiſdom cannot exempt from inconveniences, abuſes, and imperfections.

SHOULD one enumerate all of this kind, which cannot be excluded from Government without the total alteration of human nature, they would be endleſs; to inſtance but a few: all political bodies, like the natural, muſt have the ſeeds of their own diſſolution ſown in their very eſſence, and like them be deſtroyed by every exceſs; by exceſs of poverty or riches, of ſlavery or liberty, of ignorance or knowledge, of adverſity or proſperity; a ſtrong proof of their imperfection, that they cannot bear exceſs even of the greateſt good; and yet they cannot be formed of more durable materials, ſo long as they are conſtituted of human creatures. All power truſted in the hands of ſo imperfect a creature as Man, muſt be pernicious and oppreſſive, and yet ſomewhere ſuch power muſt be truſted. All human Laws muſt be liable to miſconſtruction, and uncertainty, yet without

Laws

Laws property cannot be secured. All popular Elections must be attended with corruption, licentiousness, and the perversion of justice, yet without them the liberty of no country can be preserved. All national provisions for the poor must not only be encouragements to idleness, but productive of contests, and oftentimes of cruelty, yet without such many honest but unfortunate people must inevitably perish. All religious tests, and subscriptions, are in their own natures subversive of truth and morals; yet the folly of one part of mankind, and the knavery of the other, will scarcely permit any Government to subsist without them. Trade and wealth are the strength and the pursuit of every wise nation, yet these must certainly produce Luxury, which no less certainly must produce their destruction. All War is a complication of all manner of Evils natural and moral, that is, of misery and wickedness; yet without it national contentions can never be determined. No Government can be carried on, nor subordination preserved, without forms, and ceremonies, pomp, and parade; yet all such, from the inferiority of human nature giving itself airs of grandeur and magnificence, and the despicable expedients it is obliged to have recourse to support it, must always have something mean and ridiculous in them to exalted understandings. All Governments are in a great measure upheld by absurd notions infused into the minds of the people, of the divine

right of some particular person or family to reign over them; a foolish partiality for some particular spot of ground; an outrageous zeal for some religion which they cannot understand, or a senseless pursuit of glory which they can never attain: these are all false principles; yet without them, or some like them, no nation can long subsist: they can never be defended by reason, yet reason can produce no others that can supply their places. Every flourishing nation endeavours to improve Arts, and cultivate Reason and Good Sense; yet, if these are extended too far, or too universally diffused, no national Government or national Religion can long stand their ground; for it is with old Establishments as with old Houses, their deformities are commonly their supports, and these can never be removed without endangering the whole fabric. In short, no Government can be administered without in some degree deceiving the people, oppressing the mean, indulging the great, corrupting the venal, opposing factions to each other, and temporising with parties.

It is this necessity for Evil in all Government, which gives that weight and popularity, which usually attends all those who oppose, and calumniate any Government whatever; appearing always to have reason on their side, because the Evils of all power are conspicuous to the meanest capacity; whereas the necessity for those Evils are perceivable  
only

only to superior understandings. Every one can feel the burthen of taxes, and see the inconveniences of armies, places, and pensions; that must encrease them, but very few are able to comprehend that no Government can be supported without them in a certain degree; and that the more liberty any nation enjoys, the greater must be their number, and necessity. The most ignorant can perceive the mischiefs that must arise from corrupt Ministers and venal Parliaments; but it requires some sagacity to discern, that assemblies of men unconnected by self-interest, will no more draw together in the business of the public, than horses without harness or bridles; but like them, instead of being quietly guided in the right road of general utility, will immediately run riot, stop the wheels of government, and tear all the political machine to pieces.

FROM hence it comes to pass that all ignorant wrongheaded people naturally run into opposition and faction, whilst the wise man knows that these Evils cannot be eradicated, and that their excess only can be prevented; that thus far every honest man will endeavour to his utmost, but to proceed farther only fools will hope for, or knaves pretend. He knows that numbers of men must always act in the same manner, if in the same circumstances; that Politics are a Science as reducible to certainty as Mathematicks, and in them effects as invariably follow



follow their causes: that the operations of Will are as uniform, as those of matter and motion; and that tho' the actions of individuals are contingencies, those of numbers are constant, and invariable: that, tho' a single man may possibly prefer public utility to private advantage, it is utterly impossible, that the majority of numerous bodies should be actuated by the same generous, and patriotic principles<sup>a</sup>; these can spring only from Virtue and Wisdom, benevolent hearts, and comprehensive understandings; which, being the portion but of a few more exalted individuals, can never be found in the multitude to be governed: nor can they be bestowed in any extraordinary degree on those who govern, who would thereby be rendered unfit for their occupations: Statesmen and Ministers, who must be hackney'd in the

<sup>a</sup> This may be demonstrated by a familiar instance: It is by no means uncommon for a single Die to come up a Six, altho' the odds against it are five to one, but that a Majority of five hundred Dice should at the same time come up Six's is scarcely within the power of Fortune; because the Odds against each individual become almost infinite when operating upon the whole five hundred together. For the same reason, supposing every Sixth Man to be wise, honest, and public-spirited, which surely in any country is a very liberal allowance, there would not be the smallest probability that the Majority of any five hundred to be chosen out of the whole, would be of that sort, tho' elected with the utmost impartiality; but, if ambition, self-interest, and corruption interfere in the choice, as they most infallibly will, these will render it totally impossible.

in the ways of men, cannot be made of such pure and refined materials; peculiar must be the composition of that little creature called a *Great Man*. He must be formed of all kinds of contradictions: he must be indefatigable in business, to fit him for the labours of his station, and at the same time fond of pleasures, to enable him to attach many to his interests, by a participation of their vices: He must be master of much artifice and knavery, his situation requiring him to employ, and be employed by, so many knaves; yet he must have some honesty, or those very knaves will be unwilling to trust him: He must be possessed of great magnanimity perpetually to confront surrounding enemies, and impending dangers; yet of great meanness, to flatter those enemies, and suffer tamely continual injuries, and abuses: He must be wise enough to conduct the great affairs of Mankind with sagacity and success, and to acquire riches and honours for his reward; and at the same time foolish enough to think it worth a wise man's while to meddle with such affairs at all, and to accept of such imaginary rewards for real sufferings. Since then in all human Governments such must the Governors, and such the Governed eternally be, it is certain they must be ever big with numberless imperfections, and productive of abundant Evils: and it is no less plain, that if infinite Goodness could not exclude Natural and

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Moral Evils, infinite Power can never prevent Political.

I HOPE, Sir, the picture I have here drawn of human nature, and human Government, will not appear to you too much of the Caricature kind: your experience in both must inform you that it is like, tho' your good-nature may incline you to be sorry that it is so. I trust likewise to your good sense to distinguish, that what has here been said of their imperfections, and abuses, is by no means intended as a defence of them, but meant only to shew their necessity: to this every wise man ought quietly to submit, endeavouring at the same time to redress them to the utmost of his power; which can be effected by one method only; that is, by a reformation of Manners: for as all Political Evils derive their Original from Moral, these can never be removed, until those are first amended. He, therefore, who strictly adheres to Virtue and Sobriety in his conduct, and inforces them by his example, does more real service to a State, than he who displaces a bad Minister, or dethrones a Tyrant; this gives but a temporary relief, but that exterminates the Cause of the disease. No immoral Man then can possibly be a true patriot; and all those who profess outrageous zeal for the liberty and prosperity of their Country, and at the same time infringe her laws, affront her religion,

and debauch her people, are but despicable Quacks, by fraud or ignorance increasing the disorders they pretend to remedy : as such, I know, they have always appeared to your superior judgment, and such they are ever esteemed by,

S I R, &c.

L E T.

LETTER VI.

ON

RELIGIOUS EVILS.

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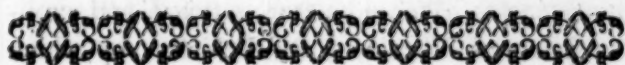
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LETTER

ON

RELIGIOUS EVILS



## L E T T E R VI.

## ON RELIGIOUS EVILS.

S I R,

**I** NOW come to my last head of Evils, which I call Religious; by which I mean all that madness, and folly, into which mankind have perpetually fallen under the name of Religion; together with all those Persecutions, Massacres, and Martyrdoms, which some have been induced to inflict, and others to suffer, from an Enthusiastic Zeal for those errors and absurdities: Evils of the most enormous size, and which of all others are the most difficult to be accounted for, as their existence seems most inconsistent with infinite Goodness, and most easily preventable by infinite Power. For, tho' human nature could not be exempted from Natural and Moral Evil (as has been shewn) even by Omnipotence, yet, one would

think, a far less degree of power might have been sufficient to have defended it from Religious; by imparting to Mankind a true, rational, and explicit system of Theology, and Ethicks; by which means all the absurdities of false Religions, and all the calamities flowing from those absurdities, would have been effectually prevented. Wonderful therefore must it appear, since the happiness of Men, thro' every Part of their existence, so much depends on their Religion, that is, on their entertaining right notions of God and his Attributes, of their duty to him, and their behaviour to each other; most wonderful, I say, and astonishing it must appear, that a wise and benevolent Creator should so far have deserted his Creatures on this important occasion, as to have suffered them thro' all generations to have wandered amidst such perilous precipices in the dark; or if at any time he has vouchsafed them any supernatural light, that it should have been so faint and glimmering that it has rather served to terrify them with the gloomy prospect of their danger, than to enable them to avoid it.

If we look back as far as history will carry us, we shall find all ages and nations practising, under the name of Religion, such inhuman, obscene, stupid and execrable Idolatries that it would disgrace human Nature but to enumerate them: we shall see the wisest Men of the wisest Countries consulting

consulting Oracles of wood and stone, and confiding in the foolish superstition of the flight of birds, the entrails of beasts, and the pecking of chickens; we shall see them butchering their innocent herds and flocks as an atonement for their vices, and sacrificing their enemies, their slaves, their children, and sometimes themselves, to appease the wrath of their imaginary Deities, of whose worship no cruelty was too horrid to be made a part; and by whose infamous examples no wickedness was too execrable to be patronised. At length Christianity appeared, a sketch of Morality the most rational, and of Religion the most sublime the World had ever seen; which, if ever God condescended to reveal his Will to Man, undoubtedly makes the fairest pretensions to be that Revelation; and indeed, if we seriously consider its internal Excellence, the reasonableness of its Morality, the sublimity of its Theology, that it alone has fixed the right Criterion of Virtue, alone discovered the magnanimity of Forgiveness: that its notions of the Deity, his attributes and dispensations, are so unlike all that ever entered into the heads of the wisest philosophers of preceding ages, and yet so well confirmed by the learned discoveries of all succeeding times; so far exalted above all human reason, and yet so consonant with it, and what is most conclusive, so infinitely above the Capacities of those who published them to the  
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World; if we add to this its obscure rise and amazing progress, I think, we can scarcely doubt but that there must be something Supernatural in it: and yet, with all these marks of Divinity stamped upon it, far from answering that idea of Perfection which we might expect from the divine Interposition, it was but a Sketch, whose Outlines indeed appear the Work of a consummate Master, but filled up from time to time by unequal and injudicious hands. It had many defects in its institution, and was attended with many and great Evils in its consequences; in its institution it wanted Universality, <sup>a</sup> Authenticity, <sup>b</sup> Perspicuity

<sup>a</sup> By want of Authenticity, is here meant only the want of that demonstrable, and infallible Authority, of which all historical Facts are in their own Natures incapable; and which, had the friends of the Christian Revelation never pretended to bestow upon it, the truth of that Event had been no more disputed, than the truth of any other well-attested History whatsoever.

<sup>b</sup> The want of Perspicuity in this Revelation, needs surely no other testimony, than the Millions of Writers, who for seventeen Centuries have laboured to demonstrate, harmonise, systemise, illustrate and explain every one of its Doctrines; and the no less numberless, and various Opinions, that remain to this Day concerning them all: much indeed of this obscurity has proceeded from Men's endeavours to make it what they fancied it should have been, but for which it was never intended; that is, a regular, clear and explicit body of moral and political Institutes.

and



and a Policy, and in its consequences it was soon corrupted, and from that corruption productive of the most mischievous effects. Its great Author designed it not to be exempted from any of these Imperfections. He revealed it only to a small and obscure corner of the World in Parables and Mysteries: He guarded not its original Purity, which seems to have died with himself, by committing it to any written Records, but left it in the hands of illiterate Men, who, tho' they were honest enough to die for it, were never wise enough perfectly to understand it. All Policy he disclaims in express Words, saying, *My Kingdom is not of*

a By Policy is here meant all Institutions and Regulations of human Government, both civil, and ecclesiastical; concerning which the Author of the Christian Religion has carefully avoided giving any directions. All these he has left to be ordered by every State in such a manner as shall appear to them most convenient, and has commanded his disciples to be subject, as Men, to their Ordinances, *not only for Wrath, but for Conscience sake*; but foreseeing the infinite mischiefs that must arise from trusting human Creatures with a divine Power, he has forbid them, as Christians, either to exercise, or submit to any authority over each other, under any pretence of its being derived from himself: *Ye know*, he says, *that the Princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them; but it shall not be so among you, &c.* Matt. xx. 25. And perhaps there is no stronger proof of the divine Wisdom of this great Instructor of Mankind, than the extraordinary caution with which he has passed over a subject, on which no rules could be prescribed not inconsistent either with Practice or with Virtue: and yet a Subject which all other Legislators have considered as their most important Object.

*this World*; that is, I meddle not with the Political Affairs of Mankind; I teach Men to despise the World, but not to govern it. Nor did He expect any better consequences from its progress than those which actually followed: He was by no means ignorant of its future corruption, and that, tho' his primitive institution breathed nothing but Peace, and Forbearance, Good-will, and Benevolence; yet that in mixing with the Policies and Interests of Mankind, it would be productive of tyranny and oppression, of martyrdoms and massacres, of national wars, and family dissensions. *Think not, says he, I come to send peace on Earth, I come not to send peace but a Sword: for I am come to set a man at Variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.* A Prophecy too fatally fulfilled!

FROM what inscrutable source can all these imperfections, and all these consequent Evils derive their existence? On what incomprehensible plan must the wise Disposer of all things proceed, to suffer men thus to bewilder themselves in the labyrinths of error, and from thence to plunge into the gulphs of wickedness and misery, when the least direction from his omnipotent hand would lead them thro' the flowery paths of Truth to Virtue and Felicity? Strange! that he has not given them Reason sufficient to perform this  
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important office ! Stranger ! that, if ever he condescended to assist that Reason with his infinite Wisdom, even the Religion that results from that supernatural assistance, should be still deficient in almost every one of the principal requisites necessary towards accomplishing the great and beneficent ends it was designed for ! that it should want Universality to render it impartial, Authenticity to make it demonstrable, Perspicuity to make it intelligible, and Policy to make it useful to Mankind : that it should immediately have been corrupted, and from that corruption been productive of all the Misery and Wickedness it seemed calculated to prevent. But on examination we shall find, that these Evils, like all those of which we have before treated, owe their existence to no defect of goodness or power in God, but to the imperfection of Man, and their own necessity : that is, to the impracticability of giving a perfect Religion to an imperfect Creature : from whence this impracticability arises, I will endeavour to explain.

THERE are but two methods, that we know of, by which God can communicate a Religion to mankind : that is, either by the deductions which he has impowered him to make by the Force of that natural Reason which he has implanted in him, or by the extraordinary interposition of Divine Revelation : now from the first of these little need be said to shew that nothing perfect can be expected :

expected: our Reason is unstable in its foundations; and uncertain in its conclusions; our lives are extremely short, and our progress in science no less tedious, and retarded by numberless obstacles: much of our time is employed in getting ideas, and much in acquiring language to express them: few Men have capacities to reason, and fewer leisure: some having sense but no learning, want materials to work with: others having learning and no sense, become more absurd by having amassed much matter to mistake about: so that to raise any tolerable system of Religion, or Morals, from human Reason, requires the labours of many generations; from all which have already past how little truth can we collect? and yet perhaps much of that little is owing to Revelation, which we are apt to think unnecessary from the very assistance we have received from it; like the Country-man who despised the Sun because it shined in the day-time. We see but a very small part of the great Whole, and see that small part so superficially, that we comprehend not the essence of any thing; neither of \* Body or Spirit,

\* Metaphysicians divide all Being into Spirit and Matter: to Spirit they attribute motion, activity, sensibility, thought, will, and reason, free from all solidity, and extension; to Matter they ascribe solidity and extension only, void of all self-motion, sense, and perception: but these descriptions are quite arbitrary, founded only upon their own imaginations, and by no means consistent with experience: for Spirit seems to have many

Spirit, of <sup>b</sup> Space or Time, of <sup>c</sup> Infinity or Eternity; we know scarce any thing of any thing, and

many properties not so distinct from Matter by its intimate Union with it in the composition of all animals; and Matter has certainly many qualities contradictory to this distinction, such as cohesion, attraction, elasticity, electricity, fermentation, heat, and vegetation, none of which can be accounted for from the mere passive principles of solidity and extension.

<sup>b</sup> Many Philosophers have considered Time and Space as real Essences; whereas they have certainly no more than an imaginary existence, derived solely from the imperfection of human conceptions, and human language. They are in themselves really nothing, and the attributes we bestow upon them are applicable with equal propriety to nothing: that is, nothing has neither beginning nor end, nor can be comprehended within any bounds. The intervening period between historical facts we distinguish by the names of days and years; the distances between places we call yards and miles; and from this manner of expressing ourselves they gain the appearance of being something; whereas abstracted from those facts, and places, they are really nothing: so that if all things were annihilated, Space would immediately vanish, and literally speaking *Time would be no more*.

<sup>c</sup> All the Ideas we have of Infinity and Eternity are acquired by adding in our imagination Miles to Miles, and Years to Years, by which means we come never the nearer to them: for no addition of parts can ever make any thing infinite or eternal; so two objects can be placed at an infinite distance, because they would then be the two ends of Infinity: an infinite number is a contradiction in terms, and therefore every thing that is infinite or eternal must exist in some manner which bears no manner of relation to Space, or Time, and which must therefore be to us totally incomprehensible.

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least of all of the nature of God or ourselves; and therefore it is by no means surprising that all Religions derived from such a source should be full of Errors and Absurdities. If it be asserted, that God might have given to Man a more comprehensive Reason, and a greater Insight into Nature and Futurity: I answer, he certainly might, and he might also have given him the strength of the Horse, and the swiftness of the Stag, as well as the understanding of an Angel; but then he had not continued to be Man; or if he had, he would have suffered many superior Evils from these unhappy acquisitions.

If we consider the other method, by which God can communicate a Religion to Mankind, we shall find it no less incapable of producing a perfect one; because tho' God is sufficiently able to give a perfect Religion, Man is utterly unable to receive it. God cannot impart knowledge to Creatures, of which he himself has made them incapable by their nature and formation: he cannot instruct a Mole in Astronomy, or an Oyster in Music, because he has not given them Members, nor Faculties necessary for the acquisition of those sciences: neither is this any diminution of his Omnipotence, because acting in such a manner would be willing Contrarieties at the same time: it would be opposing his own Designs, making Creatures what they are not, and granting them Powers which he  
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thought proper to deny them: a Revelation therefore from God can never be such as we might expect from infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness, but must condescend to the Ignorance and Infirmities of Man. Was the wisest Legislator in the World to compose Laws for a Nursery, they must be childish Laws: so was God to reveal a Religion to Mankind, tho' the Revealer was divine, the Religion must be human, or it could be of no use to those for whose sake it was revealed: and therefore, like them, it must be liable to numberless Imperfections, amongst which all those Deficiencies before-mentioned are absolutely unavoidable, and impossible to be prevented by any power whatever: these are the Want of Universality, Authenticity, Perspicuity and Policy; its certain Corruption, with all that inundation of Wickedness and Misery which must flow from that Corruption. Great and numerous Evils! from which it is not difficult to shew, that no Revelation communicated to Man can be exempted by an Omnipotent Revealer.

FIRST then it must want Universality: that is, however conducive it may be to the virtue and happiness of Mankind in general, it cannot be alike communicated to all Men in all ages and all nations of the World; because, from the nature of things, it must have a beginning and a progression: it must at first be revealed at some time

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and in some place; and whenever and wherever that is, there must have been times and places in which it was not revealed; and therefore it is impossible it can be Universal; and this not proceeding from any impotence or partiality in the Revealer, but from the modes of existence of all human affairs.

It must likewise want Authenticity, that is, tho' its divine Authority may be more or less credible according to the circumstances of the evidence, yet it can never be capable of a direct or demonstrative proof; because God must communicate this Revelation to Mankind either by a general or a particular Inspiration: that is, either by inspiring all Men, or by inspiring a few to teach it to others: the first of these methods, or a Universal Inspiration, is impossible in Nature, and absurd even in Imagination, and would be the total alteration of human Nature: the other must ever be liable to infinite uncertainty, because tho' a Man may possibly know when he himself is inspired, (tho' that, I think, may be very well questioned) yet, that he should ever produce indubitable credentials of a Divine Commission to others, who are uninspired, seems utterly impracticable, there being no marks by which the fact can be ascertained, nor any faculties in the human mind which are able to distinguish it: the excellence of the Revelation he teaches, its beneficent ends,

ends, and the miracles he may work in its confirmation, may all together render it more or less probable; but can never amount to a certain proof, because we know so little of the ends and consequences of things, and so much less of the nature of Miracles: we understand indeed nothing about them, but that we ourselves are unable to perform them; but what Beings of superior Orders may be able to do we cannot tell; nor yet what power, inclination or permission such Beings may have to deceive us. If it is impossible therefore we can be certain of the divine Authority of a Revelation, even by a personal communication with its first Author, much less can we be assured of it thro' the fallacious mediums of Tradition or History; for whoever observes the propensity Men have to impose upon themselves and others, how difficult it is to come at a true Representation of the commonest fact, even at the distance of a few miles, or a few years, will be easily convinced, that all human Tradition can be nothing more than a Complication of designed Fraud and inevitable Error; a Glass which misrepresents all objects by magnifying or diminishing them, just as it is placed by the hand of Knavery for the inspection of Folly and Credulity. History indeed carries with it a greater Authority, but must ever be liable to infinite Imperfections: we can never be certain that the Writers of it, being Men, were not imposed upon themselves, or did not intend to impose

on others ; and therefore its original evidence cannot be conclusive, and must grow daily weaker in proportion to its antiquity : it must necessarily be subject to all uncertainties proceeding from the variation of languages and customs, ignorant transcribers, false translations, interpolations and forgeries ; and as the histories of Religions are more connected with Mens interests than those of other occurrences, so they must be ever more subject to these Frauds and Impositions ; for the same reason that a Bank-note is more likely to be counterfeited than a News-paper. It is therefore impossible that History can afford us any certain proof of a supernatural and miraculous dispensation, because a Fact, unlikely to be true, can never be demonstrated by a Relation not impossible to be false. If it be said, that God may inspire the writers of such important Records with Infallibility, I answer, the Proof that he has so inspired them will be attended with no less difficulty, than the proof of that divine authority which is to be established by it ; and it must ever be absurd to prove the truth of a Revelation by the infallibility of its Records, and the infallibility of its Records from the truth of the Revelation. It is plain therefore, that, tho' infinite Goodness may reveal a Religion to so imperfect a creature as Man, yet infinite Power cannot, by reason of that Imperfection, give to that Revelation such a degree of Authenticity, that is, such a demonstrable proof of its divine Authority,



thority, as some Men unreasonably expect, and others as ridiculously bestow upon it\*.

It must want Perspicuity: that is, it must be much more obscure both in its speculative and practical Doctrines, than might be expected from the interposition of infinite wisdom, truth and benevolence. In its speculative Doctrines, Obscurity must be unavoidable, because they must treat of subjects above the reach of our Comprehensions: which neither eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor has entered into the heart of Man to conceive; and therefore no Power can impart to us clear and explicit Ideas of such things, without first bestowing on us new faculties, and new senses; that is, without the total alteration of our Natures. But what is most of all extraordinary is, that it must be likewise to a certain degree obscure in its practical and moral precepts; and this from a reason not the less valid for having never before been insisted on; which is, from the Necessity of Moral Evil: that is, since God, as has been shewn, was obliged by Necessity to admit Moral Evil into

\* Nothing here offered is meant by any means to invalidate the authority of Revelation: that of the Christian is possessed of as much certainty as the nature of the fact, and the nature of its evidence, will admit of. Those who endeavour to bestow more upon it, do in reality but make it less; and, like unskilful Architects, weaken a Building already sufficiently strong, by overloading it with unnecessary supporters.

the Creation, he must probably be obliged, by the same Necessity, to suffer it in some degree to continue; and therefore cannot enforce the universal practice of Virtue by laws so explicit, by threats and promises so glaring, and by commands so incontestably of divine Authority, as can admit of no doubt; for these would be so absolutely irresistible as at once to eradicate all human Vice, which has already been proved to have been admitted only from the impossibility of its exclusion without the introduction of greater Evils, or the loss of superior Good. If Omnipotence could not prevent the existence of Moral Evil by the original formation of Man, totally to extirpate it by Revelation, would be to counteract his own will, tho' incomprehensible designs; and therefore a Divine Revelation can never be a regular Body of practical Institutes, clear and perspicuous, free from all doubts and alterations, enforced by perpetual Miracles, by visible and immediate Rewards and Punishments; but a still Voice whispering gentle Warnings, divine Admonitions, and supernatural Truths; a Light shining in a dark place, illuminating to a certain degree the native Obscurity of the human Mind, and discovering by faint glimmerings the Designs of Providence; and a distant prospect of a future Life.

It must also want Policy: that is, it can never prescribe political rules by which mankind can be conducted

conducted in the Government of Nations, or their pretended rights of War and Peace, because all these affairs being incapable (as has been shewn) of being carried on by any other means than those of violence, fraud, and corruption; a Divine Revelation cannot possibly give any directions about them; because all such must be necessarily inconsistent either with Virtue or with Practicability: totally to forbid these methods of governing mankind, who can be governed by no other, would be destructive of all Government; to allow them, of all Morality: and therefore it is necessary that Men should be left to act in these matters at their peril, as particular circumstances may require, with only a general system of religion and morality for their guide. If a divine Revelation can give no laws for the management of Civil Government, much less can it institute any new policies peculiar to itself, under the names of Spiritual or Ecclesiastical; all which, however divine in their Original, must necessarily be administer'd, if administer'd by Man, by the same unjustifiable methods as others; with this additional inconvenience, that they could never be justly resisted. God cannot therefore, I apprehend, delegate Spiritual power to Man, without patronising all that Violence, Corruption, and Iniquity, which must result from it, and without which no power in the hands of Men can be exercised over Men. For the imperfection of Man is incompatible with the purity of

a Divine Government. The Government of all creatures must correspond with their natures; and it seems to me as impossible that Societies of Men should submit under a Divine Government, as that Wolves and Tygers should live together under the regulations of Human Policy: but most of all impossible it must be that a divine and human Government should subsist together in the same Society, for they must immediately clash; and whenever that happens, the least spark of divine authority, if really divine, must infallibly consume all human power, and destroy all Civil Government whatever.

LASTLY, it must very soon be corrupted, and from that corruption be productive of the most mischievous effects: for, as the purest stream poured into an impure vessel, must partake of its impurity; so must the most perfect Religion, that can be revealed by God to so imperfect a Creature as Man, partake of his imperfection, and produce many and great Evils both natural and moral; that is, much of that misery, and wickedness, which it was intended to prevent: this no wisdom can obviate, no power put a stop to, so long as that imperfection remains; but it must constantly come to pass form a train of unavoidable consequences, which must invariably follow their causes, so long as human nature continues what it is.

For instance, when a Divine Revelation is first communicated to Mankind, it must be received (if received at all) because its precepts are approved, and its authority believed; and all those nations who thus approve the one, and believe the other, must esteem it both their interest and their duty to encourage and support it. This they can effect by no other means than by granting peculiar privileges to all who profess it, by forming from it their national Religion, and public worship; and by maintaining an Order of Men, to preach that Religion, and minister that worship to the people; all which amounts to a National Establishment. Now the moment any Religion becomes national, or established, its purity must certainly be lost, because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with mens interests; and if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them. Whenever temporal advantages are annexed to any religious profession, they will be sure to call in all those who have no religion at all: knaves will embrace it for the sake of interest, fools will follow them for the sake of fashion; and when once it is in such hands, Omnipotence itself can never preserve its purity. That very Order of Men, who are maintained to support its interests, will sacrifice them to their own; and being in the sole possession of all its promises, and all its terrors, and having the tenderness of Childhood, the weakness



of Age, and the ignorance of the vulgar to work upon; I say, these Men, vested with all these powers, yet being but Men, will not fail to convert all the mighty influence they must derive from them to the selfish ends of their own avarice and ambition, and consequently to the total destruction of its Original Purity: from it they will lay claim to powers which it never designed them, and to possessions to which they have no right; to make good these false pretensions, false histories will be forged, and fabulous traditions invented; groundless terrors will be flung out to operate on superstition and timidity; Creeds and Articles will be contrived to confound all Reason, and tests imposed to sift out all who have honesty or courage enough to resist these unwarrantable encroachments. Devotion will be turned into farce and pageantry, to captivate mens eyes, that their pockets may with more facility be invaded: they will convert Piety into Superstition, Zeal into Rancour, and this Religion, notwithstanding all its Divinity, into diabolical malevolence. By degrees knaves will join them, fools believe them, and cowards be afraid of them; and having gained so considerable a part of the World to their interests, they will erect an independent dominion among themselves dangerous to the liberties of Mankind, and representing all those who oppose their tyranny as God's enemies, teach it to be meritorious in his sight to persecute them in this world,

world, and damn them in another. Hence must arise Hierarchies, Inquisitions, and Popery; for Popery is but the consummation of that tyranny which every religious System in the hands of Men is in perpetual pursuit of, and whose principles they are all ready to adopt whenever they are fortunate enough to meet with it's success.

THIS Tyranny cannot subsist without fierce and formidable Opposition, from whence innumerable Sects, Schisms and Dissentions will lift up their contentious heads, each gaping for that very power which they are fighting to destroy, tho' unable either to acquire or retain it; and introductive only of their constant concomitants, Ignorance, Self-conceit, Ill-breeding, Obstinacy, Anarchy, and Confusion. From these contests all kinds of Evils must derive their existence, blood-shed and desolation, persecutions, massacres and martyrdoms.

ALL these Evils you see are but the necessary Consequences of the national Establishment of any Religion which God can communicate to Man, in whose hands its Divinity can never long preserve its purity, or keep it unmixed with his imperfections, his folly and wickedness. Nay, so far is the Divinity of a Revelation from being able to prevent its corruption, that it will but increase and hasten it; for the greater share of  
Divinity

Divinity it partakes, the greater must be its Excellence; the greater its Excellence, the more universal must be its Approbation; the more it is approved, the more it must be encouraged; the more it is encouraged, the sooner it will be established; and the sooner it is established, the sooner it must be corrupted and made subservient to the worst purposes of the worst Men; yet it is plain this Establishment is no more than the consequence of its excellence, and Men's approbation; no more than the alternative of its total extinction, and without which it cannot be preserved at all; and therefore the corruption of every divine Revelation communicated to Man, is, by the nature of Man, clearly unavoidable.

FROM what has been here said it appears plainly, that all the numerous Evils which adhere to, and all the mischievous effects which follow all human Religions, whether natural or revealed, by no means owe their existence to any want of power, wisdom or goodness in God, but, like all others, to the imperfection of Man; that is, to his folly and wickedness, which must inevitably corrupt them. It is also, I think, no less evident that all arguments levelled against the divine Original of Christianity, founded on its imperfections and pernicious consequences, (which are all, I think, that have any weight) may be proved to be vain and inconclusive; and this not by concealing or denying those

those imperfections and pernicious consequences, as many have absurdly attempted, but by fairly shewing, that they all proceed from the imperfections of those Creatures to whom it is revealed; and that, so long as those continue, these cannot be prevented by any wisdom, goodness or power whatever \*.

Thus, Sir, if I mistake not, I have sufficiently, tho' concisely, answered that most abstruse and important Question, *Whence came Evil?* and proved, that all the Evils we feel, and all which we see around us, derogate not in the least from the wisdom, power, or goodness of our Creator; but proceed entirely from that subordination which is so necessary to the happiness, and even to the existence of the great and incomprehensible Whole. I have shewn that all subordination must imply imperfection in some Beings or other; and that all imperfection must consist in the absence of comparative Good, or the admission of posi-

\* If we look into the Deistical Writings of all Times, we shall find, that they have always attacked the Christian Religion most successfully from this Ground; they have shewed the many Imperfections, that adhere to it, and then concluded, that nothing imperfect could derive its Original from God: their adversaries have injudiciously denied those Imperfections, which for the most part are true, and agreed to their conclusion, which is indisputably false; for every thing we possess is derived from God, and yet we possess nothing endued with absolute perfection.

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tive Evil. I have shewn that most of the Evils we usually complain of are of the first kind; the want only of those perfections we see others enjoy, or imagine infinite power might have bestowed upon ourselves; which are therefore in fact no Evils at all: that those of the latter sort, or positive Evils, are such as from the nature of things must intrude themselves into all Creation, and therefore that Omnipotence can do no more than make choice of that System which admits the fewest; being obliged by the imperfection of all created Beings, the untractableness of Matter, and some incomprehensible connection between Good and Evil, Happiness and Misery, to admit both, or to give existence to neither. I have likewise shewn that Moral Evil may have its necessity and utility as well as Natural; at least, that if Natural Evils are necessary, Moral ones are expedient, to prevent that necessary Misery from falling to the share of perfect Innocence, and to convert unavoidable sufferings into just punishments; that tho' the essence of all Moral Evil consists in the production of Natural, yet it may have some collateral tendency to Good; and that the Wicked, whilst they are justly punished for the miseries which they occasion, may probably, by that very guilt and punishment, some way remotely contribute to universal happiness. I have shewn that if Natural and Moral Evils could not be prevented, the existence of Political and Religious



ligious Evils must of course be unavoidable, they being but the certain consequences of the other: that all human Government must be in the highest degree imperfect, and big with all manner of Evils, being the dominion of ignorant and wicked creatures over each other; that, as such creatures can be governed only by fear of punishment or hopes of reward, all Government amongst them must be founded on Violence or Corruption, and ever supported and administered by the same vicious and unjustifiable methods: that no power whatever can give a perfect Religion, to so imperfect a creature as Man, either by Nature or Revelation; not by Nature, because, whilst that is human Nature, he can never discover by Reason the Truths on which a perfect System of Theology or Ethics can be erected; not by Revelation, because he wants faculties to comprehend such supernatural discoveries, altho' they should be imparted to him; that, was he capable of once receiving a perfect Religion, it is not possible he could long retain it; because, if it could be kept entirely separate from his worldly interests, it would soon be neglected and perish in oblivion; and, if it was not, such a connection would quickly corrupt its purity, and destroy its essence, so that national establishments would be necessary for its support, and yet infallibly productive of its destruction. That all these evils proceed not from wrong dispositions or accidental causes, but singly

singly and solely from the imperfection of Man; and yet that in the gradation from infinite perfection to absolute nothing, there must be one rank occupied by such a Creature as Man with all his imperfections about him; that these imperfections must be annexed to his situation, and adhere to every thing that relates to him, to his happiness, to his morals, to his government, and to his religion: that, in like manner, all other created Beings must have Evils and Imperfections peculiar to their stations, and proportioned to their inferiority; notwithstanding all which, there is as much Good, and as little Evil in the universal system, as the nature of Creation will admit of; and that therefore it is a work equal to what we might expect from the Operations of infinite Benevolence joined with infinite Power.

PHILOSOPHICAL  
CONSIDERATIONS  
ON THE  
NATURE of TIME.

*Tēpus item per se non est.*

LUCRET.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND

# CONSIDERATIONS ON THE

## NATURE OF TIME

BY  
WILLIAM LAMONT  
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND  
IN ITS RELATION TO THE  
SCIENCE OF LOGIC

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PHILOSOPHICAL  
CONSIDERATIONS  
ON THE  
NATURE of TIME.

**W**E are so accustomed to connect our Ideas of Time with the History of what passes in it, that is, to mistake a succession of Thoughts and Actions for Time, that we find it extremely difficult, perhaps impossible, totally to separate, or distinguish them from each other: and indeed had we power to effect this in our minds, all human language is so formed, that it would fail us in our expression: yet certain it is, that Time, abstracted from the thoughts, actions, and motions which pass in it, is actually nothing: it is only the Mode in which some created Beings are ordained to exist, but in itself has really no existence at all.

Tho' this Opinion may seem chimerical to many, who have not much considered the subject, yet



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it is by no means new, for it was long since adopted by some of the most celebrated Philosophers of Antiquity, particularly by the Epicureans, and is thus well expressed by Lucretius :

*Tempus item per se non est ; sed rebus ab ipsis  
Consequitur sensus, transactum quod sit in ævo,  
Tum quæ res instat, quid porro deinde sequatur ;  
Nec per se, quemquam tempus sentire, fatendum est,  
Semotum ab usum, motu, plácidaque quiete.*

Time of itself is nothing ; but from Thought  
Receives its rise, by lab'ring Fancy wrought,  
From things considered : while we think on some  
As present, some as past, and some to come :  
No thought can think on Time, that's still  
confess'd,

But thinks on things in motion, or at rest.

CREECH.

FROM observing the diurnal revolutions of the Sun, and the various transactions, which pass during those revolutions, we acquire conceptions of Days ; by dividing these Days we form Hours, Minutes, and Seconds ; and by multiplying them, Months, Years, and Ages ; then by measuring these imaginary periods against each other, and bestowing on each distinct denominations, we give them the appearance of something real : Yesterday, which is past, and To-morrow, which is not yet

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yet come, assume the same reality as the present Day; and thus we imagine Time to resemble a great Book, one of whose pages is every day wrote on, and the rest remain blank to be filled up in their turns with the Events of Futurity; whilst in fact this is all but the delusion of our own Imaginations, and Time is nothing more, than the manner in which past, present, and future Events succeed each other: yet is this delusion so correspondent with our present state, and so woven up with all human language, that without much reflection it cannot be perceived, nor when perceived can it be remedied: nor can I, while endeavouring to prove Time to be Nothing, avoid treating it as Something in almost every line.

THERE seems to be in the nature of things, two Modes of Existence; one, in which all Events past, present, and to come, appear in one View; which, if the expression may be allowed, I shall call perpetually instantaneous; and which, as I apprehend, constitutes Eternity; the other, in which all things are presented separately, and successively, which produces what we call Time.

OF the first of these human Reason can afford us no manner of conception; yet it assures us, on the strongest evidence, that such must be the Existence of the Supreme Creator of all things, that such probably may be the Existence of many

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superior Orders of created Beings, and that such possibly may be our own in another state : to Beings so constituted, all Events past, present, and future are presented in one congregated Mass, which to us are spread out in Succession to adapt them to our temporary Mode of Perception : in these Ideas have no Succession, and therefore to their thoughts, actions, or existence, Time, which is Succession only, can bear not the least relation whatsoever. To existence of this kind alone can Eternity belong ; for Eternity can never be composed of finite parts, which however multiplied, can never become infinite ; but must be something simple, uniform, invariable, and indivisible ; permanent, tho' instantaneous, and endless without progression. There are some remarkable expressions both in the Old and New Testament, alluding to this Mode of Existence ; in the former God is denominated *I am*<sup>a</sup> ; and in the latter Christ says, *before Abraham was, I am*<sup>b</sup> : both evidently implying Duration without Succession : from whence the Schoolmen probably derive their obscure Notions of such a kind of Duration, which they explain by the more obscure term of a *punctum stans*.

WITH the other Mode of Existence we are sufficiently acquainted, being that in which Providence has placed us, and all things around us ; during our residence on this terrestrial Globe ; in

<sup>a</sup> Exod. iv. 14.

<sup>b</sup> John viii. 58.

which

which all ideas follow each other in our Minds in a regular and uniform succession, not unlike the Tickings of a Clock; and by that means all Objects are presented to our imaginations in the same progressive manner: and if any vary much from that destined pace, by too rapid, or too slow a motion, they immediately become to us totally imperceptible. We now perceive every one, as it passes, thro' a small aperture separately, as in the Camera Obscura, and this we call Time; but at the conclusion of this State we may probably exist in a manner quite different; the window may be thrown open; the whole prospect appear at one view, and all this Apparatus, which we call Time, be totally done away: for Time is certainly nothing more, than the shifting of Scenes necessary for the Performance of this Tragi-comical Farce, which we are here exhibiting, and must undoubtedly end with the conclusion of the Drama. It has no more a real Essence, independent of thought, and action; than sight, hearing and smell have independent of their proper Organs, and the Animals to whom they belong, and when they cease to exist, Time can be no more. There are also several passages in the Scriptures declaring this annihilation of Time, at the Consummation of all things: *And the Angel, which I saw stand upon the Sea and the Earth, lifted up his hand towards Heaven, and swore by him that liveth for ever and ever, &c. that there should be Time no longer* \*.

\* Rev. x. 5.

To this Opinion of the Non-entity of Time it has by some been objected, that Time has many attributes and powers inherent in it's Nature; and that whatever has attributes and powers, must itself exist: it is infinite, say they, and eternal; it contains all things; and forces itself on our imaginations in the absence of all other Existence: but to this it may be answered, that the human Mind is able in the very same manner to realize Nothing; and then all the same attributes and powers, are applicable with equal propriety to that Nothing thus supposed to be Something:

<sup>a</sup> Nothing, thou elder Brother ev'n to Shade!  
Thou had'st a Being, ere the world was made,  
And well fix'd are alone of ending not afraid.

Nothing is infinite, and eternal; that is, hath neither beginning, nor end: it contains all things; that is, it begins where all Existence ends; and therefore surrounds, and contains all things: it forces itself on the Mind in the absence of all Existence; that is, where we suppose there is no Existence, we must suppose there is Nothing: this exact resemblance of their attributes and powers, more plainly demonstrates, that Time is Nothing.

FROM this Non-existence of Time thus established, many Conclusions will arise both useful,

<sup>a</sup> Lord Rochester.



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and entertaining ; from whence perhaps new lights may be thrown on several Speculations religious and metaphysical, whose Outlines I shall just venture to trace, and leave them to be filled up by abler pens.

1st. If Time be no more than the Succession of Ideas, and Actions, however these may be accelerated, or retarded, Time will be just the same : that is, neither longer or shorter, provided the same Ideas, and Actions, succeed one another, as far, I mean, as it relates to Beings so thinking and acting. For instance, were the Earth, and all the Celestial Bodies, to perform the same Revolutions in one Day, which they now perform in a whole Year, and were all the Ideas, Actions, and Lives of Mankind hastened on in the same proportion, the period of our Lives would not be in the least shortened ; but that Day would be exactly equal to the present Year : if in the space of seventy or eighty of these Days a Man was born, educated, and grown up, had exercised a profession, had seen his Children come to maturity, his Grand-children succeed them, and during this period had had all his Ideas and Actions, all his Enjoyments and Sufferings, accelerated in the same proportion, he would not only seem to himself, and to all who lived in the same state with him, and measured Time by the same standard, to have lived as long, but actually, and  
in

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in fact would have lived as long as one, who resides on this Globe as great a number of our present years.

2dly. THIS being the case it follows, that the Life of every Man must be longer, or shorter, in proportion to the number of his Thoughts, and Actions: for was it possible for a Man to think and act as much in an hour, as in a year, that hour, as far as it related to him, would not only seem, but actually become a year. On the other hand, was it possible for a Man totally to abstain from thinking and acting for an hour, or a year, Time, with regard to him, for that period, would have no existence; or could he keep one Idea fixed in his mind, and continue one single Act during the same space, Time, which is a succession only of Ideas and Actions, must be equally annihilated: whether these Ideas and Actions are exercised on great or little occasions, whether they are productive of pleasing, or painful sensations, with regard to this purpose their effects will be the same: neither their importance or consequences will add any thing to Time, but their numbers and celerity most undoubtedly will. Our Lives therefore, when diversified with a variety of Objects, and busied in a multiplicity of pursuits, tho' perhaps less happy, will certainly be longer, than when dosed away in sloth, inactivity, and apathy.

3dly.

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3dly. From hence it is evident, that we can form no Judgment of the duration of the Lives, Enjoyments, and Sufferings of other Animals, with the progression of whose Ideas we are totally unacquainted, and who may be framed in that respect, as well as in many others, so widely different from ourselves. The gaudy Butterfly, that flutters in the sunshine but for a few months, may live as long as the stupid Tortoise that breathes for a Century; the Insect, that survives not one diurnal revolution of the Sun, may, for any thing we know, enjoy an Age of happiness; and the miserable Horse, that appears to us to suffer the drudgery of ten or twenty years, may finish his laborious task in as many Months, Days, or Hours.

4thly. For the like reasons we can judge but very imperfectly of what are real Evils in the universal System, whilst we remain in this temporal state of Existence, in which all things are exhibited to us by scraps, one after the other: for these detached portions, which viewed separately, seem but misshapen blotches, may to Beings, who in an eternal State see past, present, and future, all delineated on one canvass, appear as well-disposed Shades necessary to render perfect the whole most beautiful Landſcap. Nay, even Pain, that taken singly is so pungent, and disagreeable a portion, when thrown into the cup of universal happiness,

piness, may perhaps add to it a flavour, which without this infusion it could not have acquired.

5thly. If Time has itself no existence, it can never put an end to the existence of any thing else; and this seems no inconclusive Argument for the Immortality of the Soul: for if any thing is, and no cause appears to us, why it should cease to be, we can have no good reason to believe, that it will not continue. Whatever has no connection with Time must be eternal: now the only property of the Soul, with which we are acquainted, is Thought, which bears no relation to Time; whence it is reasonable to suppose, that the soul itself is equally unconnected with it, and consequently eternal. Even in material Beings we see continual Mutations, but can perceive no Symptoms of Annihilation; and therefore we have surely less cause to suspect it in immaterial: from whence I am inclined to think, that the Essences of all things are eternal, that is, unrelative to Time, and that it is only our manner of perceiving them, that causes them to appear temporal to us; past, present, and future being not inherent in their Natures, but only in our progressive mode of perception.

6thly. FROM what has been said, we may perceive into what amazing absurdities many of our ablest Divines and Metaphysicians have plunged in their investigations of Eternity, for making  
which

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which their Receipt is usually this : they take of Time a sufficient quantity, and chopping it in small pieces, they dispose them in imaginary lengths, which they distinguish by the names of minutes, hours, days, years, and ages : then feeling in their own Minds a power of multiplying these as often as they think fit, they heap millions upon millions ; and finding this power to be a Machine, that may be worked backwards and forwards with equal facility, they extend their Line both ways, and so their Eternity is compleated, and fit for use : they then divide it in the middle, and out of a single Eternity they make two, as they term them, *a parte ante*, and *a parte post* ; each of which having one end, may be drawn out, like a Juggler's Ribband, as long as they please. The Contradictions so manifest in this System, sufficiently declare its falshood : for in adopting it we must acknowledge, that each half of this Eternity is equal to the whole ; that in each the number of days cannot exceed that of the months, nor the months be more numerous than the years, they being all alike infinite ; that whether it commenced yesterday, or ten thousand years since, the length of its duration must be the same ; for the length depends not on the beginning, but on the end, but that cannot be different, where there is no end at all : the absurdity of all these propositions are too glaring, to stand in need of any refutation ; for it is evident, that whatever



contains parts, length or numbers can never be infinite; whatever had a Beginning must have an End, because Beginning and Ending are the Modes of temporary Existence: what has no End could have no Beginning, because both are equally inconsistent with Eternity. In truth, all these absurdities arise from applying to Eternity our Ideas of Time, which, being two Modes of Existence intirely different, bear not the least relation to each other: Time is in its Nature finite and successive, Eternity infinite, and instantaneous; and therefore their properties are no more applicable to each other, than those of Sounds to Colours, or of Colours to Sounds; and we can no more form Eternity out of Time, than by mixing Red, Blue, and Green, we can compose an Anthem or an Opera.

7thly. FROM hence appears the necessity, in our considerations on these Subjects, of keeping our Ideas of these two Modes of Existence intirely, and constantly distinct, as they themselves are in Nature: by which means we shall presently sweep away many of those Theological, and Metaphysical Cobwebs, which now encumber, and disgrace our most learned Libraries; and cut short many impertinent Enquiries concerning the Creation of the Universe, God's Foreknowledge, and Predestination, the preexistent, and future State of Souls, the Injustice of eternal Punishments, and the Sleep

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Sleep of the Soul, with numberless others of the same kind, all derived from injudiciously blending, and confounding these two kinds of Existence together, and applying Notions and Expressions to one, which can only with propriety belong to the other.

To enter largely into these abstruse and intricate Subjects, would require a folio; I shall therefore only say one word or two to each.

It has been frequently asked, why God created the Universe at the Time in which he did create it, and why he suffered millions of Ages to pass away before the commencement of so glorious a Work? To this it may be replied with equal consciousness and truth, that in fact no such Ages ever did, or could pass before it was created; nor was it created in any Time at all; for neither the Essence or Actions of God have the most distant relation to Time; he has been pleased in his infinite Wisdom to bestow on some parts of his Creation a temporal Mode of Existence, and from this alone Time derives its Origin: to suppose Time antecedent to temporal Existence, is to suppose Effects to precede their Causes; and not less absurd, than to imagine, that there could be perception before sensitive Beings, or Thought before intelligent Beings existed. This very Question proves the absurdity of connecting Time and Eternity

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Eternity together; for if God's power of creating is coæval with his Existence, that Existence eternal, and that Eternity only Time extended; this evident contradiction follows, that God, tho' always equally able, yet in fact never could create any thing so soon, but that he might have created it sooner: that is in other words, that he never could create any thing as soon as he could. All this puzzle arises from our foolishly supposing, that Eternal and Temporal Beings must act in a manner similar to each other: if we do any thing, it must be done at some time or other; but God acts in ways as different from ours, as inconceivable to us; his ways are not like our ways, nor his thoughts like our thoughts: one day is to him as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; that is, neither of them, with his manner of existing, thinking, or acting, have any connection whatever.

ALL Disputes about God's Foreknowledge, and Predestination, are of the same Species, and derive their birth intirely from the same absurd supposition. Foreknowledge and Predestination imply Succession, and are relative to Time, which has no relation to the Essence or Perception of the Creator of all things; and therefore in the sense usually applied to them, cannot with any propriety be attributed to him. He knows all things, and ordains all things; but as all things are equally present

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present to the divine Intuition, it is impossible, that he can foreknow, or predestinate any thing.

Of the same kind are all Questions concerning the pre-existent, and future State of the Soul, arising likewise from confounding our Ideas of these two Modes of Existence, temporal and eternal: whenever the Soul is united with a Body, perceiving all things by Succession thro' material Organs, it acquires Ideas of Time, and can form none of Existence unconnected with it; but whenever this Union is dissolved, it probably returns again to its native Mode of eternal Existence, in which the whole circle of its perception being at once visible, it has nothing further to do with Time; it is neither old, or young, it lives no more in the seventeenth than in the seventh Century, no nearer to the End, than the Beginning of the World: all ideas of Years and Ages, of Pre-existence and Futurity, of Beginning and Ending, will be totally obliterated: and possibly it will be as incapable of forming any conceptions of Time, as it is now of Eternity. The Soul therefore being quite unconnected with Time, whenever it is unconnected with a Body, cannot properly be said to exist in another Time, either prior or posterior, but only in another manner.

Every Argument also endeavouring to prove the Injustice and Disproportion of eternal Punish-

ments for temporal Offences, is founded on the same erroneous principles, and admits of the same answer; that all computations of the magnitude of such Punishments from their Duration, by heaping years, and ages upon each other, are absurd, and inconsistent with that State in which they are to be inflicted: Crimes will there be punished according to the degrees of their malignity, but neither for a long, or a short, nor for any Time at all: for all Punishments must be correspondent to the State, in which they are suffered: in an Eternal State, they must be Eternal, in a Temporal they must be Temporal; for it is equally impossible, that a Being can be punished for a Time, where no Time is, as that it should be punished everlastingly in a State, which itself cannot last. As therefore from the nature of things, this Dispensation is necessary, it cannot be unjust, and from the infinite Wisdom and Goodness of the Author of Nature, we may reasonably presume that it cannot be disproportioned to its several Objects.

THE Non-entity of Time will serve likewise to settle a late ingenious Controversy, and shew, that like most others of the kind, it is a dispute only upon Words: this controversy is concerning the Sleep of the Soul; that is, whether it enters into a State of Happiness, or Misery immediately on its dissolution from the Body, or remains



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remains in a State of profound Insensibility, till the general Judgment, and then receives its final Sentence, and suffers it's Execution: for if Time is nothing but the thoughts and actions which pass in it, the condition of the Soul, whether it sleeps or not, will be exactly the same; nor will the final Sentence be one moment deferred by such a State of Insensibility, how long soever it may continue; for, tho' during that period many Revolutions of the Sun, and of Empires may take place, many millions of thoughts and actions may pass, which not only measure Time, but create it, yet with regard to the Soul so sleeping, none of these, that is, no Time will pass at all; and, if no Time intervenes, Judgment, however remote with regard to others, will as instantly follow it's Dissolution, as if that had happened the precedent moment. But if, according to the foregoing principles, the Soul in a separate State bears no relation to Time, then no Event in which it is there concerned can be before or after another, either nearer or farther from any period, from Death or Judgment, from the Creation or Dissolution of this planetary System: this we see must at once put an end to all disputes on this subject, and render the use of Soporifics intirely needless.

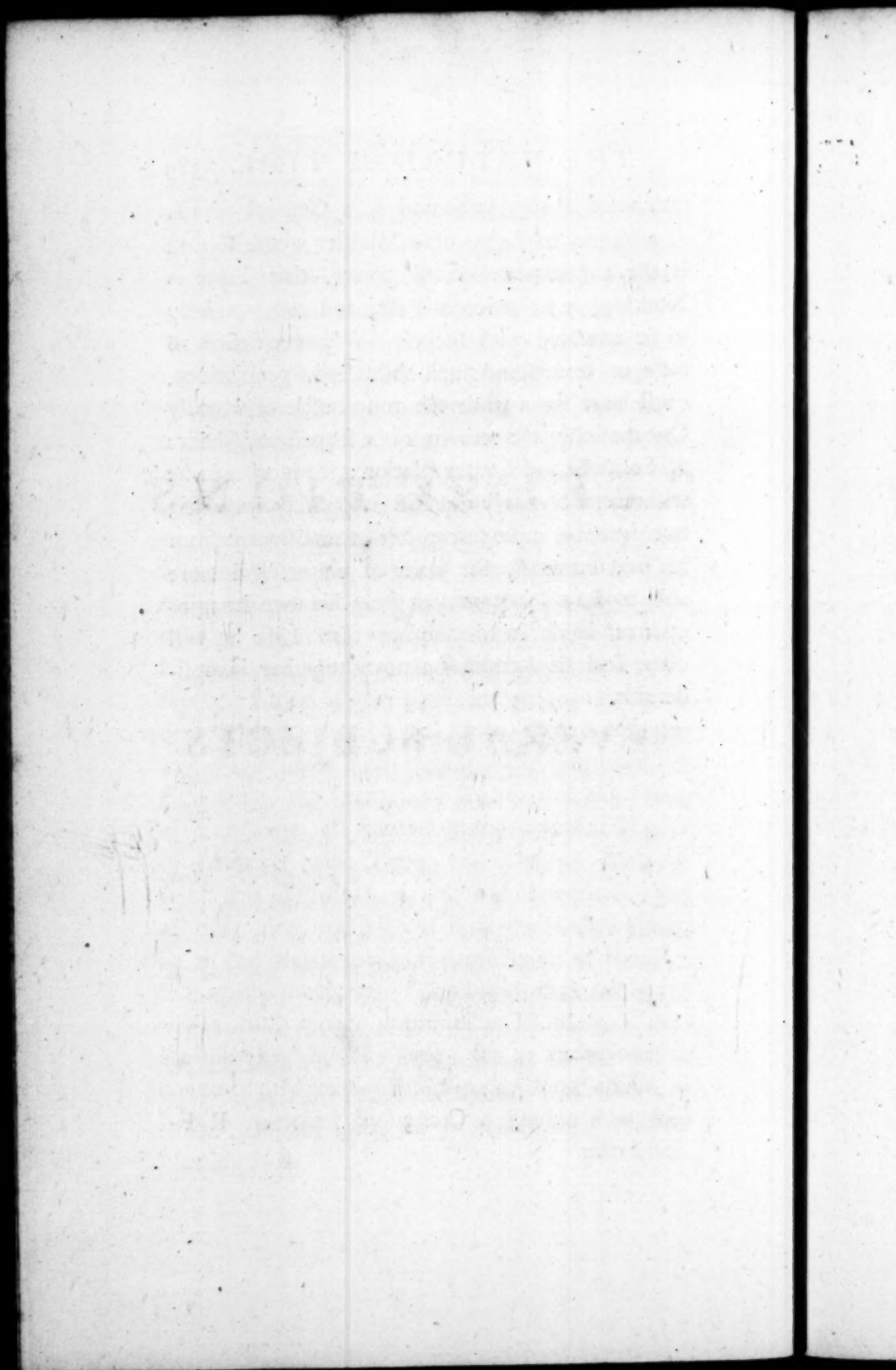
AFTER all that has been here advanced, I am not insensible, that we are here so constantly conversant with temporal Objects, and so totally

unacquainted with eternal, that few, very few will ever be able to abstract Existence from Time, or comprehend that any thing can exist out of, and unconnected with it: in vain should I suggest, that the various planets are peopled by the divine Wisdom with a variety of Beings, and even this terrestrial Globe with innumerable Creatures, whose Situations are so different, that their manner of Existence is quite unknown and incomprehensible to each other; that millions inhabit the impenetrable recesses of the unfathomable Ocean, who can no more form conceptions of any Existence beyond the limits of that their native Element, than we ourselves can beyond the boundaries of Time; and that therefore in reality, Time may be no more necessary to Existence than Water, tho' the Mode of that Existence we are unable to comprehend. But, I well know, these analogous arguments have little weight; the prejudice of Education, the strength of Habit, and the force of Language, all formed on the supposed Union of Existence with Time, will persuade Men to reject this Hypothesis as vain and chimerical. To all busy Men, and Men of Business, to all jogging on in the beaten roads of Professions, or scrambling up the precipices of Ambition, these considerations must appear unprofitable Illusions, if not incomprehensible Nonsense; for to endeavour to convince a Merchant subsisting on long credit, a Lawyer enriched by delay, a Divine who has

purchased

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purchased a next presentation, a General who is in no hurry to fight, or a Minister whose Object is the continuance of his power, that Time is Nothing, is an arduous Task, and very unlikely to be attended with success. Whoever desires to taste or understand such abstracted Speculations, must leave for a while the noisy bustle of worldly Occupations, and retire into the sequestered Shades of Solitude and Contemplation: from whence he will return certainly not richer, possibly not wiser, but probably more susceptible of amusement from his own company for want of better, and more able to draw entertainment from his own Imaginations: which in his journey thro' Life he will often find an Acquisition not altogether inconsiderable.



REFLECTIONS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

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REFLECTIONS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS



# REFLECTIONS

ON

## SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

**A**LL foolish people are wise enough to be soon tired of their own company; and therefore impatient of solitude, perpetually impose it upon their unfortunate acquaintance.

THOSE, who are extremely civil, are seldom sociable; because they receive more trouble, than entertainment from company.

THAT men usually grow more covetous as they grow older, does not so much proceed from the increase of their affection for wealth, as from the decrease of their inclinations for any thing beside: their regard for money continues the same, but they meet with fewer temptations to part with it: their

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their love of pleasures is lessened by satiety, their ambition by disappointments, their prodigality by experience, and their generosity by ingratitude.

EVERY year, as we grow older, appears shorter than the preceding, and the reason of it is this; all our ideas of time must be derived from that portion of it, in which we have already existed, and that must be the standard by which we measure it; as this standard therefore extends itself by our living longer, so every period must appear shorter in proportion to it: thus when we have lived ten years, one year is the tenth part of the duration of our whole existence; but when we have lived eighty, it is then but the eightieth part of the same term.

HONOUR is but a fictitious kind of honesty; a mean, but a necessary substitute for it in societies, who have none: it is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

WOMEN are certainly not at all inferior to men in resolution, and perhaps much less in courage, than is commonly imagined: the reason they appear so is, because women affect to be more afraid, than they really are, and men pretend to be less.

MEN's opinions much oftener proceed from their actions, than their actions from their opinions: they

they act first, and then with great facility reconcile their principles to their conduct; for which reason we find many, whom no advantage can induce to do any thing, which appears to them wrong; but of that many, very few, who can ever be convinced that any thing is wrong, from whence either pleasure or profit accrues to themselves.

WERE all men honest, the world would go on much more happily than it does at present; but were all men wise, it would not go on at all: so greatly preferable is honesty to understanding.

As a man of sense can usually out-wit a fool, because his designs are inconceivable to his adversary's understanding; so a fool will sometimes be too cunning for a wise man, for the very same reason; that is, because he will conceive schemes, which could never enter into a wiser head than his own. Counter-plotting an absurd fellow is like fighting a left-handed fencer; you receive a wound, because it comes in a direction from whence you had no reason to expect it, and he gains a victory merely by his awkwardness.

MUCH spirit and little sense are the worst ingredients of which a human creature can be composed; he, who has much spirit, and much understanding, will probably make a great and illustrious character: he, who has little spirit and  
little

little sense, may prove an honest, useful, and happy man: but he, who is so unfortunate as to have a great deal of spirit, and a small share of understanding, must ever be mischievous to others, and miserable in himself.

CONTEMPT among mankind, like action and re-action in solid bodies, is always reciprocal, and equal; whoever despises his company, may be assured, that he is not less despised by them: a wise man is just as much despised amongst fools, as a fool amongst wise men: whores and gamesters are not more contemptible in the eyes of others, than all others are in theirs, who are not of their own genteel fraternity:

OUR resentments and attachments are commonly the principal obstacles which retard us in our progress to wealth and greatness: he, who can totally exonerate himself of these two grand impediments, the remembrance of past injuries, and gratitude for past benefactions, can hardly fail of travelling through the dirty roads of business and ambition, with great alacrity and success.

THOSE, who live idly on hereditary fortunes, are apt to look with much envy on the wealth and affluence enjoyed by men in professions, and with no less indignation on the unjust means, by which, in most professions, they are acquired: but they ought



## SEVERAL SUBJECTS. 397

ought to consider, that to these very means, unjust as they are, they themselves are indebted for the security of their own lives, liberties, and estates; for such is the nature of mankind, that if, in their general struggle for wealth and power, they cannot succeed by art, they will infallibly make use of force; that is, if they are not indulged in some ingenious, learned, and legal methods of politely preying on each other, they will quickly have recourse to fire and sword.

He, who will not be cheated a little, will be abused a great deal, and by that means suffer no less in his fortune, than in his reputation: our first lesson, therefore, in the art of œconomy, should ever be to learn how to permit ourselves to be properly imposed on, in due proportion to our situation and circumstances.

No two qualities in the human mind are more essentially different, though often confounded, than pride, and vanity: the proud man entertains the highest opinion of himself, the vain man strives only to infuse such an opinion into the minds of others; the proud man thinks admiration his due; the vain man is satisfied if he can but obtain it: pride by stateliness demands respect; vanity by little artifices solicits applause: pride, therefore, makes men disagreeable, and vanity ridiculous.

WHO-

## 398 REFLECTIONS ON

WHOEVER appears to have a great deal of cunning, must, in reality, have but very little; for if he had much, he would have enough to conceal it.

THE vice of ingratitude cannot be so frequent as it is usually represented, because the instances of real and disinterested obligations, from whence alone it can proceed, are very rare.

APPLAUSE is more frequently acquired by profuseness, than by charity; that is, by suffering ourselves to be imposed on, than by bestowing our money on proper objects: because those who over-reach us, look upon their acquisitions as the just reward of their own superior abilities, and are therefore not unwilling to publish them; whereas, those who receive our donations, feel the weight of obligations, always implying an inferiority, which men little care to remember, and less to talk of.

PAINTERS of human nature, like those of human faces, are of two sorts; the one give us beautiful pictures, but without the least resemblance of those who fit for them; the other draw strong likenesses, but for the most part something uglier than the originals.

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## SEVERAL SUBJECTS. 399

WHOEVER would deceive the multitude, let him not despair of persuading them to believe any one thing in the world, except truth.

ADVICE is seldom well received, well intended, or productive of any good : it is seldom well received, because it implies a superiority of judgment in the giver ; and it is seldom intended for any other end, than to shew it : it is seldom of any service to the giver, because it more frequently makes him an enemy, than a friend ; and as seldom to the receiver, because, if he is not wise enough to act properly without it, he will scarcely be wise enough to distinguish that which is good.

HE, who will not change his principles, will find himself, in a little time, under a necessity to change his party.

LIBERTY is a fine-sounding word ; but most of those who use it, mean nothing more by it than a liberty to oppress others, themselves uncontrouled by any superior authority.

As property always produces power, so power is always convertible into property : therefore it is demonstrable, that the corruption of parliaments must ever increase with the increase of their power, and can be lessened only by the diminution of their importance. How absurd, therefore, are those,  
who

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who labour at the same time to increase liberty, and to destroy corruption; that is, who endeavour to give the people more power to carry to market, and at the same time to hinder them from selling it?

THE chief business of a government is like that of a nurse, to hinder those who are under its care from doing mischief to themselves; of which they are in perpetual pursuit, and perpetually angry with those who endeavour to prevent them.

WE need not travel far over the world, to acquire a sufficient knowledge of human nature and human government: by sagacity and observation it may be easily learned within the narrow limits of a single parish, the meanest vestry being actuated by the same principles, and managed by the same arts, as the most holy synod, or the most august senate: the conduct of the drama is nearly the same; the difference lies only in the address and dignity of the actors.

THERE is, undoubtedly, great difference in the wisdom and honesty of particular men, but very little in those of large numbers in the same situation and circumstances; as individual grains of corn may differ much in size and weight, but two bushels taken out of the same heap, will certainly be nearly similar.

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## SEVERAL SUBJECTS. 401

It seems a fundamental principle of modern politics, that every means that can bring wealth into a nation, must add just so much to its happiness, prosperity, and duration; but this is no more true, than that every single person is happy, healthy, and long-lived, in proportion to his riches.

It is often asserted, that the landed and trading interest of a nation must ever be inseparable; and each of them assure us, that their own is the interest of the public: but all these propositions are fallacious; there are few instances in which the landed and trading interests coincide; in most they are diametrically opposite; nor are either, or both of them, always the interest of the public; whose true interest is only to keep them from destroying each other, and involving herself in dangers and expences.

THE landed interest of this nation, like the silly and defenceless sheep, in silence offers its throat to the butchery of every administration, and is eat up by every ravenous profession; while the trading interest, like the hungry and unmannerly hog, devours every thing, and if a finger is but laid upon it, the whole country is distracted with the outcry.

It is not a little surprising, that mankind have in all times so much delighted in war, and that,

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notwithstanding all the miseries it has brought upon them, they should still continue to rush into it with as much alacrity as ever: the true, though secret reason of which, is certainly this: there is implanted in human nature, corrupt as it is, so strong an approbation of virtue, that however determined men are to indulge their evil inclinations, they never enjoy them with any satisfaction unless they can find out some means of hiding their deformities, not only from the eyes of others, but even from their own, and they are therefore extremely fond of every expedient that can assist them in this favourable self-deception, and procure them leave to be wicked with a good character, and a good conscience: now war is of all others the most effectual for this purpose; as it grants us a plenary indulgence for every vicious disposition in the human mind exempted from all punishment, or even censure, as well as from all reluctance and remorse: it so dresses up idleness and profligacy, malevolence and revenge, cruelty and injustice, in the amiable habit of zeal for the glory and prosperity of our country, that we can give a loose to them all, not only with the applause of the world, but with the sincere approbation of our own hearts; and of such high estimation is this privilege; that we think it a sufficient recompence for all the miseries and desolation, which the mutual exercise of it cannot fail to introduce.

MEN'S

## SEVERAL SUBJECTS. 403

MEN's zeal for religion is much of the same kind as that which they shew for a foot-ball: whenever it is contested for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the dispute; but, when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but sleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbish, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much less to remove.

IN religious quarrels, the propositions in dispute are generally such as those who impose them cannot believe, and those who reject them cannot understand: and therefore no one is persecuted for not believing, but for not professing to believe, when they do not; that is, for insolently presuming to be either wiser, or honefter than their persecutors; an affront, which the strongest side always extremely resents, and severely punishes, under the terrible denomination of obstinate heresy.

THE true scriptural meaning of the word Faith, seems nothing more, than a docility or promptitude to receive truth, and of Christian Faith to believe the divine authority of that religion, and to obey it's precepts: in this sense surely too much merit can never be imputed to it; but since this denomination has been so undetermined, that no two ages, nations or sects, have affixed to it the same ideas, and so abused, that under it every absurdity that knavery could cram down, or

ignorance swallow, have been comprehended; since it is still capable of being so explained, as to mean any thing that an artful preacher pleases to impose on an illiterate audience, the laying too great a stress upon it must be highly dangerous to the religion and liberties of mankind: but the proposing it as a composition for moral duties is of all others the most mischievous doctrine; as it unhinges all our notions of divine justice, and establishes wickedness upon a principle; and it is the more mischievous, as it cannot fail of being popular, because, as it is usually inculcated, it is in fact nothing more than offering to the people a licence to be profligate, at the easy price of being absurd; a bargain, which they will ever readily agree to.

POLITICAL

**POLITICAL TRACTS.**

**D d 3**

POLITICAL TRACTS

183



SHORT BUT SERIOUS  
R E A S O N S  
FOR A  
NATIONAL MILITIA.

*Militia potior.*

HOR.

Written in the Year 1757.

D d 4

THE NATIONAL MILITIA

REASON

FOR A

NATIONAL MILITIA

THE

WOMAN

WOMAN IN THE MILITIA

BY



SHORT BUT SERIOUS

# R E A S O N S

F O R A

## NATIONAL MILITIA.

**I**N this age of levity and ridicule, it is extremely difficult to procure a serious attention to any proposal, however important, or however wisely calculated for the public benefit; but sure if there ever was a proposition deserving attention from every true Englishman, it is this for the establishment of a National Militia, now under the consideration of the legislature; on the success of which I sincerely think, that our glory abroad, our security at home, and our very being as a nation, intirely depend.

So manifest is the truth of this to the meanest and most absurd understandings, that I never met with one of that kind who has not been clearly convinced of it; to such therefore I shall not here address myself, but to the wise and sagacious only, many of whom, to my great surprize, I have found

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found of a very different opinion : to these then I shall endeavour to prove, in as few words as possible, the truth of the following propositions :

1st, That such a militia may soon be rendered not at all inferior to our present regular forces.

2dly, That it will effectually secure our liberties, properties, and religion.

3dly, That it will strengthen the hands of government.

4thly, That it will reduce the price of our provisions, and manufactures, and extend our trade.

5thly, That it will increase the number of our people ; and,

Lastly, That it may be carried into execution without any expence to the public.

FIRST, then, I shall endeavour to prove that a militia may very soon be rendered not at all inferior to our present regular forces : and whoever will look back on the behaviour of these forces for some years past both by land and sea, will be convinced that this is no very arduous undertaking ; nor be under any doubt, but that after a few days exercise they will behave as valiantly as our regiments at Falkirk, Preston Pans, or Oswego, or

our

our fleets in the Mediterranean \*. Nor can I indeed comprehend from whence their inferiority should proceed; unless strong-beer should inspire less true courage than gin; or being trained in a country church-yard, produce a less familiarity with death than performing the same exercise in the gay scenes of Hyde-Park or St. James's. If it be objected that they will be deficient in military knowledge and experience; I answer, they will fight the better: the utility of these qualifications in the day of battle is a vulgar error, propagated like all others, for want of reasoning; for all fighting being in its own nature contradictory to common sense, it can never be promoted by knowledge: military knowledge therefore can never be that sort of knowledge which enables men to fight; but that which enables them to find out good reasons for not fighting; or if they should be bad, to call in the assistance of councils of war and court-martials to make them better. Much less sure will experience induce men to fight, unless we can believe that wounds and bruises, like coffee and tobacco, though disagreeable at first tasting, grow pleasant by frequent repetitions.

\* Since the writing of this, the bravery and conduct of our regular forces, both by sea and land, in every quarter of the globe, have been so unexampled, that, notwithstanding the author's partiality for the Militia, he is candid enough to acknowledge, that he begins to have some small doubts, whether those corps may ever be able altogether to equal them.

SECONDLY,



SECONDLY, That such a militia will secure our liberties, properties, and religion. The liberties we so justly value in this country are these, that every one may think and write, and say and do whatever he pleases; our properties comprehend all things of which we are in possession, by whatever means they have been acquired; these can certainly no way be so effectually secured to us as by the use of arms, by which we may at all times defend ourselves from the attacks of judges and juries, from writs and ejectments, from goals and pillories, with all the tyranny of justices, and impertinence of constables, grievances not to be endured in a free country. As to our religion, a scheme of this kind must have most salutary effects, since a bill only for its establishment has already produced unanimity between our church divines and dissenters in one sensible and pious opinion<sup>b</sup>; an event perhaps not easy to be remembered on any other occasion.

THIRDLY, That it will strengthen the hands of government, which in this nation being, by the consent of all true patriots, allowed to be the sole right of the lowest of the people, or mob, with whom such patriots wonderfully agree in their political sentiments, what can so effectually secure to them the dominion they now exercise over us, as

<sup>b</sup> In opposing that part of it which enacted, that the Militia should be exercised on Sundays.

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putting arms into their hands, and teaching them how to use them? This must certainly strengthen the hands of these our governors, and consequently of government itself.

FOURTHLY, It will reduce the price of our provisions and manufactures, and extend our trade; because when the good people of England are thus armed and disciplined, they will be enabled to take away meat, corn, and malt, and all other provisions, from forestallers and ingrossers, butchers, millers, and farmers, at a reasonable price, of which they themselves must always be the best and most impartial judges. When the price of provisions is thus happily reduced, that of our manufactures must inevitably fall in due proportion; and the reduction of these must as certainly carry more of them to foreign markets, and consequently extend our trade. The truth of this has been so often demonstrated by all writers on trade, and all whose trade is writing, that it is here needless to say any more on the subject.

FIFTHLY, That it will increase the number of our people: to be convinced of which, gentle reader, figure to thyself all the handsomest young fellows in every county, each armed like the hero in a romance, drest, powdered, and toupeed by the reforming hand of a genteel serjeant; then turn thy eyes to the numerous groupe of fair spec-

tators

tators in Sunday gowns, and clean linen, who will not fail to attend so tempting a show; then if thou hast not lost all feeling both mental and corporeal, thou canst not doubt but that so much valour on one side, and so much beauty on the other, will certainly produce much mutual affection, and that this will as infallibly be the cause of much procreation, and in a great measure repair the losses occasioned by our migrations to America, and the depredations of gin. If it be objected, that to balance this, many lives will be lost by the institution of these forces, by the accidental discharge of their firelocks, or the too valiant use of their swords in drunken quarrels; I answer, these accidents may sometimes happen; but, as on the most moderate computation, every one in these corps will probably beget three children before he kills one man, it cannot fail to increase the number of our people. Though this good effect of this truly national scheme has not, that I know of, been observed by any author, who has undertaken to recommend it to the public, yet it has not escaped the quick-sighted eyes of our sagacious legislature<sup>c</sup>, who, on this very account, have this year voted a large sum to the Foundling Hospital, and propose to increase it still further as soon as these national forces begin to act in the service of their country.

<sup>c</sup> This session the parliament voted a much greater sum to the Foundling Hospital, than had ever been before thought on.

LASTLY, That it may be carried into execution without any expence to the public, and this by a method so extremely obvious, that it is surprizing the wisdom of Parliament has not discovered it. The method I mean is no more than this: that as every man who attends on the days of exercise, and continues sober, is by the present bill to receive sixpence, I would have it further enacted, that every one who is drunk on those days, should pay the said sum of sixpence, to be applied towards the support of this national force, a very small penalty, sure, for so great a neglect of duty where the safety of his country is at stake. Now whoever has been present at a fair, a sessions, a horse-race, an assizes, a cricket-match, or a visitation, or any other numerous meeting in the country, must know, that on the most enlarged computation, the number of sober cannot exceed the proportion of one in ten of those who are drunk; and there is no reason that I know of to suppose that the majority will be less on this occasion. If so, the public, we see, will receive nine times the sum every day that it will be required to pay, and consequently the remaining eight parts will amply supply these forces with arms, ammunition, cloaths, and accoutrements. But if this should not be found quite sufficient, considering how frequently they will probably be lost, a small matter laid on oaths, many of which they will readily learn from the instructions of their serjeants, would easily supply

supply all deficiencies; and if the landed officers of these corps would submit to the same penalties, it would much increase the fund: but as these gentlemen, who are to receive nothing for being sober, may think it hard to pay sixpence for being drunk, I would by no means insist on their being included, especially as I doubt not but the sum thus raised will be sufficient to defray all expenses, and totally to indemnify the public revenues.

THE objections made to this scheme are so frivolous and absurd, that they are by no means worthy of observation; but of one or two I will just take notice. It is asserted, that gentlemen of estates in the country, will never submit to the duty of officers without pay; but whoever considers how ready these gentlemen are, on all occasions, to execute the offices of justices of the peace, commissioners of taxes, and turnpikes; how earnest to spend half their time, and all their estates, to acquire seats, and to attend their duty in Parliament, from whence no possible advantage can accrue, must be satisfied that this is but an unjust suspicion, founded on no reason, and inconsistent with the true zeal which they have ever shewn in the cause of their country.

It is also apprehended, that many of these gentlemen, by indolence, corpulency, age, or gout, will be rendered incapable of fighting; but the very reverse of this is certainly true, because these  
very



very infirmities will make it impossible for them to run away.

AND now having demonstrated the truth of every one of my propositions beyond the power of all ministerial scribblers to disprove, I shall conclude, by recommending this necessary scheme to the protection of all true lovers of their country, earnestly wishing, that nothing may prevent it from being put in execution as soon as possible: then, O Britain, O my country, will I congratulate thee on the consummation of thy prosperity, and the happy period of all thy calamities. Long have thy true patriots wished to see thee engaged singly in a war with France, which, from thy natural superiority, must always be attended with glory and success: long hast thou groaned under the oppressions of mercenary allies abroad, and rapacious ministers at home: but at last the time, the happy time is arrived, when our wishes are all fulfilled, and our misfortunes wiped away; when we are in full possession of such a glorious war, without any allies, or any administration at all.

—*quod optanti nemo promittere Divum  
Auderet, volvenda Dies en attulit ultro!*

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THE  
OBJECTIONS  
TO THE  
TAXATION  
OF OUR  
AMERICAN COLONIES,  
BY THE  
*Legislature of Great-Britain,*  
BRIEFLY CONSIDERED.

Written in the Year 1765.

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O B A L E C T I O N S

T A K A T I O N

A M E R I C A N C O L O N I E S

Geographical and Historical

CONSIDERED

in the Year 1793

by J. B. B. B.

and

published by J. B. B. B.



THE  
OBJECTIONS  
TO THE  
TAXATION  
OF OUR  
AMERICAN COLONIES,  
BRIEFLY CONSIDERED.

**T**HE right of the legislature of Great-Britain to impose taxes on her American Colonies, and the expediency of exerting that right in the present conjuncture, are propositions so indisputably clear, that I should never have thought it necessary to have undertaken their defence, had not many arguments been lately flung out, both in papers and conversation, which with insolence equal to their absurdity deny them both. As these are usually mixt up with several patriotic and favorite words, such as Liberty, Property, Englishmen, &c. which are apt to make strong impressions on that more numerous part of mankind,



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who have ears but no understanding, it will not, I think, be improper to give them some answers: to this therefore I shall singly confine myself, and do it in as few words as possible, being sensible that the fewest will give least trouble to myself and probably most information to my reader.

THE great capital argument, which I find on this subject, and which, like an Elephant at the head of a Nobob's army, being once overthrown, must put the whole into confusion, is this: that no Englishman is, or can be taxed, but by his own consent: by which must be meant one of these three propositions; either that no Englishman can be taxed without his own consent as an individual; or that no Englishman can be taxed without the consent of the persons he chuses to represent him: or that no Englishman can be taxed without the consent of the majority of all those, who are elected by himself and others of his fellow-subjects to represent them. Now let us impartially consider, whether any one of these propositions are in fact true: if not, then this wonderful structure which has been erected upon them, falls at once to the ground, and like another Babel, perishes by a confusion of words, which the builders themselves are unable to understand.

FIRST then, that no Englishman is or can be taxed but by his own consent as an individual: this

this is so far from being true, that it is the very reverse of truth; for no man that I know of is taxed by his own consent; and an Englishman, I believe, is as little likely to be so taxed, as any man in the world.

SECONDLY, that no Englishman is, or can be taxed, but by the consent of those persons, whom he has chose to represent him; for the truth of this I shall appeal only to the candid representatives of those unfortunate counties which produce cyder, and shall willingly acquiesce under their determination.

LASTLY, that no Englishman is, or can be taxed, without the consent of the majority of those, who are elected by himself, and others of his fellow-subjects, to represent them. This is certainly as false as the other two; for every Englishman is taxed, and not one in twenty represented: copyholders, leaseholders, and all men possessed of personal property only, chuse no representatives; Manchester, Birmingham, and many more of our richest and most flourishing trading towns send no members to parliament, consequently cannot consent by their representatives, because they chuse none to represent them; yet are they not Englishmen? or are they not taxed?

I AM well aware, that I shall hear Locke, Sidney, Selden, and many other great names quoted,

to prove that every Englishman, whether he has a right to vote for a representative, or not, is still represented in the British parliament; in which opinion they all agree: on what principle of common sense this opinion is founded I comprehend not, but on the authority of such respectable names I shall acknowledge its truth; but then I will ask one question, and on that I will rest the whole merits of the cause: Why does not this imaginary representation extend to America, as well as over the whole island of Great-Britain? If it can travel three hundred miles, why not three thousand? if it can jump over rivers and mountains, why cannot it sail over the ocean? If the towns of Manchester and Birmingham sending no representatives to parliament, are notwithstanding there represented, why are not the cities of Albany and Boston equally represented in that assembly? Are they not alike British subjects? are they not Englishmen? or are they only Englishmen, when they solicit for protection, but not Englishmen, when taxes are required to enable this country to protect them?

BUT it is urged, that the Colonies are by their charters placed under distinct Governments, each of which has a legislative power within itself, by which alone it ought to be taxed; that if this privilege is once given up, that liberty which every Englishman has a right to, is torn from them, they are all slaves, and all is lost.

THE

## AMERICAN TAX CONSIDERED. 425

THE liberty of an Englishman, is a phrase of so various a signification, having within these few years been used as a synonymous term for blasphemy, bawdy, treason, libels, strong beer, and cyder, that I shall not here presume to define its meaning; but I shall venture to assert what it cannot mean; that is, an exemption from taxes imposed by the authority of the Parliament of Great-Britain; nor is there any charter, that ever pretended to grant such a privilege to any colony in America; and had they granted it, it could have had no force; their charters being derived from the crown, and no charter from the Crown can possibly supersede the right of the whole Legislature: their charters are undoubtedly no more than those of all corporations, which empower them to make bye laws, and raise duties for the purposes of their own police, for ever subject to the superior authority of parliament; and in some of their charters, the manner of exercising these powers is specified in these express words, "according to the course of other corporations in Great-Britain:" and therefore they can have no more pretence to plead an exemption from this parliamentary authority, than any other corporation in England.

It has been moreover alledged, that, though Parliament may have power to impose taxes on the Colonies, they have no right to use it, because

because it would be an unjust tax; and no supreme or legislative power can have a right to enact any law in its nature unjust: to this, I shall only make this short reply, that if Parliament can impose no taxes but what are equitable, and the persons taxed are to be the judges of that equity, they will in effect have no power to lay any tax at all. No tax can be imposed exactly equal on all; and if it is not equal, it cannot be just; and if it is not just, no power whatever can impose it; by which short syllogism, all taxation is at an end; but why it should not be used by Englishmen on this side the Atlantic, as well as by those on the other, I do not comprehend.

Thus much for the right. Let us now a little inquire into the expediency of this measure; to which two objections have been made; that the time is improper, and the manner wrong.

As to the first, can any time be more proper to require some assistance from our Colonies, to preserve to themselves their present safety, than when this Country is almost undone by procuring it? Can any time be more proper to impose some tax upon their trade, than when they are enabled to rival us in our manufactures, by the encouragement and protection which we have given them? Can any time be more proper to oblige them to settle handsome incomes on their governors, than when



## AMERICAN TAX CONSIDERED. 427

when we find them unable to procure a subsistence on any other terms than those of breaking all their instructions, and betraying the rights of their sovereign? Can there be a more proper time to compel them to fix certain salaries on their judges, than when we see them so dependent on the humours of their assemblies, that they can obtain a livelihood no longer than *quam diu se male gesserint*? Can there be a more proper time to force them to maintain an army at their expence, than when that army is necessary for their own protection, and we are utterly unable to support it? Lastly, can there be a more proper time for this mother country to leave off feeding out of her own vitals, these children whom she has nursed up, than when they are arrived at such strength and maturity as to be well able to provide for themselves, and ought rather with filial duty to give some assistance to her distresses.

As to the manner; that is, the imposing taxes on the Colonies by the authority of Parliament, it is said to be harsh and arbitrary; and that it would have been more consistent with justice, at least with maternal tenderness, for Administration here to have settled quotas on each of the colonies, and have then transmitted them with injunctions, that the sums allotted should be immediately raised by their respective legislatures, on the penalty of their being imposed by Parliament, in case of their non-

non-compliance? But was this to be done, what would be the consequence? Have their assemblies shewn so much obedience to the orders of the Crown, that we could reasonably expect, that they would immediately tax themselves on the arbitrary command of a minister? Would it be possible here to settle those quotas with justice, or would any one of the colonies submit to them, were they ever so just? Should we not be compared to those Roman tyrants, who used to send orders to their subjects to murder themselves within so many hours, most obligingly leaving the method to their own choice, but on their disobedience threatening a more severe fate from the hands of an executioner? And should we not receive votes, speeches, resolutions, petitions, and remonstrances in abundance, instead of taxes? In short, we either have a right to tax the Colonies, or we have not: if Parliament is possessed of this right, why should it be exercised with more delicacy in America, than it has ever been even in Great-Britain itself? If on the other hand, they have no such right, sure it is below the dignity as well as justice of the Legislature, to intimidate the Colonies with vain threats, which they have really no right to put in execution.

One method indeed has been hinted at, and but one, that might render the exercise of this power in a British Parliament just and legal, which is the introduction of representatives from the  
 several

several colonies into that body; but as this has never seriously been proposed, I shall not here consider the impracticability of this method, nor the effects of it, if it could be practised; but only say, that I have lately seen so many specimens of the great powers of speech, of which these American gentlemen are possessed, that I should be much afraid, that the sudden importation of so much eloquence at once, would greatly endanger the safety and government of this country; or in terms more fashionable, though less understood, this our most excellent constitution. If we can avail ourselves of these taxes on no other condition, I shall never look upon it as a measure of frugality; being perfectly satisfied, that in the end, it will be much cheaper for us to pay their army, than their orators.

I CANNOT omit taking notice of one prudential reason, which I have heard frequently urged against this taxation of the Colonies, which is this; that if they are by this means impoverished, they will be unable to purchase our manufactures, and consequently we shall lose that trade, from which the principal benefit which we receive from them must arise. But surely, it requires but little sagacity to see the weakness of this argument; for should the Colonies raise taxes for the purposes of their own government and protection, would the money so raised be immediately annihilated?

What

What some pay, would not others receive? Would not those who so receive it, stand in need of as many of our manufactures, as those who pay? Was the army there maintained at the expence of the Americans, would the soldiers want fewer coats, hats, shirts, or shoes, than at present? Had the judges salaries ascertained to them, would they not have occasion for as costly periwigs, or robes of as expensive scarlet, as marks of their legal abilities, as they now wear in their present state of dependency? Or had their governors better incomes settled on them for observing their instructions, than they can now with difficulty obtain for disobeying them, would they expend less money in their several governments, or bring home at their return less riches, to lay out in the manufactures of their native country?

It has been likewise asserted, that every shilling which our Colonies can raise either by cultivation or commerce, finally centers in this country; and therefore it is argued, we can acquire nothing by their taxation, since we can have no more than their All; and whether this comes in by taxes or by trade, the consequence is the same. But allowing this assertion to be true, which it is not, yet the reasoning upon it is glaringly false: for surely it is not the same, whether the wealth derived from these colonies flows immediately into the coffers of the public, or into the pockets of individuals,

individuals, from whence it must be squeezed by various domestic taxes before it can be rendered of any service to the nation : surely it is by no means the same, whether this money brought in by taxes enables us to diminish part of that enormous debt contracted by the last expensive war, or whether coming in by trade it enables the merchant, by augmenting his influence together with his wealth, to plunge us into new wars and new debts for his private advantage.

FROM what has been here said, I think that not only the right of the Legislature of Great-Britain to impose taxes on her Colonies, not only the expediency, but the absolute necessity of exercising that right in the present conjuncture, has been so clearly, though concisely proved, that it is to be hoped, that in this great and important question, all parties and factions, or, in the more polite and fashionable term, all connections, will most cordially unite ; that every member of the British Parliament, whether in or out of humour with administration, whether he has been turned out because he has opposed, or whether he opposes because he has been turned out, will endeavour to the utmost of his power to support this measure. A measure which must not only be approved by every man, who has any property or common sense, but which ought to be required by every English subject of an English administration.





T H O U G H T S  
O N T H E  
C A U S E S A N D C O N S E Q U E N C E S  
O F T H E  
P R E S E N T H I G H P R I C E  
O F  
P R O V I S I O N S.

*Privatus illis census erat brevis  
Commune magnum.*

THE OUGHS

OF THE  
CITIES AND CONSEQUENCES

OF THE  
HIGH PRICE

FOR OUGHS



T H O U G H T S  
ON THE  
CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES  
OF THE

Present High Price of PROVISIONS.

**T**HE high price of provisions, and all the necessaries of life, is an evil so inconvenient to all conditions of men, and so intolerable to some, that it is not surprising that all should suffer it with much discontent, and many be drove by it into despair, or into riots, rapine, and all kinds of disorders. The latter, indeed, we cannot but expect, if we consider, that the enemies of all government and subordination, so numerous in this country, will not fail to avail themselves of this favourable opportunity, to spread universal dissatisfaction, and inflame the minds of the people to seek redress by such infamous and dangerous methods. This they endeavour, too successfully;

to effect, by daily representing in the public papers, that this calamity arises from the artifices of monopolizers, regraters, forestallers, and engrossers, encouraged, or at least connived at, by ministers desirous of oppressing the people, and parliaments unattentive to their complaints. It is hard to say, whether the ignorance of these writers, or their malevolence, is superior; or, whether the absurdity of their principles, or the mischief of them, is the greatest: but one may venture to affirm, that our people, notwithstanding the present scarcity, are still better fed than taught. This undoubtedly makes it necessary, at this time, that the true causes of this evil should be explained to them; which, if it lessens not their wants, may in some measure abate their ill-founded indignation.

To this end I shall endeavour to shew, as concisely as possible, that the present high price of provisions arises principally from two sources; the increase of our national debts, and the increase of our riches; that is, from the poverty of the public, and the wealth of private individuals. From what causes these have been increased, and what have been the effects of that increase, shall be the subject of the few following pages.

It will surely be unnecessary to inquire into the causes of the late immense increase of our national debt; whoever remembers the many millions annually



nually borrowed, funded, and expended, during the last war, can be under no difficulty to account for its increase. To pay interest for these new funds, new taxes were every year imposed, and additional burthens laid on every comfort, and almost every necessary of life, by former taxes; occasioned by former wars, before sufficiently loaded. These must unavoidably increase the prices of them, and that in a much greater proportion than is usually understood: for a duty laid on any commodity does not only add the value of that duty to the price of that commodity, but the dealer in it must advance the price double or treble times that sum; for he must not only repay himself the original tax, but must have compensation for his losses in trade by bad debts, and loss of interest by his increased capital. Besides this, every new tax does not only affect the price of the commodity on which it is laid, but that of all others, whether taxed or not, and with which, at first sight, it seems to have no manner of connection. Thus, for instance, a tax on candles must raise the price of a coat, or a pair of breeches; because, out of these, all the taxes on the candles of the woolcomber, weaver, and the taylor, must be paid: a duty upon ale must raise the price of shoes; because from them all the taxes upon ale drank by the tanner, leather-dresser, and shoemaker, which is not a little, must be refunded. No tax is immediately laid upon corn, but the price of it

must necessarily be advanced; because, out of that, all the innumerable taxes paid by the farmer on windows, soap, candles, malt, hops, leather, salt, and a thousand others, must be repaid: so that corn is as effectually taxed, as if a duty by the bushel had been primarily laid upon it; for taxes, like the various streams which form a general inundation, by whatever channels they separately find admission, unite at last, and overwhelm the whole. The man, therefore, who sold sand upon an ass, and raised the price of it during the late war, though abused for an imposition, most certainly acted upon right reasons; for, though there were no new taxes then imposed either on sand or asses, yet he found by experience, that, from the taxes laid on almost all other things, he could neither maintain himself, his wife, or his ass, as cheap as formerly; he was therefore under a necessity of advancing the price of his sand, out of which alone all the taxes which he paid must be refunded. Thus I think it is evident beyond all doubt, that the increase of taxes must increase the price of every thing, whether taxed or not; and that this is one principal cause of the present extraordinary advance of provisions, and all the necessaries of life.

The other great source, from whence this calamity arises, is certainly our vast increase of riches; the causes and consequences of which, I will now  
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 briefly

briefly consider. That our riches are in fact amazingly increased within a few years, no one, who is in the least acquainted with this country, can entertain a doubt: whoever will cast his eyes on our public works, our roads, our bridges, our pavements, and our hospitals, the prodigious extension of our capital, and in some proportion that of every considerable town in Great-Britain; whoever will look into the possessions and expences of individuals, their houses, furniture, tables, equipages, parks, gardens, cloaths, plate, and jewels, will find every where round him sufficient marks to testify to the truth of this proposition. This great increase of private opulence is undoubtedly owing to the very same cause which increased our national debt; that is, to the enormous expences and unparalleled success of the late war; and indeed very much arises from that very debt itself. Every million funded is in fact a new creation of so much wealth to individuals, both of principal and interest; for the principal being easily transferable, operates exactly as so much cash; and the interest, by enabling so many to consume the commodities on which taxes are laid for the payment of it, in a great measure produces annually an income to discharge itself. Of all the enormous sums then expended, little besides the subsidies, granted to German princes, was lost to the individuals of this country, though the whole was irrecoverably alienated from the public; all the rest

annually returning into the pockets of the merchants, contractors, brokers, and stock-jobbers, enabled them to lend it again to the public on a new mortgage the following year. Every emission of paper-credit by bank-notes, exchequer and navy bills, so long as they circulate, answers all the purposes of so much additional gold and silver as their value amounts to: if we add to these the immense riches daily flowing in since that period from our commerce, extended over every quarter of the globe, from the new channels of trade opened with America, and the amazing sums imported from the East Indies, it will not sure be difficult to account for the opulence of the present times, which has enabled men to increase their expences, and carry luxury to a pitch unknown to all former ages.

THE effects of this vast and sudden increase of riches, are no less evident than their cause: the first, and most obvious effect of the increase of money, is the decrease of its value, like that of all other commodities; for money being but a commodity, its value must be relative, that is, dependant on the quantity of itself, and the quantity of the things to be purchased with it. In every country where there is great plenty of provisions, and but little money, there provisions must be cheap, that is, a great deal of them will be exchanged for a little money: on the contrary, where

where there are but little provisions in proportion to the number of consumers, and a great plenty of money, or what passes for money, there they will inevitably be dear; that is, a great deal of money must be given to purchase them. These effects must eternally follow their causes in all ages and in all countries; and that they have done so, the history of all countries in all ages sufficiently informs us. The value of money at the time of the Norman conquest, was near twenty times greater than at present; and it has been gradually decreasing from that period, in proportion as our riches have increased: it has decreased not less than one third during the present century; and I believe one half at least of that third since the commencement of the last war, which I doubt not, could it be exactly computed, would be found to be in due proportion to the increase of its quantity, either in real or fictitious cash; and that the price of provisions is advanced in the same proportion, during the same period.

THE increase of money does not only operate on the price of provisions by the diminution of its own value, but by enabling more people to purchase, and consequently to consume them; which must unavoidably likewise increase their scarcity, and that must still add more to their price. Twenty rich families will consume ten times as much meat, bread, butter soap, and candles,



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candles, as twenty poor families consisting of the same number; and the prices of all these must certainly rise in proportion to the demand. This effect of the increase of wealth in many countries of Europe, is very visible at this day, and in none more than in the northern parts of this island, who having of late acquired riches by the introduction of trade, manufactures, and tillage, can now well afford to eat roast beef, and therefore consume much of those cattle, with which they were formerly glad to supply us; and will not part with the rest but at prices greatly advanced. The consumption of every thing is also amazingly increased from the increase of wealth in our metropolis, and indeed in every corner of this kingdom; and the manner of living, throughout all ranks and conditions of men, is no less amazingly altered: the merchant who formerly thought himself fortunate, if in a course of thirty or forty years, by a large trade and strict oeconomy, he amassed together as many thousand pounds, now acquires in a quarter of that time double that sum, or breaks for a greater, and vies all the while with the first of our nobility, in his houses, table, furniture, and equipage: the shop-keeper, who used to be well contented with one dish of meat, one fire, and one maid, has now two or three times as many of each; his wife has her tea, her card-parties, and her dressing-room; and his prentice has climbed from the kitchen-fire to the front-boxes

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at the play-house. The lowest manufacturer and meanest mechanic will touch nothing but the very best pieces of meat, and the finest white bread; and, if he cannot obtain double the wages for being idle, to what he formerly received for working hard, he thinks he has a right to seek for a redress of his grievances, by riot and rebellion. Since then the value of our money is decreased by its quantity, our consumption increased by universal luxury, and the supplies, which we used to receive from poorer countries, now also grown rich, greatly diminished, the present exorbitant price of all the necessaries of life can be no wonder.

FROM what has been here offered, I think this may be readily accounted for, without having recourse to forestallers, regraters, engrossers, monopolizers, higglers, badgers, bounties, post-chaises, turnpike-roads, enlarging of farms, and the extension of the metropolis, with all that ridiculous catalogue of causes, which have been assigned by essay-writers to this evil, and frequently adopted by the absurdity of their readers. How far all or any of these have accidentally, collaterally, or locally contributed to augment the price of provisions, I cannot determine, nor do I think it of much importance to inquire; because I am satisfied, whatever may have been their effects, they could have had none at all, had they not been assisted by the first and great cause, the increase

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increase of riches; for no artifices of traders can make their commodities dear in a poor country; that is, sell things for a great deal of money, where there is little to be found. It seems therefore to no purpose, to search out for causes of the present high price of provisions, from facts, whose operations are uncertain, and reasons at best but speculative, when it is sufficiently accounted for from these two great principles, the increase of taxes, and the increase of riches, principles as absolutely indisputable, and as demonstrable as any mathematical problem.

I SHALL now make some cursory observations and short conclusions on the principles here advanced, which, allowing these to be true, can admit of no doubt. First then, although the price of provisions is at present very high, they cannot with propriety be said to be dear. Nothing is properly dear, except some commodity, which, either from real or fictitious scarcity, bears a higher price than other things in the same country, at the same time. In the reign of Henry II. the value of money was about fifteen times greater than in the present age: a fowl then was sold for a penny, which cannot now be bought under fifteen pence; but fowls are not for that reason dearer now, than they were at that time: because one penny was then earned with as much labour, and when earned would fetch as much of every thing

thing at market, as fifteen will in these days: was the value of money now as great, and the price of other things as small, as in these times, and provisions bore the same price as at present, they would then be dear indeed, and the pamphleteers would have good reason to impute their dearness to the frauds of engrossers and monopolizers; but as the price of every thing besides, of houses, furniture, cloaths, horses, coaches, fees, perquisites, and votes, are all equally advanced; nay, as every pamphlet, which used to be sold for one shilling, has now inscribed on its title-page, price eighteen-pence, their own works are a confutation of their arguments; for nonsense is a commodity in which there are too many dealers ever to suffer it to be monopolized or engrossed. It is certainly therefore improper to say that provisions are dear, but we should rather affirm, what is the real fact, that money is cheap; and if the complainants would use this expression instead of the other, and at the same time consider, that this arises from the success of our arms, and the extension of our trade, I am persuaded, that if they were not less distressed, they would certainly be less dissatisfied, and would, perhaps, by degrees, comprehend, that, in a country engaged in expensive wars and successful commerce, there must be heavy taxes, and great riches; and that where there are taxes and riches, there the prices of provisions, and all other things, must be high, in spite of all the efforts of ministers or parliaments, who ought by

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no means to be blamed, for not effecting impossibilities, and counteracting the nature of things.

SECONDLY, this cheapness of money in its consequences affects different conditions of men in a very different manner; to some it operates exactly in the same manner as real dearth and scarcity, at the same time that to others it gives considerable advantages. All those who subsist on settled stipends, must inevitably be ruined by it: merchants, and traders of all kinds, are greatly benefited; but the labourer and the land-owner are most grievously oppressed. Those who subsist on settled stipends must be ruined; because, if their incomes cannot be advanced in proportion to the decrease of the value of money, and the consequent increase of the prices of every thing, the same nominal sum which would afford affluence in one age, will not prevent starving in another; of which we have numerous examples in our schools, colleges, alms-houses, and other charitable foundations. Merchants and traders are constantly gainers by it; because they can always raise the prices of whatever they deal in, faster than the value of money decreases: but the labourer, having nothing to subsist on but his daily work, must ever be behind-hand in advancing the price of his labour; because he is not able to wait till it acquires its due proportion of value, and therefore by it he must suffer extremely. The land-owner



land-owner likewise cannot raise his rents in any proportion to the fall of the value of money; because the charges of cultivation, the family-expences of the occupiers, and the maintenance of an increasing poor, all burthens inseparable from his land, must all rise in proportion to that fall; and these must perpetually retard his progress. The price of labour and of land must by degrees advance, as money decreases in value; but, as these are the last that will feel its effects, the labourer must, in the mean time, be miserably pinched, and the land-owner dreadfully impoverished by it. This is not speculation, but a fact which is too well verified by experience at this time, through every part of this kingdom; where the labourer, with his utmost industry, cannot now procure a belly-full for himself and his family; and, notwithstanding all the late improvements in agriculture, the very same estates in land which formerly maintained a large family in splendor and hospitality, can now scarce repair and pay window-tax for a spacious mansion-house, and supply the owner of it with the necessaries of life. When I hear a merchant, contractor, or broker calling out for war, arguing for new loans and new taxes, I wonder not, because I know that they are enriched by them, and I know also that they have sagacity enough to know it too: but when I hear a landed gentleman talk the same language, when I see him eager for war, which  
must

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must involve him in new distresses, encouraging loans, whose interest he must pay, pleading for taxes, which must lie an eternal mortgage upon his estate, exulting in acquisitions of territories and commerce, which must daily increase his expences, and diminish his income, and triumphing in victories which must undo him, I own I am surpris'd, but at the same time rejoice to find, that, in this enlightened age, there is ignorance still left amongst us, sufficient to produce so disinterested a patriot.

LASTLY, from the foregoing premises one consequence evidently appears, which seems to have escaped the sagacity of our wisest politicians, which is, that a nation may, nay must inevitably be ruined, who every year increases her debts, notwithstanding her acquisitions by conquest or commerce bring in double or treble the sums which she is obliged to borrow: and this by a chain of causes and consequences, which the efforts of no human power or wisdom are able to disunite. New debts require new taxes; and new taxes must increase the price of provisions: new acquisitions of wealth, by decreasing the value of money, still aggravate this evil, and render them still dearer; this dearness of provisions must augment the price of labour; this must advance the price of all manufactures; and this must destroy trade; the destruction of trade must starve the poor,

poor, expel the manufactures, and introduce universal bankruptcy, riot, and confusion. Artificers of all kinds will, by degrees, migrate into cheaper countries: the number of clergy, whose education must grow more expensive, and incomes less valuable, will be insufficient for parochial duty: the pay of navies and armies must be augmented, or they will no longer defend a country which cannot maintain them; but rather themselves become her internal and most dangerous enemies.

From what has been here said, I think it plainly appears, that the present exorbitant price of provisions, and all the necessaries of life, chiefly arises from the increase of our taxes, and of our riches; that is, from public poverty and private opulence, the fatal disease which has put a period to all the greatest and most flourishing empires of the world: their destructive effects have been sufficiently known in all ages; but the remedy successfully to be applied to them, is yet a secret. No acquisition of foreign wealth can be effectual for this purpose: was our whole national debt to be at once paid off, by the introduction of all the treasures of the East, it would but accelerate our destruction; for such a vast and sudden influx of riches would so enhance our expences, and decrease the value of money, that we should at once be overwhelmed with luxury and want. The most concise method of cure would be to take superabundant wealth from individuals, and

with it discharge the debts of the public; but here justice, liberty, and law, would obstruct our progress with insurmountable difficulties. Whoever therefore would attempt this salutary, but arduous undertaking, must not begin by extirpating engrossers and regraters, nor by destroying rats and sparrows, those great forestallers of the public markets; but by gradually paying off that debt, not only by œconomy, but by the most avaritious parsimony, and as far as possible, by narrowing those channels, through which riches have flowed in such torrents into the pockets of private men: he must be deaf to all mercantile application for opening new inlets of commerce at the public expence; he must boldly resist all propositions for settling new colonies upon parliamentary estimates; and most carefully avoid entering into new wars: in short, he must obstinately refuse to add one hundred thousand pounds to the national debt, though by that means millions could be introduced through the hands of individuals. How far these measures are practicable, or consistent with the honour, dignity, or even advantage of this country in other respects, I cannot determine; but this I will venture to affirm, that by no others this calamity, so loudly and so justly at this time complained of, can ever be redressed.

By what has been here thrown out, I would by no means be understood to mean to discourage the  
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the legislature from inquiring into abuses, of which I doubt not but there are many, and applying to them the most efficacious and speedy remedies; much less to disapprove the salutary measures they have already taken to redress this evil, the wisest, and perhaps the only ones which are practicable for that end. I propose only to lessen the unreasonable expectations many have formed of their success, and the indignation consequent from their disappointment; and to stem a little those torrents of absurdities, with which one is overwhelmed in all companies both male and female. Every politician at a coffee-house has a nostrum for this disease, which he pronounces infallible; and abuses administration for not immediately adopting it. Projectors every day hold forth schemes unintelligible and impracticable; for not executing which, government is arraigned; the ignorant support them, the factious make use of them, and oppositions, knowing what it is to be hungry, pathetically bewail the miseries of the poor. The dowager at the quadrille-table inveighs loudly against the cruelty of parliament, for disregarding the voice of the people, and suffering provisions to continue at so exorbitant a price; calls a king; and if she happens to be beasted, grows more outrageous against the ministry; while the silent old general, her unfortunate partner, in three sentences recommends military execution on all butchers, bakers, poulterers, and fishmongers, as the most equitable and most effectual remedy. Were these

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impertinences productive of no mischief, they would be only ridiculous, and unworthy of a serious confutation; but as

*He nugæ seria ducunt*

*In mala;*

as they tend to deceive, to disappoint, and to exasperate the minds of the vulgar, and to leave those of their betters discontented, and dissatisfied with government; whatever shall explain the true and fundamental causes of this calamity to the people, and give some check to the nonsense, which is every where wrote, talked, and propagated on this subject, is an attempt, which may render great and important service both to the social and the political world.



**F I N I S**

